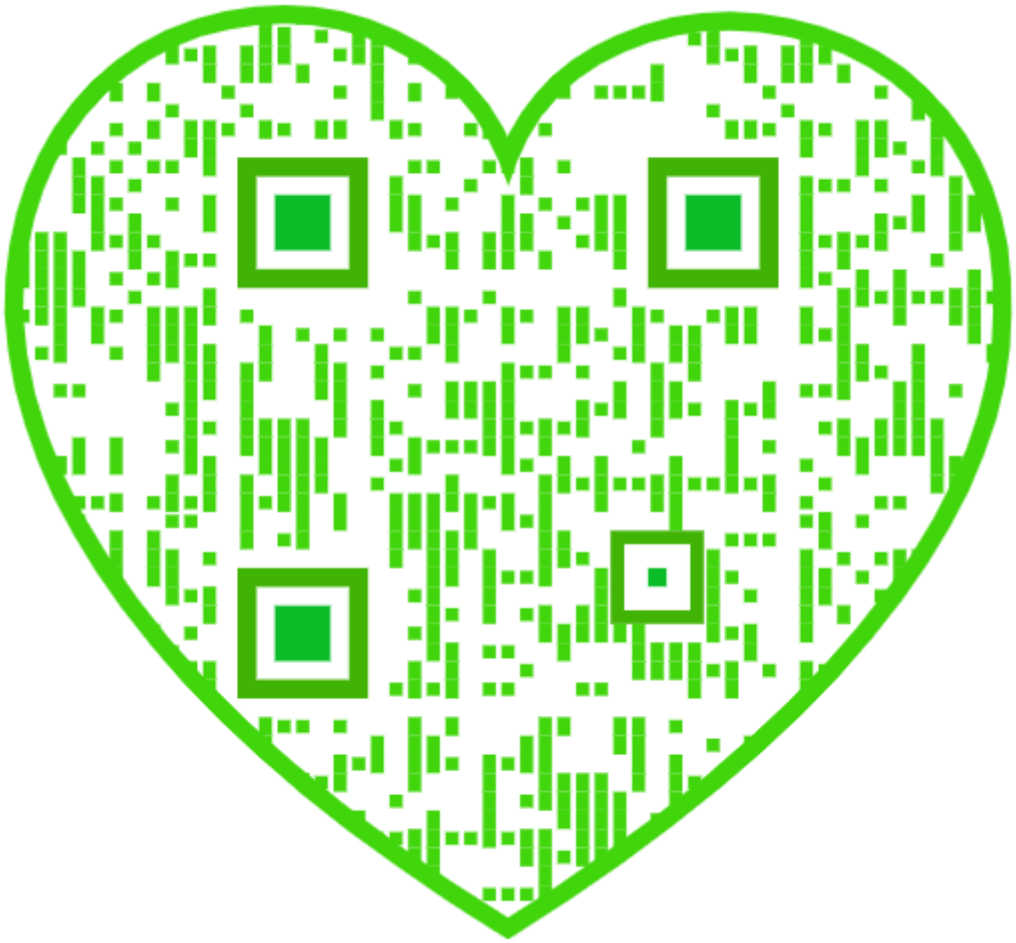
RECOLLECTIONS OF MEN AND HORSES

HAMILTON BUSBEY



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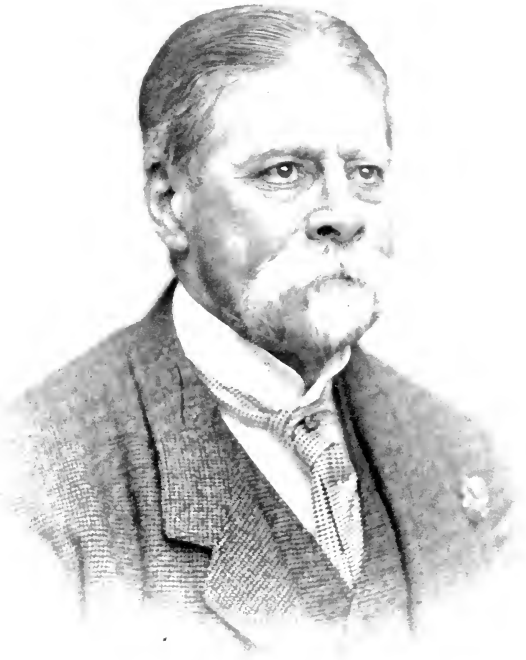

Photo by Harry L. Brown

Very Truly
Hamilton Busbey

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
MEN AND HORSES

BY
HAMILTON BUSBEY
AUTHOR OF "THE TROTTING AND THE PACING HORSE IN AMERICA," "HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN AMERICA," ETC.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED

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HAMILTON BUSBEY

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PREFACE

At the close of 1904 Hon. James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, reported that the value of farm products in the United States for that year was $4,900,000,000—nearly double the gross earnings of the railroads added to the value of the production of all the mines of the country for the same period. This official statement opened the eyes of feverish municipalities to the importance of agricultural life. The value of horses owned by farmers is placed at $1,150,000,000. In 1905 horses increased in number to 17,000,000, and in value to $1,200,000,000. The type of the farm horse has been elevated by the dissemination of blood, the virtue of which was proved by the sharpest of physical tests. For generations the progressive farmer has striven to excel in the creation of an animal combining activity with strength, and his trial ground has been the road and oval at the County or District Fair. He has labored unceasingly to eliminate the running gait, and to establish the trotting gait. The harness horse, not the saddle horse, has been his hope and pride. It is only in the large city, where speculation, mildly speaking, borders on the hysterical, that the running horse is a popular favorite. The farmers, who dominate the national life, gather at the tracks of smaller

centers of activity to gratify a desire for excitement and to enlarge the human understanding by watching the distribution of prizes among trotters and pacers. The tracks on which the light harness horse performs are counted by the thousand, and the results of races on which comparatively little money is risked have shown the way to a standard of excellence. In 1906 speculation was restricted or prohibited in some localities, but as a rule the meetings were never so largely attended or the races more earnestly contested, thus demonstrating beyond cavil the strong hold of trotting on the public at large. In "The Trotting and the Pacing Horse in America," published in July, 1904, I have given a compact history of harness speed evolution, and the reader is referred to it for a grouping of foundation families. In these pages I have enlarged upon the subject, and given personal recollections of the men, as well as horses, who played conspicuous parts in the formative era of breeds and track discipline. Millions of people are deeply interested in the question, and I have endeavored to discuss it from a high standpoint and to reflect the truth as revealed by thousands of letters, many of which, in being kept so long from the public eye, show the ravages of time. At the urgent request of George B. Raymond, I undertook this task, and, when I grew weary of it, was encouraged to go on by one in whose judgment I had confidence, whose loyalty was sincere, whose sympathy was responsive, whose religion was to speak kindly of those

with whom she was brought in contact, and upon whose face the eternal shadow fell, even while the wonderful sunshine of Colorado was flooding the landscape with a glory which rivaled in poetic conception that of the throne upon which Wisdom sits and reads as a child does its "A B C" the profound Mystery which so staggers intellects not freed by Faith as to cause them to take refuge in "I do not Know."

HAMILTON BUSBEY.

NEW YORK, *March*, 1907.

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CHAPTER I

THE CORNER STONE OF BREEDING

AFTER a formal dinner on New Year's Eve the guests adjourned to the library and were spinning yarns over cigars. The host, reclining in a big arm-chair, was absorbed in thought, but roused himself and said:

"Gentlemen, you saw Flora this afternoon and noticed that she was big with promise. She is my best brood mare, and I have nominated her in the Produce Stake, colts to trot at two and three years old. As you well know the age of a horse dates from January 1st, and I have planned to have the foal come the second or third day of the New Year. Everything is going smoothly, and, if there is no slip, the foal will be well grown as a yearling, and should be fleet and strong as a two-year-old. The way to win rich stakes is to have early foals. The one that is born May 2d, when opposed by one born January 2d, takes up a handicap of four months. The start on the road to development will beat him if nothing else does."

"I agree with you," remarked one of the guests, "but do you not risk a great deal in drawing it so fine? Suppose the foal should come before the clock strikes twelve to-night?"

"Good gracious, why do you make such a suggestion! You give me the cold shivers. If the birth should be premature, good-by to all of my fond hopes."

The host looked so serious that other guests ridiculed the idea that anything at this late hour could go wrong. At eleven o'clock, when the "Good old mountain dew" chorus was filling the room and the echoes were rising through the frosty air to greet the stars, the foreman, lantern in hand, stood in the big hall, and replied to the hurried question of the host, if anything had gone wrong, that the noise of toy cannons in the village had so greatly upset Flora as to bring on labor pains. The newborn at that very moment was lying on a bed of straw in the big box stall. The cloud of disappointment on the face of the host was so unmistakable that one of the merrymakers remarked: "Why keep count of an hour? If your foreman had not come to us with his tale of woe, we should not have discovered the foal until morning, and then the record would have been born January 1st."

"Such false records may be made, under strong temptation on some farms, but never on this. Deep as my disappointment is, the colt, when the clock strikes twelve, will be, under the racing rule, a yearling instead of a suckling. I played to reduce the handicap and have made the weight crushing. Well, it is a chance I took, and I must abide by the result. Gentlemen, once more the chorus!"

THE CORNER STONE OF BREEDING

Premature birth has marked the greatest epochs in history. When Joseph, the carpenter of the village of Nazareth, was driven with Mary, his wife, by an edict of Augustus, to a weary journey on foot to Bethlehem, and the humble pair arrived at the inn and found it so crowded with strangers that they had to clear a corner in the inn yard for a lodging place, anxiety and fatigue hastened the birth of the Child. "I never felt the full pathos of the scene," writes James Stalker, "till, standing one day in a room of an old inn in the market town of Eisleben, in central Germany, I was told that on that very spot, four centuries ago, amidst the noise of a market day and the bustle of a public house, the wife of a poor miner, Hans Luther, who happened to be there on business, being surprised like Mary, with sudden distress, brought forth in sorrow and poverty the child who was to become Martin Luther, the hero of the Reformation and the maker of modern Europe."

Flora's foal was not able to compete in the two-year-old division of the Produce Stake, owing to the noisy celebration of village lads, but in escaping early training, the vitality of the colt was preserved for tasks in other fields, and, as a progenitor of speed, he obtained renown and enriched the world.

Integrity is the corner stone of the breeding structure. The business transactions of a well-conducted stock farm are as free from deception as the trans-

actions of any business of good repute. The accuracy of pedigree is guaranteed by the strictly enforced rules of registration, and the correctness of time records is fostered by the far-reaching machinery governing track contests. Through vigilance that is sleepless and through discipline that is unbending, type has been elevated and the speed standard advanced. Nowhere are the fruits of Law more apparent than in the breeding industry.

At the close of the trotting season of 1903 Lou Dillon had a record of 1.58½, and Major Delmar a record of 1.59¾, with pacemaker and shield in front. The court of last resort placed the shield performances in a class by themselves, and in 1904 there was a general return to unpaced records. The earnest rivalry was still between Lou Dillon and Major Delmar, and at the close of the campaign the bay gelding by Delmar out of Expectation stood higher than ever before. He trotted at Memphis October 24 to a record of 2.01¼, and at the same place October 26 he beat the high-wheel sulky record of Maud S., 2.08¾, made in Cleveland in 1885. His time was 2.07. October 18 at Memphis Major Delmar defeated Lou Dillon to wagon for the Memphis gold cup. The mare was not in good shape for such a contest, and the time was slow, 2.07, 2.18½. Lou Dillon finally recovered her form and at Memphis, November 11, reduced her sulky record to 2.01. It was clearly demonstrated by the performances of both horses that the pacemaker in front

LOU DILLON, 1.58½, OWNED BY C. K. G. BILLINGS

is a material help to the horse going for a fast record. At the Old Glory sale in Madison Square Garden in November, 1904, Major Delmar was knocked down to the highest bidder, C. K. G. Billings, whose offer was $15,000. Through the purchase of Major Delmar Mr. Billings now controls the issues so sharply drawn in 1903 and 1904. The Queen and the King could not be in the hands of anyone who has more at heart the best interests of the trotting horse.

September 19, 1904, Robert E. Bonner addressed a letter to the Boston *Herald,* resenting the insinuation that his family held fast to the belief that Maud S. represented the limit of trotting speed.

" Allow me to say, no member of the Bonner family made such an absurd claim. About a year ago, in a communication to the New York *Sun,* I said: 'In common with the majority of horsemen, I believe that Lou Dillon can beat Maud S.'s time when she starts under the same conditions that obtained when Maud S. made her mile in 2.08¾.' After a year has elapsed I think I can safely add to that statement by saying that, in common with the majority of horsemen, I believe that there are now two trotters (Lou Dillon and Major Delmar) who can surpass Maud S.'s performance, notwithstanding that about every world-beater since Maud S. made her mile in 2.08¾, in July, 1885, with the exception of Major Delmar, has started to surpass Maud S.'s performance and failed, the best time made in these trials being 2.09¼ by both Nancy Hanks and Lou Dillon."

After the publication of this letter Major Delmar succeeded in carrying the high-wheel record down to 2.07. Lou Dillon is now in brood-mare ranks, and under the revised rule a record cannot be made by a horse preceded by a pacemaker. There is no longer bitterness of feeling between the Bonner and the Billings families.

CHAPTER II

GENERAL GRANT AS A LOVER OF HORSES

GENERAL U. S. GRANT was fond of horses as a boy, and, in his period of obscurity in Missouri previous to the Civil War, the horse assisted him to bread and butter. When in command of the army, he rode good horses and insisted that they should be as well cared for as circumstances would allow. After he had passed through the campaign which made him President of the United States, his admiration for the trotter on the road increased. He accepted an invitation from that stern churchman, Robert Bonner, to ride on Harlem Lane behind Dexter, and was as enthusiastic as a taciturn soldier could be over the elastic movement of the king of trotters. On the way back to town Mr. Bonner asked, "General, would you like to take the reins?"

"Yes," said the President-elect, and a new light came into the eyes. The white-faced and white-legged gelding seemed to feel the touch of a master hand, and he stepped with a conscious feeling of pride and obeyed readily. After a brush on the smooth road, which was suggestive of the force of the whirlwind, General Grant exclaimed: "Bonner, I like to ride this way. You had better give me the

horse." The silence which followed was almost painful. Mr. Bonner cheerfully would have given the price of Dexter to avoid replying, but he liked the horse too well to part with him. Finally he said: "I do not think that I can spare him just yet," and turned the conversation into other channels. Ehninger's crayon, "Taking the Reins," of General Grant driving Dexter to a road wagon with Robert Bonner by his side, was received with much approbation by the people of the nation, and it was suggestive of events to come. In the White House President Grant firmly held the reins. In Washington President Grant watched carefully over his stables, and even sought lessons in shoeing from Alexander Dunbar. He took his summer vacations at Long Branch, and he drove a spirited pair on the roads of that watering place. In talking horse he found relaxation, because it took his mind from the perplexing questions of State. He established a trotting horse breeding farm in Missouri, but, as he was unable to give it personal supervision, it was not a pronounced success. He delighted in visiting Stony Ford, and discussing breeding questions with Charles Backman. He was charmed by the hospitality of Stony Ford, and was assured that within its gates he was safe from the importunities of politicians. The stallions, brood mares, and colts greatly interested him, and, in driving through the fields where the carpet of green was buttoned down by the gold of dandelions, he studied with critical eye the out-

lines of foals and attempted to predict their future. In that realm of peace doubtless his thoughts often reverted to the turbulent scenes of war, of which he grew weary when the great Captain of the South, Robert E. Lee, laid down his sword.

It was in the autumn of the year after General Grant's second term in the White House that a select party was at Stony Ford. The air was bracing, but a trifle crisp for an invalid, and Mr. Backman had a top wagon drawn under the trees at the edge of the training track. In this General Grant took his seat and, well-wrapped up, had a full view of the mile course, and held his watch on the young trotters. When the horses were not in action, the eyes of the General rested upon the banks of the Walkill, where the sumac and thornapple blushed scarlet, and beyond upon the Shawangunk, over which hung a veil as delicate as any ever woven by the looms of man. He was a little weary when assisted from the wagon and walked with hesitating step to the house, and up the broad stairs into the large smoking-room. He took a seat in a big leather-cushioned chair, lighted a strong cigar, and smoked it almost in silence. He looked through the windows out upon the fair fields, while the smoke curled upward, then suddenly threw away the stump of fragrant tobacco, and said: "Backman, that is my last cigar. I shall never smoke another."

Excessive smoking had injured his health, and he kept his word. In a series of articles which I con-

tributed in 1896 to *Scribner's Magazine,* on the "Evolution of the Trotting Horse" is a full-page illustration of "A Typical Evening in the Smoking Room at Stony Ford." It was drawn by W. R. Leigh from nature and from photographs, and attracted much attention. General Grant is sitting in the big chair near the center-table, smoking and in deep thought. Next to him is Robert Bonner talking in his emphatic way. Then comes Charles Backman in his favorite rocking chair, and then Benjamin F. Tracy in a chair with his arm resting on a time-worn sofa. Standing to the right of General Grant is William C. Whitney. Mr. Leigh had the advice of Mr. Backman in posing the figures, and the scene is as historically correct as such scenes usually are. When I turn to the picture, I am reminded of the change which attends the footsteps of time. It fills me with sadness to think that, at the time I write, Benjamin F. Tracy is the only member of the group who is alive. All the others have gone to explore the mysteries of the Beyond.

I shall carry with me to the end of life's pilgrimage the picture of General Grant as I saw him on the field of Shiloh. The slaughter had been dreadful, and the timely crossing of the Tennessee by the army of General Buell changed defeat into victory. For a time Grant was out of favor at Washington, and, as he rode from camp to camp that April morning, his face was stern to sadness. There were no outbursts from the soldiers who had borne the brunt of

conflict, but they regarded the taciturn commander with silent sympathy. General Grant was well mounted and it was evident that his horse was regarded by him with affection. He passed from view, and the question was how long the shadow of Halleck, who came from Stanton, would rest upon him.

In the summer of 1866 Jerome Park was opened and people from all sections of a once-divided land were in the throng. Those who had worn the Gray with honor touched elbows with those who had given distinction to the Blue, and General Grant was there surrounded by a brilliant company. Thousands of eyes rested upon him, but he bore the scrutiny without flinching. His eyes kindled over the close finishes on the saddlebags course, showing that love of the high-bred horse was always with him, but the lips usually were silent. Numerous attempts were made after this to get him to tracks where thoroughbreds sported silk, but a polite excuse for not accepting invitations was found. In 1879, after his triumphal tour of the world, he went to the Oakland track in California to see St. Julien trot against the 2.13¼ of Rarus, and the success of the horse aroused his enthusiasm. He left the judges' stand to visit St. Julien in his stall and to offer his personal congratulations to Orrin A. Hickok, the driver of the gelding.

In my file I find a copy of a letter to Mr. Bonner, dated "Headquarters of the Army of the United States, March 30th, 1868":

"I hope by the time your present stock is broken down by old age to present you a pair of my own raising, better than you have now. The next ten years ought to produce something that will go in 2.10. If you hold out as well as the Commodore has, you will still then be young enough to hold the reins over such stock.

"U. S. GRANT."

At the time this was written Dexter, with his record of 2.17¼, was the trotting king and the shining light of Mr. Bonner's stable. In after years two horses with records better than 2.10 to high-wheel sulky were occupants of the stable, but neither was bred by General Grant.

General U. S. Grant tells us in his personal memoirs that as a boy his father, Jesse R. Grant, found a home in the family of Judge Tod, the father of the late Governor Tod of Ohio, and remained there until he was old enough to learn a trade. John Tod, one of the sons of Governor Tod, was for many years a prominent owner of trotting horses, and, prior to the William Edwards régime, was the President of the Driving Park Association at Cleveland. George Tod, the brother of John, is a distinguished breeder and owner of trotting horses at Youngstown, Ohio.

"I detested trade," writes General Grant, "preferring almost any other labor; but I was fond of agriculture, and of all employment in which horses were used. When I was about eleven years old, I

was strong enough to hold a plow. From that age until seventeen I did all the work done with horses, such as breaking up the land, furrowing, plowing corn and potatoes, bringing in the crops when harvested, hauling all the wood, besides attending two or three horses, a cow or two, and sawing wood for stoves, etc., while still attending school."

Before he was fifteen he began trading horses with varying degrees of success. Brought up as he was, it is not strange that admiration for the horse of high form and action should have intensified with the years. He was a student of pedigree and perfectly at home in the saddle or behind a fast trotter.

CHAPTER III

ROBERT BONNER ON SHOEING

ROBERT BONNER was born in Londonderry, Ireland, April 28, 1824, and was brought up a strict Presbyterian. When fifteen years old, he came to the United States with his mother and brothers and sisters, and entered the printing office of the *Courant* at Hartford, Conn. He was ambitious to excel and worked over hours to learn as much as it was possible to learn about the business. He came to New York in 1844 and founded the New York *Ledger,* making a phenomenal success of it. He accumulated a large fortune and spent money generously to uplift humanity and to advance the interests of breeding. He despised shams and resolutely set his face against the foibles of fashionable society. His associates were the intellectual men, the dominating spirits of his day and generation. It was my good fortune to win his confidence, to study him behind the scenes as it were, to see him in all of his moods, and to closely advise with him. I always found him as true as the magnet to the pole, never stooping to deception, unflinchingly advocating what he believed to be right, never swayed by public clamor, and his word was in truth as good as his bond. There is much that I should like to write about him, which

I cannot do, because, although he has preceded me across the river which separates night from morning, the seal of confidence is still on my lips. And yet I feel at liberty to make extracts from the hundreds of letters in my possession. There was never a more enthusiastic horseman than Robert Bonner, and his heart was adamant when you sought to persuade him to deviate even a little from the policy which he had mapped out in the beginning. He was not the slave of Dogma, but he kept faith with the Church, while indulging a fancy for speed in light harness. He did not pull the Church down to the level of tricksters, but took the horse of high form and action and lifted it into an atmosphere respected by the Church. To do this was no easy task. Perseverance, tact, and courage were necessary to success. From the memoranda published by Mr. Bonner in the spring of 1895 I extract:

"In July, 1856, when I bought my first trotting horse, there were only 19 horses, including the living and the dead, that had trotted a mile in 2.30. Now there are 10,539 in the list. In the summer of that year, 1856, I came near breaking down from overwork. My personal friend and family physician, Doctor Samuel Hall, advised me to get a horse and take an hour's exercise every morning in the open air. He not only gave me the advice, but he actually purchased the horse for me. So that if I have done anything to stimulate the interest that nearly all Americans take in the trotting horse, the credit is due in no small degree to Dr. Hall. The increase,

when you come to think of it, in one man's lifetime, from 19 to 10,539, seems to be almost beyond belief. . . . Besides such record-breakers as Dexter, 2.17¼; Rarus, 2.13¼; Maud S., 2.08¾, and Sunol, 2.08½, I own or have owned, Alfred S., record 2.16¼; Edwin Forrest, record 2.18—trial 2.11¾; Pickard, record 2.18¼; Ansel, record 2.20; Music, record 2.21½; Molsey, record 2.21¾; Joe Elliott, the first horse to trot a public trial in 2.15½; May Bird, record 2.21; Peerless, trial 2.23¼ to wagon—driven by Hiram Woodruff—the fastest mile the great driver ever drove any horse; Elfrida, record 2.13½; Grafton, record 2.22½; Pocahontas, record 2.26¾—trial 2.17¾; Startle, the first Eastern-bred three-year-old to get a record of 2.36, and the first horse to trot a public trial on Fleetwood in 2.19. To this list I could add Maud Macey, Lady Stout, and several others with records better than 2.30; to say nothing of Lady Palmer and Flatbush Maid, the first team to trot a public trial in 2.26, over thirty years ago."

Among the brood mares enumerated by Mr. Bonner were Russella, own sister to Maud S.; Jessie Kirk, dam of Majolica, record 2.15, and Miss Majolica, 2.24½; Daybreak, by Harold (sire of Maud S.), dam Midnight (the dam of Jay-eye-see); Lady Stout, the first trotter to beat 2.30 as a three-year-old; Lady Winfield, sister to Sheridan, record 2.20¼; Lucy Cuyler, trial to skeleton wagon 2.15½, and a half mile to top road wagon at Fleetwood in 1.05; Manetta, trial 2.16¼, and Maud Macey, trial 2.16¾. The performances of these horses were made

without the advantage of ball-bearing axles and pneumatic tires, which in the opinion of good judges increased speed on an average from five to six seconds.

In the memoranda of 1897 Mr. Bonner stated that he had expended about $600,000 in the purchase of trotting horses. "To those friends who have criticised me for having paid so much money for horses, I may be pardoned for saying that I have given away a much larger sum for religious and benevolent purposes." Attention was modestly called to the fact that over 100 horses with public records could be traced to animals bred on his farm at Tarrytown.

"But the thing of all others in connection with horses, if I except the great benefit to my health from driving them, which necessarily keeps me out of doors, that has afforded me the most gratification is the improvement I have been able to make in the speed of those I have purchased, and the consequent relief from suffering and lameness the poor animals experienced after coming into my possession and having their feet treated under my direction."

Mr. Bonner was the ablest student of the foot of the horse and the greatest enthusiast on balancing through shoeing that this country has produced, and the hours that I spent with him in discussing this subject and in following practical demonstrations were hours dedicated to wisdom. I was his companion in many long journeys, undertaken solely for

the purpose of studying hoof bearings and their influence on motion. The shelves of Mr. Bonner's library in the house on West 56th Street, New York, were filled with all the known writings on the anatomy of the horse and the treatment of feet, and every theory advanced was put to actual test in the blacksmith's shop. Although Mr. Bonner had great faith in the originality of David Roberge, I heard him say on more than one occasion that the " old man " could not always be depended upon to wisely apply his own laws. " I always want him with me when I shoe Maud S. for a great performance, but not for $10,000 would I allow him to direct her shoeing in my absence." About the first thing that Mr. Bonner did after Maud S. had been turned over to him by Mr. Vanderbilt was to remove her shoes and change the bearing of her feet. When his critics heard of this, they predicted that he would ruin the mare, that he would rob her of her speed, but, under the shoeing of her new owner, she twice reduced her record, a thing that would have been impossible had she remained as she was when delivered.

Right here I deem it appropriate to introduce an extract from a paper read by Mr. Bonner at a meeting of the New York Farmers held at the Metropolitan Club, New York, on the 19th of February, 1895:

" Before the first veterinary college was established in England, besides the treatises of Bridges and Osmer, there were works published by Dr.

Bracken, Captain Burden, William Gibson, Solleysell, Markham, and James Clark, farrier to his Majesty for Scotland. But I shall not weary you with extracts from them. Since the college was started we have had works of more or less value on the foot from St. Bel, its first professor, from Coleman, who succeeded him, and from Bracy, Clark, Freeman, White, Youatt, Goodwin, Percival, Fleming, Colonel Fitzwygram, of the King's Hussars, James Turner, and others too numerous to mention. Of these I consider Fitzwygram's 'Notes on Shoeing,' and Turner's treatise on 'Navicular Joint Lameness,' the most valuable. Colonel Fitzwygram devotes considerable space to the elementary principles of shoeing, but the leading feature of his book is the part in which he advocates turning up the toe of the shoe out of the line of wear, giving it the appearance of a shoe that is nearly worn out at the toe, which allows the foot to glide or pass gracefully over the toe as it leaves the ground. This shoe, I believe, will work well on nine horses out of ten, but especially on those with strong cup feet and contracted heels. He sums up the evils of the ordinary straight shoe as follows: a tendency to produce contracted heels, and shrivelling up of the frog from the absence of wear at the back part of the foot; stumbling and loss of speed from the resistence of the toe against the ground, and undue strain on the flexor tendons whose office it is to flex and raise the leg.

"Turner was a member of the Royal Veterinary College and a veterinary surgeon in the British army. He was the first man to use the phrase 'navicular disease,' to which reference is so often made at the present time. He directed attention to it in a communication that he sent to the Veterinary College in

1816 regarding the discovery of the precise seat of chronic lameness in the foot of the horse and also in a paper that he subsequently read before the London Veterinary Medical Society. He introduced what was known as the unilateral or one-sided system of nailing the shoe, after paring down to the quick those commissures or channels between the bars and the frog which are so morbidly deep in contracted feet. He was recognized as the great authority in his day on the nature, origin and symptoms of navicular joint lameness. His book can be read with profit by every student of the foot. It has been of great benefit to me; but Turner did not know it all. In fact I have yet to hear of any man who does know it all. The subject is too vast and intricate for that. I certainly do not claim to have mastered it all, although I think, from what I have learned from others and from my own experience and observation, I have made some progress in that direction.

"What makes the subject of horse-shoeing so difficult to master is that there are almost as many varieties of feet as there are of the human countenance. It does not follow that a shoe that may suit one horse of a team will suit his mate. When Maud S., for instance, made the fastest mile that was ever made on a regulation track to a high-wheel sulky, she carried 19 ounces on each forward foot, while Sunol carried only 8 ounces when she made the fastest mile that was ever made to such a sulky on a kite-shaped track. One great thing to be remembered, however, is that the shape of the hoof must be made, as far as possible, to correspond with that of a well-formed coffin bone, and that the shoes must not be allowed to remain on the foot longer than three or at the outside four weeks."

ROBERT BONNER

When the speaker took his seat, President Bronson arose and said: "We have been waiting for five years to get Mr. Bonner to come to one of our meetings. I think we first tried in 1890. But now that we have heard him we are amply repaid for waiting so long."

In 1898, a few months previous to his death, Mr. Bonner sent me a communication on shoeing, the manuscript of which I have preserved:

"8 West 56th Street.

"When I purchased the great road horse Praytell, about a month ago, at the Madison Square sale, the audience, as the daily papers stated, cheered heartily, and the press generally said many kind things; but since then one writer, in a critical mood, has expressed the hope that I will be more successful in treating Praytell's feet than I was in directing the shoeing of Joe Elliott, intimating that I had failed with that horse. This critic had to go a long way back—over a quarter of a century—for the material for his criticism; but I ought to thank him for bringing up the case of Joe Elliott. Let me state the facts. In 1869 I bought that horse, paying $10,000 for him. He was then five years old, and the fastest mile that he had trotted before coming into my possession was 2.33. I immediately sent him to Carll Burr, and he drove him in 2.26. In the fall of that year I brought him home, and the next day, after removing his shoes, I drove him over to the Fashion course where he was taken out of my road wagon and driven by John Murphy to sulky in 2.19½. When he was six years old, Murphy drove him in 2.18½; and in his eight-year-old form I sent

him to Jock Bowen of Boston, who drove him, on June 29, 1872, a trial in 2.15½—the fastest mile ever trotted up to that time. All these performances were made after he was shod under my direction. If I should be equally successful with Praytell, after the experience of all these years, I ought to be abundantly satisfied. It is true Joe Elliott got 'off,' to use a horse phrase, after his great performance in Boston, but when he was brought home he regained his great speed, and I drove him on the road and on Fleetwood Park for several years with great pleasure.

"Now, as to Praytell, let me say that I have driven him nearly every day, when the weather would permit, since I purchased him. He is a model road horse. The windgalls on his hind legs which prevented my friend, Mr. Nathan Straus, the owner of Cobwebs, from bidding on him have nearly disappeared. They were caused by his toes being too long, and the outside of his off hind foot growing faster than the inside, and the inside of the near hind foot growing faster than the outside of that foot. I have asked Mr. Straus to come to my stable and see for himself the great improvement in Praytell's ankles. Mr. Tanner, from whom I bought him, has sent me a paragraph from a Cleveland paper, in which it is stated that it is nearly a quarter of a century since I bought Dexter, and refers to him and other horses that I have owned as 'so-called road horses.' It is well known that, instead of nearly a quarter of a century, it is over 31 years since I bought Dexter, and that he proved to be a great road horse. I could drive him anywhere and any place where a horse could go. He could be driven down the road, for instance, in a rain storm with one hand, while an umbrella was held up with the other. Times

innumerable I drove him from my stable in the upper part of the city through the streets of New York and Brooklyn over to Prospect Park, where he made the fastest time to a road wagon that was ever made up to that time. Before I bought him he had never been driven without blinds. Besides, his feet hurt and irritated him and made him nervous, but I remedied all that. So it was with Maud S. Mr. Vanderbilt drove her and Aldine a mile in public to a heavy road wagon in 2.15½, and I have driven her a mile to wagon in 2.13¼. I could drive her on the road with as much ease and comfort as I could sit on a chair in my library reading a book or a newspaper. When she was delivered in my stable on the 16th of August, 1884, she was lame in her off hind foot. Her trainer told me that no veterinary surgeon could stop that lameness if she got fast work, but, after I had shod her, she reduced her record that year to 2.09¼, and the following year to 2.08¾, without showing a particle of lameness in that foot. I could go on and tell how other great horses with public records, like Rarus, Alfred S., Edwin Forrest, May Bird, Music, Pocahontas, and Pickard, increased their speed after coming into my possession; but to go into details would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say that when I bought Sunol from Governor Stanford, with a record of 2.10½, she was lame in her off forward foot. After I told Marvin how to level it she immediately went sound on it and reduced her record to 2.08¼.

"From the foregoing statement it will be seen that I own the two horses that have made the fastest miles that were ever made to the old sulky—Maud S. on the regulation track in 2.08¾, and Sunol in 2.08¼ on the kite-track, and that, although they were both

lame when I bought them, they afterward made those records. I feel as if that alone compensated me for all the time I have given to the study of the horse's foot.

"Now for a few words about shoeing in connection with some of my recent purchases. A year ago last spring I bought Maud C. from Mr. Frank Rockefeller; she had a record of 2.10¼, but she was nervous and unsteady, attributable to the condition of her feet. They were very much contracted, owing, as Mr. Rockefeller himself wrote to me, to the fact that one of his trainers was an extreme crank on long toes. I shortened her feet and expanded her heel, and had the gratification of timing her on the 31st day of August last in 2.07¼. Elfrida, when I bought her three years ago, had a record of 2.13½, but she had a bowed tendon, and people were afraid to bid on her. I secured her for $1250, believing that I could cure her. I do not know of any other horse that has trotted as many fast miles as she has during the past two years; and I timed her on the 1st day of October last in 2.08¼. Her legs are as clean now as those of any colt on my place. Don L., with a record of 2.12½, I timed in 2.10 on the 3d day of September last. It should be remembered that all these performances were made on my three-quarter track, which is several seconds slower than either Cleveland or Terre Haute.

"ROBERT BONNER."

I find, in my old files, letters from thoughtful trainers, acknowledging their indebtedness to Mr. Bonner for valuable suggestions with regard to shoeing. D. W. Woodmansee, who was the manager for N. W. Kittson when the Midway Park Stable was

prominent in Grand Circuit battles, wrote me from St. Paul under date of February 6, 1888:

"My kindest regards to Mr. Bonner, and please say to him that the legs and feet of the Midway horses have been kept in good shape by following his invaluable instructions."

John E. Madden, whose education with the trotters prepared him for a successful career on the running turf, has more than once said to me that the hints he got from Mr. Bonner on foot balancing were of very great assistance to him in training horses for rich engagements. John E. Turner, Orrin A. Hickok, Budd Doble, Charles Marvin, and other thoughtful trainers were always glad to listen to him and to acknowlege their indebtedness for information of practical value.

CHAPTER IV

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT SELLS MAUD S.

It was in the summer of 1881 that Maud S. reduced the record to 2.10¼, and, as she was owned by Wm. H. Vanderbilt, the rival of Mr. Bonner, the latter chafed at the thought of losing the championship, which he had held for several years by the purchase of Dexter, 2.17¼, and Rarus, 2.13¼. He never dreamed that Maud S. would be offered to him, and he kept close watch of her most dangerous rival Jay-eye-see, also owned by a rich man, Jerome I. Case, who knew the full value of his property. I had secured an option on Jay-eye-see, after he had trotted to a record of 2.10, and when Mr. Bonner was informed that he could take advantage of it his spirits rose. Mr. Vanderbilt was not a well man in the summer of 1884, and he fretted over a challenge issued by Mr. Case, and finally sold Maud S. to Mr. Bonner for $40,000. The transfer produced a marked sensation, and I find among my papers in the handwriting of Mr. Bonner the announcement published on the editorial page of the *Turf, Field and Farm:*

"MR. BONNER BUYS MAUD S.

"Probably no prominent man ever paid another prominent man so marked a compliment as Mr. Wm.

H. Vanderbilt has just paid to Mr. Robert Bonner. Maud S., as all intelligent horsemen know, has the fastest record of any trotting horse in the world. She is the only animal that has trotted a mile in less than 2.10—her record being 2.09¾—a figure that was deemed impossible for a trotting horse to reach a few years ago. Mr. Vanderbilt was lately offered $100,000 for her, but he declined it, preferring to sell the mare for less than half of that sum to Mr. Bonner, who he knew would not trot her in public races. Last Friday he sent a friend expressly from Saratoga to inform Mr. Bonner of these facts, and on Saturday Mr. Bonner sent his brother David up to Saratoga to confer with Mr. Vanderbilt. The result was that Mr. Bonner purchased the mare on Monday evening. The price paid is $40,000. Of the seven great trotters who in succession have broken the record, to wit: Flora Temple, Dexter, Goldsmith Maid, Rarus, St. Julien, Jay-eye-see, and Maud S., Mr. Bonner now owns three—Dexter, Rarus, and Maud S. What a trio!

"Mr. Bonner was asked: 'Suppose Jay-eye-see should beat Maud S.'s record, what would you do then?' His reply was characteristic: 'Buy him, too, if I could, or put Maud S. into training at some good track like Charter Oak Park at Hartford and give the public a free exhibition of speed.'"

It was pretty generally known that my relations with Mr. Bonner were close, but no one supposed that the above quoted article was written by his own hand. The numerous erasures in the manuscript show that the words used were chosen with deliberation. I was with Mr. Bonner when Maud S. was

delivered to him on that August afternoon in 1884, and he asked me to place myself in communication with Mr. Case.

It was under date of June 16, 1884, that J. I. Case wrote to me from Racine, Wisconsin:

"I hardly know what to say in regard to the option you allude to. Jay-eye-see is under the season's contract with Mr. Crawford and will earn quite a sum this season, barring accidents, and I feel sure will lower the trotting record. I think that $50 M net and $5 M to the negotiator a fair consideration. I hope to be at Providence and see you."

Instead of going to Providence, I went to Cleveland, where Maud S. was expected to start. On the track I was handed the following dispatch:

"PROVIDENCE, R. I., August 1, 18[illegible].

"Jay-eye-see two ten; Phallas two thirteen and three-quarters. Tell Stone we are not too proud to trot him a race.

"W. H. CRAWFORD."

This telegram produced a commotion, because the 2.10 of Jay-eye-see crowned him King of Trotters. The following day Maud S. was started at Cleveland, and the friends of Mr. Vanderbilt breathed freely when the official time was recorded as 2.09¾. The great daughter of Harold had regained her crown.

It was in the latter part of June, 1884, that I gave prominence to the following:

"Mr. Case is willing to match Jay-eye-see for a race or an exhibition heat against any horse for $10,000 a side, half forfeit; to be trotted either at Providence or Chicago, as may be mutually agreed upon; each party to choose one judge, and they a third. The *Turf, Field and Farm* to be stakeholder. Enclosed please find forfeit."

The check for $5000 which I received as forfeit meant business, and the daily journals took hold of the matter and the land was filled with excitement.

One of the letters received by me was postmarked June 27:

"H. BUSBEY, ESQ.,

"Dear Sir: Your note, but no copy of the paper, is received. I have, however, seen the challenge, and cannot account for having myself or my mare mentioned, as everyone well knows my mare is not kept for public exhibition or trotting purposes. I am opposed to hippodroming in any shape. This looks very much like it.

"Very truly yours,

"June 26-84. W. H. VANDERBILT."

Mr. W. J. Gordon, owner of Clingstone, also waxed indignant, stating in a letter to me that it was well known that he "would not make a wager of any kind under any circumstances." Mr. Case was called upon to repudiate the challenge, but declined to do so, mildly stating in an interview, telegraphed over the country:

"My challenge did not mention any particular horse or horses I desired to match Jay-eye-see against. I see the challenge has stirred up quite a hornets' nest, but no one can say that I challenged horses known to have been withdrawn from the track. Jay-eye-see can out-trot anything that stands on four legs, and I am ready to back him at a moment's notice."

From a letter written by W. H. Crawford, manager of the Case stable, and dated Chicago, June 28, 1884, I extract:

"Mr. Vanderbilt seems to be boiling over, but it can't be helped. The best way to relieve himself of heat and work off the bile would be to give Maud S. a little preparatory work and score up with Jay-eye-see. He need have no fears of its being called a hippodrome with $20,000 in the judges' stand awaiting the decision. Maud S., as the property of Mr. Vanderbilt, challenged Santa Claus, accepted challenge of Trinket and trotted her; trotted in purse races at Cleveland and Buffalo; trotted St. Julien a race, and to sum up trotted the country for specials and gate receipts, and therefore her owner must have a short memory."

Two days later Mr. Crawford wrote me from Chicago:

"Mr. Gordon matched Clingstone against St. Julien to trot here a year ago, putting up $1000 forfeit and losing to Hickok, as Clingstone went lame."

The discussion was very warm while it lasted, and

one of the results of the agitation was the sale of Maud S. to Mr. Bonner.

Immediately after the transfer of Maud S. from the Vanderbilt to the Bonner stable, I wrote as follows to J. I. Case:

"I send you by this mail your check for $5000 which I have held as a forfeit for a race with any trotter in the world. As Maud S., as you will see by enclosed slip, has just passed into the stable of Mr. Bonner, there is no chance for a race with her, and there is no other horse before the public to compete with Jay-eye-see. Mr. Bonner would like to own your horse, provided he made a very fast record. I have said this to you before and I repeat it now. But he sees and I see that the retirement of Maud S. depreciates his value for race purposes, because there is nothing to go against him. What will you price him to me to beat 2.09¾, it being understood that I am to pay you $1000 for every quarter of a second that you get below 2.09½? If he should trot in 2.08 or 2.08½, I am to claim option, paying you $1000 for the same, and you are to be allowed to fill what engagements you have made for him, but are to keep him sound. I want you to be reasonable and to weigh well the fact that, Maud S. being out of the way, one great incentive to excitement is gone. Should you name a price that would be satisfactory, I should like the horse to go to Providence or some other fast track and make the lowest possible record. Please wire me on receipt of this what you will do."

From a letter, dated Racine, August 21, 1884, and signed J. I. Case, I quote:

"Yours of 19th inst., containing my check, $5000 forfeit on challenge, is just received. Thanks for the trouble we made you in the matter, but am sorry it worried Mr. Vanderbilt so as to compel him to part with his pet comfort. I know nothing of the Jay-eye-see syndicate the papers mention as offering Mr. Vanderbilt $100,000 for the mare. If there was anything of the kind by any party or parties, it was wholly unknown to me. The report rather accuses me of trying to assist in getting up a hippodrome scheme, which, as far as I am concerned, is as far from the truth as possible. Now, in regard to selling Jay-eye-see. I received two telegrams on last Wednesday asking a price, and I answered I could not sell him because it would break up the family. I wired you also that I withdrew him from sale. I wired because W. H. C. had told me that you considered you had an option on him. As I recollect you asked for one and I replied I did not think I cared to sell him, but you pressed me for my idea of his value in case I would sell, and I replied about $50,000 and $4000 or $5000 to the man doing the business. Now I think Jay-eye-see can beat any piece of horseflesh living, 3 in 5 to harness, either trotter or pacer. I believe Mr. Bonner to be a gentleman and consistent, and I do not wish to say a word to wound him, and no word will go to the public without a cause. I have been thinking how we would manage to bring the two great phenomenal trotters together and fairly test their speed and bottom. Do you think it would coincide with Mr. Bonner's views to match the two, to trot for gate money, and we devote the proceeds to charitable purposes, he to name the disposition of one half and I the other? We can arrange such a meet-

ing as soon as I can get through with Jay-eye-see's engagements and give him time for due preparation. Please do not mention this to Mr. Bonner if you think he would be displeased with the idea, and in no event make it known to others."

As I knew the proposition would be offensive to Mr. Bonner, I did not hand him Mr. Case's letter to read, but informed him that the owner of Jay-eye-see was trying to crawl away from his option, and advised him not to think further of buying the gelding. I further advised him to put Maud S. in training and to try and reduce the record with her, explaining that such would be cheaper than buying other possible record-breakers, and that success would add immensely to the feeling of personal gratification. He finally agreed with me, but asked me to think over a plan by which he could obtain a record without doing violence to the firmly established rules of his life. I shall never forget that long evening in his library in which the memorandum was drawn up which was finally accepted by the National Trotting Association. Innumerable changes were made in it before it satisfied Mr. Bonner, and the argument sometimes was quite heated. The last draft is before me and it shows erasures and additions.

"THE TROTTING QUEEN AT CHARTER OAK PARK,

"Tuesday, October 14, 2 P. M.

"In compliance with a promise made through the press to the citizens of Hartford, Mr. Bonner's old

home, Maud S. will trot on Tuesday, October 14, or next good day at Charter Oak Park, exhibition heats against her own record of 2.09¾, and, should she beat the record (which she may not be able to do, owing to the lateness of the season and the uncertainty of the weather), The Connecticut Stock Breeders' Association will commemorate the achievement by awarding to her a cup with the time made by her engraved thereon."

The word commemorate struck the fancy of Mr. Bonner and he gravely handed me a cent as a token of remembrance. This copper coin I still have. The next morning I went to Hartford and saw T. J. Vail, Secretary of the National Trotting Association, and Morgan G. Bulkeley, President of the Connecticut Stock Breeders' Association, and arranged for the competition against time under the rules set forth in the memorandum. There was willingness to stretch a point to meet the well-grounded views of a horseman so resolute and consistent as Robert Bonner. One of the gentlemen who accompanied Mr. Bonner and myself to Hartford on that Tuesday in October was General James F. Robinson, President of the famous Kentucky Association, the oldest active racing association in America, and he was one of the timers. The wind blew a gale and those who were without overcoats shivered even when standing in the sunshine. Fast time was impossible under the circumstances, and when 2.12¾ was hung out the critical onlookers felt that Maud S. had acquitted herself as well as could be expected. The experiment showed that

success could not be hoped for, except in an autumn climate more favorable than that of New England, and Bair was directed to ship the great chestnut without delay to Lexington. When the mare was thought to be ripe for a supreme effort, I went to Lexington with Mr. Bonner, but we were compelled to wait for good day and track. Frost had struck the ground, robbing it of some of its elasticity, but on Monday the announcement was made that Maud S. would start on the following day, November 11, 1884, to "beat her own record of 2.09¾, and should she succeed, Woodburn Farm, where she was bred, will commemorate the achievement by awarding to her, through the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, a cup with the time made by her engraved thereon."

It was a bright morning, and the church-going people assembled at the track by the hundred. Mr. Bonner was President of the Board of Trustees of Dr. John Hall's church on Fifth Avenue, New York, and all good Presbyterians wished him success. General W. T. Withers, Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, and Captain T. J. Bush were conspicuous in the throng. The gentlemen selected for judges and timers were Major H. C. McDowell, owner of Dictator, sire of Jay-eye-see; Colonel Richard West, who introduced Dictator to Kentuckians; Major P. P. Johnston, and W. H. Wilson. The little stand on the opposite side of the track was occupied by Mr. Bonner, General J. F. Robinson, Mr. Lucas

Brodhead and myself. The time of the warming up mile was 2.26¾, which the experts declared was too slow. "All eyes," I quote from a published report, "were fixed upon the handsome chestnut when she came down the home stretch for the real effort, and Bair nodded for the word. The first quarter is a slow one, owing to the turn, but Maud S. trotted it in 32¾ seconds. The wind now struck her in the face and it took her 1.04 to reach the half mile pole, which was a second slower than the schedule prepared by Bair previous to the start. At the three-quarter pole the watches split in 1.37, and now the queen was encouraged by a running horse driven by Mike Bowerman, starting in behind her. As she came strongly down the stretch Bair touched her with the whip and she gamely responded. The judges stopped their watches in 2.09¼, thus making her beat her record by half a second or about 22 feet. The majority of outside watches made the time 2.09."

Mr. Bonner himself caught the time 2.09 and so did General Robinson who was by his side, and Mr. Wm. L. Simmons who stood under the wire. Mr. Bonner felt that he should have had the benefit of the doubt, but to the public he made no complaint. When there was a lull in the cheering, Mr. Wilson removed his hat and addressed the crowd:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, the animal before you is the world-famous Maud S., whose fastest mile,

as well as her combined record, has never been approached by any living horse, mare, or gelding in the world. She was bred at the Woodburn Farm, which establishment has furnished not only Maud S., but is represented on every first-class breeding farm in the United States and other countries. Her driver, W. W. Bair of Cincinnati, Ohio, is only a little less famous than the mare he has so gracefully driven. Her owner, Mr. Robert Bonner of New York, is the only gentleman who has ever owned two trotting kings and a queen, Dexter, Rarus, and Maud S., and he only keeps them to fill stalls in a gentleman's private stable. The officers of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association wish to thank Mr. Bonner for this performance."

Mr. Wilson handed me the manuscript of his little speech and I quote from it. It was not intended to have any speeches, but Mr. Wilson seized the bit and was off before he could be restrained. Scores of ladies, the bluest of Kentucky blood, gathered around Maud S. when she was being cooled out and asked for the privilege of touching her nose and for a hair from her tail. Mr. Bonner's first congratulatory dispatch was to Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and one of the messages received by him was from the owner of Jay-eye-see:

"RACINE, WIS., November 11, 1884.

"*To Robert Bonner, Lexington, Ky.*

"Allow me to congratulate you on the wonderful performance of your great mare, Maud S.

"J. I. CASE."

It was arranged for Bair to take the mare to Cincinnati for the winter, and the next day Mr. Bonner and myself started for New York. Robert Bonner's success as a record hunter put him in rare good humor, and at every place where the train stopped he was an object of interest to the assembled people. This reminds me of another incident of travel. We were on the way from Lexington to New York and there was a head-on collision in one of the tunnels of West Virginia. We were compelled to take shelter in a mountain tavern, and Senator John S. Williams shared the one decent room with us. About nine o'clock the people from the mountain hamlets gathered around the hotel and General Williams was flattered at the thought that it was a personal tribute to him, as one of the regiments commanded by him in the Civil War was enlisted from that section. He was somewhat put out when the general call was for Robert Bonner. The owner of Dexter and Maud S. was of more interest to them than an ex-general in the Confederate Army, or the holder of a commission to the United States Senate.

Maud S. got through the winter all right at Chester Park, and was again put in training for an effort against time.

CHAPTER V

THE STRUGGLE TO HOLD THE THRONE

MR. CASE, in the summer of 1884, professed anxiety to test with Maud S. the speed of Jay-eye-see, and I told him there could be no objection to starting the gelding on the same track for a cup any day that Maud S. elected to start against the watch. Competition for cups was open to all, and even if it was the wish to bar Jay-eye-see it could not be done. An effort was made to get Jay-eye-see ready for the duel, but he went wrong and there was great distress in the Racine camp.

It was on November 25, 1884, that W. H. Crawford wrote me:

"Mr. Case has stiffened up on price again, Todhunter having written him he could sell, he thought, to Mr. B. There is always some old blatherskite ready to prevent others if they cannot accomplish anything themselves. I have no reason to think that the little horse is able to lower Maud S.'s present record except his performance at Belmont Park. I believe a grand event can be arranged for next summer."

July 11, 1885, William Edwards, President of the Cleveland Driving Park, wrote me:

"I enclose night key, an article that such an exemplary young man as yourself hardly needs. Maud S. arrived here in fine shape and looks hearty and well. Mr. Gordon has tendered the use of his Park and ground."

Under date of July 17 Secretary Wm. B. Fasig wrote me:

"Mr. Bonner tells me to write to you for information as to how to word my advertisements regarding Maud S. He says the matter was arranged by yourself at Lexington, Ky., last fall, and that he wants the advertisement in the same language. Maud S. will beat the record sure. She went better to-day, I think, than I ever saw her."

The day advertised for the performance was July 30, 1885, and the crowd was very large and on tiptoe with expectation. From a notebook used on the occasion I glean:

"At 5.15 P. M. Maud S. was jogged the reverse way of the track, and then was allowed to step a mile in 2.28¼. At six o'clock Splan appeared behind Mr. Gordon's runner, Dart, and the crowd shouted, 'Bring out Maud S. We want to go home.' The carriages along the rail were seven rows deep, and there was not a vacant seat in the stands. The flags hung to their masts. On the first score Maud S. broke and was pulled up and came back. Then she got the word all right and trotted to the quarter pole in 32¾, and had plain sailing on the back stretch, reaching the half-mile pole in

1.04½. She trotted fast around the upper turn and the watches split at the three-quarter pole in 1.35½. Down the home stretch Bair touched the great mare with the whip and the official time for the mile was 2.08¾."

I was in the timers' stand with Geo. W. Short and N. L. Hunting, and kept my eyes on the watches, and know that the mare was not favored. The judges were Thomas Axworthy, C. F. Emery, and William Edwards, and, when the latter announced that on a track which the directors do not consider fast, Maud S. had trotted to a record of 2.08¾, there were thunders of applause. Maud S. was decorated with a floral collar and Bair was handed a bouquet. The dining-room in the Edwards mansion that evening was full of good cheer and ladies vied with gentlemen in praising the performance of Maud S.

It was in 1880 that Maud S. first obtained championship honors as a trotter, and, with the exception of a single day when Jay-eye-see took a record of 2.10 at Providence in 1884, she held her place at the head of the list for eleven years. Her 2.08¾ at Cleveland was the best to high-wheel, plain-axle sulky on a regulation track until in November, 1904. She was in truth an epoch-making mare, and he who writes history cannot do otherwise than accord to her liberal space.

Mr. Bonner drove Maud S. to high-wheel wagon over his three-quarter track in 2.13¼, and Mr. Vanderbilt drove her to top road wagon in double harness

at Fleetwood Park in 2.15½. The great chestnut was not given a chance to reproduce herself until it was too late, and all attempts at fertilization failed. After Mr. Bonner's death she was sent to Shultshurst to be bred to Axworthy, and, while on a visit to that famous farm, was fatally stricken. The affection of Mr. Vanderbilt for the mare was real, and he kept her on the turf to please the public, although by so doing he subjected himself to annoyance. I quote from a letter written October 10, 1883, to a gentleman who was on the best of terms with Mr. Vanderbilt, and who brought it to my office:

"The mare (Maud S.) is splendid. The man Grant wanted to get back to his wife, and I sent the mare with him as I meant to winter her there (Chester Park). I have given her in charge to Stone and not to Bair. He says that she will trot in 2.08 next spring before July 1. There has not been any doubt about her trotting in that time last spring, in my mind, but Bair got the big head and thought that he could do as he pleased; of course I had to disabuse him. He is a good second man, but runs away with himself when he gets the lead. The mare, as they all say, is finer than they ever saw her. Dan Mace thinks he can drive her and Aldine in 2.11, but there she is to speak for herself. If nothing happens to her, I think she will trot very fast next spring and make a record that you and I will take some years to see wiped out.

"Yours truly,
"W. H. VANDERBILT."

After the Cleveland performance friction rose between Mr. Bonner and Bair, and Maud S. was placed in the hands of John Murphy to jog on the farm track at Tarrytown. Bair resented his dismissal, and he talked to the Philadelphia *Times* foolishly:

"I would not work under Mr. Bonner again for anything he could offer me. He takes too much of my time and has said that her quarters under my management were irregular, and that I once allowed her to trot the first quarter in 30¼ seconds—a 2.01 gait. That is not true. Mr. Bonner could not regulate her pace if he had a watch in his hand. I drove Maud S. for eight years and she never made a bad performance while under my control."

Later Bair regretted the way he had rushed into the newspapers.

CHAPTER VI

JAY-EYE-SEE AND SOME MATCH RACES

JAY-EYE-SEE was a black gelding bred by Richard West, Edge Hill Farm, Georgetown, Ky.; foaled in 1878, and by Dictator, dam Midnight by Pilot Jr.; second dam, Twilight, thoroughbred daughter of Lexington. I saw him in the pasture when he was considered a runt, and Harrison Durkee, owner of Dictator, thought so little of his half-interest in the gelding that he sold it for $75. Mr. Case paid $350 for the little horse, and the first time I saw him in a race was at Chicago, July 15, 1882. The stake was for four-year-olds, and Jay-eye-see was the favorite over Bronze, Waiting, Jim Booman, Adelaide, and Ed Geers. I was one of the judges and have before me the notes of the changing positions of contest. In the first heat Waiting led from start to finish, and the time was slow, 2.28¼. In the second heat Waiting won by half a length from Bronze, and the time was 2.25¾. In the third heat Bronze beat Waiting by two lengths in 2.25½. Budd Doble now appeared behind Jay-eye-see, and the gelding finished second to Bronze in 2.26½. In the fifth heat Jay-eye-see revealed his true form and won in 2.22¾. In the sixth heat Waiting barely saved his distance and Jay-eye-see won by half a length from Bronze in 2.23½.

The race was now conceded to the black gelding, but President C. K. Dow, who acted as starter, carelessly gave the word in the seventh heat with Jay-eye-see on a break. Doble was made angry by the send-off, and, instead of giving his undivided attention to his horse, turned round in his sulky to shout words of censure. Mr. Dow was so unnerved by the incident that he stood with his back to the grand stand and looked into vacancy. I followed the race and placed the horses as they finished. Jay-eye-see trotted fast when he regained his stride, but the gap was too big to be closed. Bronze was half dead with fatigue and Waiting staggered under the wire in 2.30. Both Doble and Case came to the judges' stand and excitedly wanted to know if the heat was to stand. I told them that under the rules the race was finished, and remarked that Mr. Dow regretted the unfortunate start more than anyone. "Not more than me," hotly rejoined Mr. Case, "because your decision takes $5000 out of my pocket."

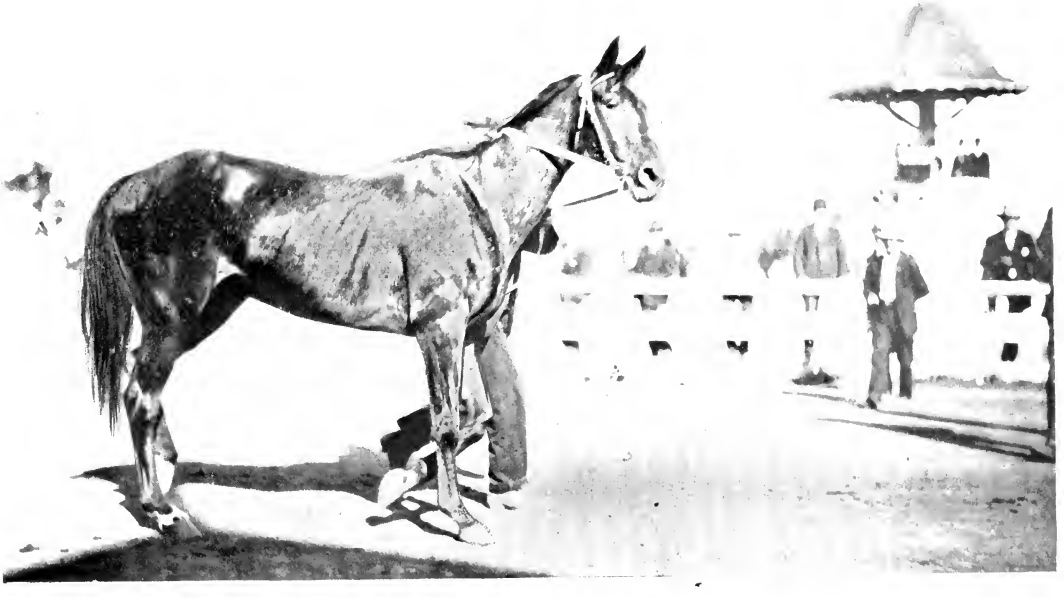
The five-year-old form of Jay-eye-see was sensational. He defeated such horses as Charley Ford, Phil Thompson, Majolica, Director, and Clemmie G., and at Providence, September 13, reduced his record to 2.10¾. Then he was matched against St. Julien 2.11¼ and the largest crowd ever seen at Fleetwood Park was gathered there September 29, 1883, to witness the duel. Mr. Case arrived late upon the scene, and for some reason was reluctant to start. One of his objections was to the track, and I walked around

it with him to convince him that, although heavy, it was safe. President David Bonner then said to him: "The thousands of eager people up there expect you to start, and, if you refuse to do so, I will not answer for the consequences."

The horses were called, and, as St. Julien was a shade off in form, Jay-eye-see won easily in 2.20¼, 2.18½, 2.19. The race disappointed the multitude. As a six-year-old Jay-eye-see trotted exhibition miles at Belmont Park in 2.11, 2.10¼, and experts regarded this as better than his mile at Providence, August 1, 1884, in 2.10. As the 2.10 was better than the 2.10¼ of Maud S., Jay-eye-see occupied the throne for one day. In the autumn of 1884 Jay-eye-see was taken with a chill at Kalamazoo, and was never himself after that. He went lame and his gait was shifted to a pace, and his record at that way of going is 2.06¼.

Under date of April 18, 1885, Mr. Case wrote me, enclosing check for $2500:

"I notice in your issue of 17th inst. that John Murphy offers to match Maxey Cobb to trot a race against Harry Wilkes, on terms and for amount mentioned, and adds that he is not desirous of matching him against a horse with a record slower than 2.13¼. I judge this hit must be aimed at either Maud S., Jay-eye-see, or Phallas, and, supposing that Mr. Murphy is acting for the owner of Maxey Cobb, Mr. Cohnfeld, I will say that in case Mr. France does not accept Mr. Murphy's challenge, I will accept it and trot one of my horses in place of Harry



JAY-EYE-SEE IN 1906 (28 YEARS OLD)

Wilkes. Or, in case Mr. France does accept and trots Harry Wilkes against Maxey Cobb, I will offer to increase the stake or purse one-third and trot one of my horses in the race on the terms mentioned in the challenge."

Following this W. C. France came to my office and dictated a proposition:

"I will trot Harry Wilkes against Maxey Cobb and Phallas, three or five races, commencing at the Cleveland Circuit Meeting, for a stake of $1000 each, each track over which a race is trotted to add $3000; the stake and added money to be divided into three parts, fifty, thirty, and twenty per cent. If Trinket wishes to come in, and if Mr. Cohnfeld and Mr. Case will agree, I am willing to admit her to the race. While I know Harry Wilkes to be a good horse, I do not regard him as the equal of Jay-eye-see, and therefore bar the little black gelding from the stake."

Mr. Nathan Straus also had the match fever, and June 17, 1885, Phallas beat Majolica at Fleetwood Park for $5000. I shall not attempt to follow the discussions growing out of the challenges, because space is limited. I simply wish to record the fact that the match talk excited the public mind, and thousands were thus attracted to the trotting horse, who otherwise would not have given a thought to him. A long becalmed sea is destructive of sport. Phallas, who was by Dictator out of Betsy Trotwood by

Clark Chief, became the champion stallion when he trotted to a record of 2.13¾ at Chicago, July 14, 1884. Maxey Cobb succeeded him September 30, 1884, at Providence, with a record of 2.13¼.

Phallas was a very determined, but not a smooth-gaited horse, and the campaign told upon him. From Cleveland, Ohio, October 4, 1885, W. H. Crawford wrote me:

"Phallas pulled up very lame and will never start again. He has had a weak tendon for over a year, but Mr. Case was inclined to train him this year in order to settle the stallion supremacy, knowing that if he could be brought to start on anything short of three legs, he would beat Maxey Cobb. There never was another owner of a stallion who would have had the nerve to do it. Every time he was worked Bither expected to see it come, and Friday over a heavy track did the business. We made a mistake in trotting Harry Wilkes, but there was so much to be gained in beating the best representative of the George Wilkes family, we risked it. You know now why I was so timid about backing Phallas on the 4th of July, and why I felt so nervous about the result."

Under date of September 20, 1884, Mr. Crawford wrote from Cleveland:

"I am glad to say there is nothing serious the matter with Jay-eye-see; only a slight cold brought on by a sudden change of temperature, from 100° to 55° in 24 hours, at a time when he was

prostrated from excessive work and travel, which could not be avoided without breaking faith with parties who had been very liberal in their dealings with us. I believe he will be on edge again by October 1. Can get refusal in shape now at any time."

Previous to this I had telegraphed Mr. Case:

"I timed Maud S. this afternoon a third mile in 2.11¾, wind strong and rain sprinkling, making the performance, in the estimation of good judges, two seconds slow."

The reply of Mr. Case was by letter:

"I am glad to hear that the grand mare Maud S. is doing well. I think it quite possible for her to still lower her unparalleled record. Jay-eye-see is also a phenomenal trotter, kind as a kitten, and as sound as can be, and I think, when the right time comes, will prove himself king of all trotters. He is young and has plenty of time with good luck to prepare to do his best at record breaking. He is now under contract to Mr. Crawford, whose interest is to make the most money out of him possible this season. If circumstances favorable for lowering his record do not come his way this season, I hope to give him such opportunities next season. He has now earned over $25,000 this season. The long shipment from Prospect Park, New York, to Minneapolis, and return to Racine, and trotting three exhibitions in eight days has tired him, but he is now in my home stable and resting, and I trust will meet his future engagements with credit and no harm to himself."

Mr. Case not only met my little bluff, but tried

to go me one better. My telegram, however, made it easy for Crawford to secure an option.

In a letter of September 27 I said to Mr. Crawford:

"Use your judgment, but the contract must be such as will hold legally as well as morally. The sum we agreed upon to bind the option was $1000. Pay this and the money will be paid to you on transfer of option contract. As the season is getting late it seems to me it would be advisable to close the matter as soon as we can. Maud S. was driven staying-up miles yesterday in 2.21, 2.11, 2.12½. She ought to be able to go for a record about October 15."

My insistence disclosed a weak spot in Jay-eye-see. The gelding was more seriously injured than the public knew, and finally Crawford wrote me from St. Louis that the horse had a slight ailment and would be priced at $50,000.

Jay-eye-see never regained his old form, but, under date of April 14, 1886, Mr. Case wrote me from Racine:

"Jay-eye-see and Phallas are as fine and sound as can be. I am watching for some enthusiastic man with a chip on his shoulder."

I knew to the contrary, but why call the bluff?

The Hickory Grove Farm of Jerome I. Case was one of the most famous of its day, but now is a memory. December 22, 1891, I received the following telegram:

" Father died this morning. Funeral will take place Thursday afternoon.

" JACKSON I. CASE."

The flood tide of fortune had passed, and the once proud, but humbled, man welcomed the rest that enfolded him in the early dawn of the Christmas festival.

CHAPTER VII

EDWIN THORNE AND MAMBRINO CHIEF

It was on the 4th of July, 1870, that my eyes first rested on Thorndale. This grand place of 600 acres in Dutchess County, N. Y., fourteen miles from Poughkeepsie, had but recently passed into the possession of Mr. Edwin Thorne, and he had filled the stables, which formerly sheltered shorthorns, with trotting horses of rich pedigree.

I have before me a letter, dated August 18, 1884, signed Edwin Thorne:

"David Bonner has promised to pay me a visit in company with Albert C. Hall and Alley Bonner. Why can you not arrange it with them and come up on Friday or Saturday of this week and remain over Sunday with me. If they, one or all, can't come, why will you not come solus? I can then give you the facts you refer to in relation to Mambrino Chief, and also show you James B. Clay's letters to me referring to him."

The shade of the oaks and maples was grateful and the murmur of the waterfall in front of the mansion was soothing to excited nerves. Edwin Thorne had an artistic eye, and in his picture gallery were the works of such distinguished painters as Jules Dupré, Rosa Bonheur, E. VanMarke, J. L. Gérome,

Th. Rousseau, Daubigny, Corot, Diaz, Jaque, and Von Bergen. The first Thorne settled in Dutchess County, N. Y., in 1725, and for a century the estate has been known as Thorndale. It was in 1851 that Jonathan Thorne began to improve the place for a summer residence, and he sent his son Samuel to Europe to buy the best shorthorn animals that could be found. One of the purchases was Grand Duke, and the price, 1000 guineas, was the highest ever paid up to that time for an animal of the breed. Three cows of the Dutchess tribe were also purchased, and from time to time the herd was strengthened by importation. So prominent was the Thorndale herd that in 1861 fifteen head were exported to Ireland. In 1867 the herd was sold to J. O. Sheldon of Geneva, N. Y., and by him to Walcott & Campbell, who sold one cow under the hammer for $40,600. After this the farm passed to Edwin Thorne, who made it the home of trotting horses and Jersey cattle.

The leading stallion at Thorndale in 1884 was the bay horse Thorndale, 15½ hands, by Alexander's Abdallah, dam Dolly by Mambrino Chief. After being kept steadily in the stud for eight years, Thorndale, in 1876, was placed in the hands of Budd Doble, and he won every race in which he started, taking a record of 2.22½. It was in the autumn of this year that I accepted the urgent invitation of Colonel W. S. King to come to the Minneapolis fair. I was met at the railway station and rapidly driven

to one of the finest residences in the city, and hastily introduced to the hostess. Colonel King did not let grass grow under his feet, and after dinner returned with another gentleman in charge, Mr. Edwin Thorne, with whom I was not then on good terms. Colonel King took but a few moments:

"My dear madam, I found this gentleman at the hotel waiting for a room, and, as the prospect was not bright, I insisted on his coming with me. I now leave him with you, and I am sure that you will take good care of him."

The lady was a little embarrassed, but tried to conceal it. When I stepped from the drawing-room, she followed me and explained:

"I have several relatives to care for during the fair, and the only spare room was assigned to you. I want to do the best I can for your New York friend, but——" and she shrugged her shoulders.

I quickly replied: "I will gladly share my room with Mr. Thorne." I stated the case to Mr. Thorne, and he gave me his hand and said: "We will forget the past and sleep in the same bed," which we did.

In 1884 Mr. Thorne was able to say in his catalogue:

"Thorndale and Geo. Wilkes are the only two sires, living or dead, with records below 2.30, who have two representatives with records below 2.20."

One of these 2.20 trotters was the chestnut gelding Edwin Thorne, who in the summer of 1882 won

at Boston the $10,000 purse, beating Clingstone, Santa Claus, and Fanny Witherspoon. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, was by Ashland, son of Mambrino Chief and Utilla by imp. Margrave. Mr. Clay presented Ashland as a yearling to Mr. Thorne, and, after being brought to Dutchess County, the colt was struck by lightning and nearly paralyzed. When three years old, Ashland was traded to Geo. T. Hitchcock, who drove him home, a distance of 28 miles.

Mambrino Paymaster, the sire of Mambrino Chief, was at one time sold for $90, and his stud fee was $2.50. The dam of Mambrino Chief was a strongly made, dark brown mare standing about 15.2, a little angular, possessed of nerve force, and of more than ordinary speed. She had several foals, three by Mambrino Paymaster. Goliah, who stood 16½ hands, could trot better than 2.40. Mambrino Chief, his brother, was foaled in 1844, the property of Richard Eldridge, who sold him as a three-year-old to Warren Williams. Then he passed to G. T. Williams, who sold him to James M. Cockroft. Only common mares were bred to him in New York, and up to 1854, he was never in the hands of a regular trainer, although he was a natural trotter. He trotted the Washington Hollow track in 2.36, and was timed a quarter in 37 seconds. In 1853 James B. Clay visited Thorndale to inspect the cattle, and while there asked for a stallion that would do to cross on well-bred Kentucky mares. Mr.

Thorne suggested Mambrino Chief, because he liked his strength and his way of going, although his feet were not the best, being subject to quarter crack. Other parties recommended Burr's Washington, the sire of Lady Washington, and Mr. Clay went home in doubt. January 2, 1854, Mr. Clay wrote to Mr. Thorne to buy Washington at $3000 if he liked him. Mr. Thorne frankly replied that he did not like the horse and then Mr. Clay requested him to buy Mambrino Chief at $4000. At first he had declared that he would not give more than $3000 for any horse in existence, but changed his mind and sent Josiah Downing, "a good judge of horse flesh," to Dutchess County to ride the stallion to Lexington, Mr. Thorne wanted Downing to see Washington and he took him to Tim Jackson's place, Jamaica, L. I., for that purpose. It was early in February and the stallion was found in the barnyard looking quite rough. As soon as Downing saw the horse he exclaimed:

"Is that the brute? If he is bought, a nigger will have to lead him into Lexington—I won't."

"We then went to look at Biggart's Rattler," said Mr. Thorne, "and found him tied to a post in front of a tavern. Biggart was inside and drunk. Downing did not like the horse, and preferred Mambrino Chief to every stallion that he saw."

Mr. Clay wrote to Mr. Thorne:

"I send you check for $2000 and note for $2000. I am glad I got Mambrino Chief, as I preferred

him to Washington. If Downing has not started, please hurry him off, as it is possible I will match the Chief against a horse here."

As Mr. Clay had but recently purchased Ashland, he did not wish to pay all cash, and Mr. Thorne guaranteed his note. In a later letter Mr. Clay wrote:

"Our people are disposed to brag and back their brag with money. There are several Canadian stallions here, which are small and have no form. If I think I can beat them with Mambrino Chief, will not back out when they banter me."

"February 26, 1854: I am happy to advise you that Mambrino Chief arrived on Tuesday, although thin, in fine condition. He surpasses expectations, and twenty mares were engaged to him within an hour. Will limit him to 80 mares at $25."

"March 5, 1854: Mambrino Chief will have earned $2000 before August 1. I will breed myself but four mares, one by Lexington, the horse that ran in the $20,000 stakes at New Orleans. There are several thoroughbred mares and fine trotters, so your colt will be a fine one in blood."

"April 27, 1854: We had quite a display of horses on court day, with Mambrino Chief at the head. There was great anxiety to see him move, but I have adhered to the resolution that harness shall not be put on him until July 4. I want to have one month of green food before I begin to train and test his speed. When I find where he will stop the watch, I will make a banter of from $2000 to $5000

to trot him against any horse in Kentucky, two mile heats. The impression is that I have been deceived. Some people don't believe he was ever in harness."

"June 26, 1854: The parties who have the Canadian have raised $2000 to banter my horse two mile heats. I do not wish to race the Chief, but if public banter is made, it would injure him not to accept. Think I should go in 250-pound wagons. I believe weight would tell against the Canadian."

"August 20, 1854: Yesterday, to the disappointment of the other party, I closed match with Pilot Jr. for $1000 a side, two mile heats. People were saying that I was afraid to accept. I have no scruples against racing, but do not wish to engage in it on account of the boys. A new quarter crack is discouraging. I will use soft track and light bar shoe."

"October 7, 1854: Pilot Jr. has paid forfeit to Mambrino Chief. He never saw the day that the Chief could not beat him any distance. This will assure the success of Mambrino Chief. He was never broken for a race horse; cannot catch; breaks bad to a standstill; hoofs bad; three quarter cracks."

"October 12, 1854: I made public exhibition. The driver of Pilot Jr. got here and was much disappointed because he could not show his skill. Mambrino Chief jogged a mile in 2.44 with bad break, and last half in 1.19. Could have gone, I think, in 2.25. Many people were present and all were satisfied. I want Mambrino Chief to get new hoofs for next season. I am confident he could make 2.30 if his hoofs were right."

"1858: Mambrino Chief is in the highest repute. I fear his wind is irreparably injured. It is my opinion that you of the North will hereafter come to Kentucky for fast horses."

"1859: The old horse has been amiss all season, owing to too much having been required of him."

The introduction of the foundation sire, Mambrino Chief, to the historical groves of Ashland, the old home of the great orator and stateman, Henry Clay, created some friction, but the results were far better than anticipated. Pilot Jr., the rival of Mambrino Chief, also founded a family of trotters.

It was at the request of John Smith of Cincinnati that O. W. Dimmick went to Lexington to drive Pilot Jr. in the match against Mambrino Chief, but the Pilot Jr. party paid forfeit before his arrival. I find in one of my old notebooks the brief report of a talk with Dimmick:

"When all right, Pilot Jr. could trot in 2.35 or 2.36. He was quite unruly at times. When I worked him at Mobile, he cut his quarters. We did not know anything about boots in those days."

Pilot Jr. was the age of Mambrino Chief, each having been born in 1844. Mambrino Chief was the larger horse, and his success was greater in Kentucky than Pilot Jr., although the latter, going to Woodburn in 1858, had the advantage of excellent mares. Neither was a reliable horse in a track contest.

The deepest of shadows was gathering over the

land and Mr. Clay's last letter to Mr. Thorne was in 1859:

"I think that you and I, after Harper's Ferry, will have to shake hands across the line."

After the Civil War Henry C. McDowell, who married a granddaughter of Henry Clay, purchased Ashland, and restocked it with trotting horses.

It was after the thrilling 1882 campaign of the chestnut gelding Edwin Thorne that Mr. Thorne wrote me a somewhat petulant letter in relation to his namesake:

"He is as sound as the day he was foaled, hasn't an out about him anywhere, even the wart that was on his side has disappeared. He is being driven from six to eight miles a day and was never in better condition for winter work. He weighed 1088 pounds a few days since. He has considerably more than paid for himself since I bought him. My barns are well filled with good hay, my bins are full of oats and bran, my cellars are well-stocked with sweet apples and carrots, and the horse is not for sale."

It was in 1870 that I published a lively exchange of compliments between Robert Bonner and Edwin Thorne, the irritating cause being the speed claimed for the mare Gazelle and the gelding Joe Elliott by Edward Everett. I give an extract from one of Mr. Bonner's letters:

"Peerless and Bruno have trotted quarters in thirty seconds—the fastest time ever made for a

quarter; but they have not yet been able to rival the King, and I would suggest that before Gazelle undertakes to do it, it would be a little bit easier for her first to make an attempt to obliterate the performances of Lady Thorne, Pocahontas, Lady Palmer, and Joe Elliott. The latter is now six years old—Gazelle will be six next year. Let her first show, not that she is capable of beating, but of coming within five or six seconds of the time made by a horse of her own age, before she aspires to or attempts a more difficult task. For a horse to go all the way around the ring at a rate of speed high enough to beat the world, he must be well bred on both his sire's and dam's side. This is universally conceded. Now it is with the Clay blood a good deal as it was with the old farmer who recommended sawdust and meal to fatten hogs. 'You don't say so,' exclaimed an eager skin-flint listener. 'Why, how do you mix it?' 'Oh!' replied the farmer, 'I am not very particular. I generally mix mine about half and half. It doesn't matter much, only the less sawdust the better.'"

In the end Mr. Thorne was deeply offended and we ceased to exchange letters or visits. Gazelle was purchased by Mr. Joseph Harker, who placed her in the hands of Charles S. Green for further development. She did not prove a sensation on the turf, but trotted to a record of 2.21. The advocates of the Clay family never forgave Mr. Bonner for the "sawdust" sneer. They made mouths at him for years and grow red in the face when you remind them of it now.

In the summer of 1882 the country was aroused by a series of stubbornly fought races between the two great geldings—Clingstone and Edwin Thorne. The first of the exciting battles was fought at Cleveland in the latter part of July, and Clingstone won by a narrow margin. At Utica the tables were turned. Edwin Thorne won, and the enthusiastic followers of Clingstone had lean pocketbooks. At Poughkeepsie, in the latter part of August, Clingstone declined to start against Edwin Thorne, and the chestnut had to face Santa Claus and Minnie R. All of Dutchess County was at the Hudson River Driving Park to see the race. I drove to the track that morning from Thorndale, and knew how anxious Mr. Thorne was to score a victory with his horse in the county where he was bred and raised. Every man on the farm was eager to attend the race and risk some of his savings on the result.

Orrin A. Hickok had Santa Claus in fine shape, and Edwin Thorne, to the amazement of the crowd, was beaten in comparatively slow time. It was charged that the chestnut gelding had been pulled, but John E. Turner bitterly denied it. When Mr. Thorne saw him at Hartford the next week and spoke to him about it he said:

"Do you think that I would be mean enough to come to your home and job your horse when you were too sick to be present. If you do, I have only this to say, that I want you to take your horse from my stable."

Turner looked and talked in such an injured way that Mr. Thorne was mollified. Mr. Bonner was in Hartford and walked in the broiling sun across the track to the stable of Turner to make a critical examination of the gelding. He found just what he had supposed was the trouble. The hind toes were so long that they unbalanced the horse, imposing a strain upon the loin and making him sore, and consequently unsteady.

When winter came and Mr. Thorne wrote me that he was confined to his home, and would be pleased to have me come up, I replied that I should like to bring a friend with me, Mr. Robert Bonner. By the return mail came a letter cordially inviting Mr. Bonner to visit him. The invitation was accepted in manly spirit, and the welcome we received was tactful and most kindly. The two strong, high-spirited men sat before an open grate fire and discussed breeding and other questions until the night was far spent. No allusion was made to the past, but neither had forgotten the sharp correspondence of 1870. The fact that they had been estranged seemed to make each more considerate of the other's feelings. The friendship thus strongly re-established lasted until the great heart of Mr. Thorne ceased to beat and he passed into the realm of mystery and silence.

CHAPTER VIII

CHARLES BACKMAN AND STONY FORD

CHARLES BACKMAN was born November 16, 1824, at Pittstown, near Lansingburgh, N. Y., and his father was Henry Bochman, brother of John Bochman, the distinguished ornithologist, the intimate friend of Wilson, Audubon, and Agassiz. The paternal ancestor of Henry Bochman was born in Switzerland and came to America as the private secretary of William Penn. The wife of Henry Bochman was a member of the Fake family, who owned slaves when human chattels were recognized in New York. She traced her ancestry to the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, Germany. During his school days Charles Bochman changed the spelling of his name to Backman, and at the age of fourteen began to care for himself. In long drives through New York and Vermont he learned to appreciate the value of the descendants of Harris' Hambletonian, and, after a successful business career in New York, he engaged in breeding at Stony Ford, Orange County, N. Y. He purchased this place in 1862, and in his little band of brood mares were daughters of Harris' Hambletonian. Additions were made to the stud, regardless of cost, and Stony Ford became one of the great trotting nurseries of the world. There

were 700 acres in the place and many thousands of dollars were spent in bringing the farm up to the highest point of cultivation. Mr. Backman, after Dexter had won the trotting crown, was partial to the Hambletonian Star combination, and more of this blood was at one time within his paddocks than could be found in the combined breeding establishments of the world. After such speed-producing sires as Electioneer, Banker, Menelaus, Cuyler, Startle, Louis Napoleon, Victor Von Bismarck, Stillson, Idol, and Dauntless had passed from the Backman stables to distribute trotting plasms in other sections of the land, the desire to visit Stony Ford was well nigh universal. The visitors were from all parts of the civilized world, and it was deemed a special privilege to sit at the well-appointed table of Uncle Charles, as he was called by his intimates. It was my good fortune to meet in the famous smoking-room such gentlemen as Leland Stanford, William C. Whitney, Benjamin F. Tracy, Thos. P. Fowler, Oliver H. Payne, H. O. Havemeyer, C. J. Hamlin, Robert Bonner, Frank Ellis, Henry C. Jewett, Wm. Russell Allen, W. M. V. Hoffman, Jas. C. McFerran, Geo. Boyd Thacher, Dean Sage, William Edwards, R. S. Veech, John E. Green, William M. Parks, Thos. Morton, Wm. Corbitt, F. A. Watson, John H. Shults, Lawrence Kip, A. Newbold Morris, Geo. K. Sistare, L. L. Lorillard, Cortland D. Moss, F. P. Olcott, R. C. Rathbone, John K. Ottley, Lucas Brodhead, David

S. Hammond, Henry A. Barclay, James L. Barclay, W. B. Dickerman, Samuel Weeks, W. M. Fleiss, E. H. Dunham, G. G. Howland, Geo. C. Clausen, Paul Dana, Alfred DeCordova, Hugh J. Grant, J. B. Houston, Wm. Crawford, Albert C. Hall, David Bonner, Myron P. Bush, Geo. B. Alley, Shepard F. Knapp, Joseph Harker, A. A. Bonner, J. D. Ripley, H. W. T. Mali, Geo. J. Whitney, Lloyd Phoenix, Alexander Taylor, Jr., General Dan Sickles, Wm. Rutter, Charles H. Kerner, Chas. M. Reed, Frank Work, H. M. Whitehead, Thos. L. Watt, and Robert C. Watson. As I call the roll I am startled at the silence. How many fail to answer "Here!"

After an eight o'clock breakfast the smokers lighted cigars and followed their host along the walk which wound through flowers and shrubbery up the hill where the stables stood in townlike cluster. Here the yards which caught and held the warm sunshine were as neat as the good housewife's parlor, and the big box stalls were fragrant with bright clean straw, thickly strewn under hoofs. The well-drilled stable attendants threw the doors open noiselessly and stood with mute lips. On the frame of each door was the name, with pedigree, of the animal in the copperplate handwriting of S. D. Shipman, and the visitor need not ask a question unless such was his bent. Mr. Backman, supported by his cane, puffed quietly at his cigar as each door opened and closed, but his questioning eyes were not often deceived as to the impression made upon the mind of the ob-

THE MANSION AT STONY FORD

server. He knew as if by intuition whether the horse had pleased or disappointed the inspecting group. The law of kindness was in force in the equine village, and it was rare to see a whip in the hands of a groom. When the Superintendent, John Hogan, wished to check a slight departure from obedience, he simply stooped and picked up a straw and shook it as a warning.

After the rounds of the stable had been made there was a walk or drive through the pasture, where the brood mares stood up to their knees in grass, and where the foals greeted you with wonder-speaking eyes. Here form was closely scanned, blood lines carefully weighed, and hope took root. Many predictions as to the future were made, and the discussion often grew warm in the smoking-room previous to luncheon. If Mr. David Bonner happened to be one of the party, Mr. Backman would quietly ask him to look at his watch and see if the hands had traveled a second beyond twelve. "Good gracious, yes!" And then the procession formed and marched up to the old-fashioned sideboard and the essence of corn and rye mellowed by time gave an amber glow to each thin glass and lent wings to fancy. After luncheon the big armchairs placed in the shade of wide-branching trees by the side of the track near the carriage-house stable, were filled with generous-hearted mortals and stop watches caught the quarters, halves, and miles, and opinions were exchanged as to which was the most promising colt.

If two of the onlookers should radically differ, a proposition for a match grew out of heated discussion and then Uncle Charles was called aside by each and the price asked. Usually it was a stiff price, and, on return to the smoking-room toasts were drunk to the new owners and seemingly not a cloud obscured the sky. Conversation stopped at an hour to give the guests time to dress for the seven o'clock dinner, because it was well known what a martinet of punctuality Mr. Backman was at his table. The sherry was of the richest vintage, the dry champagne was served in thin goblets, and the brandy, the very gold of earth's fruitage, put you in good humor with yourself and all the world. Those who preferred the drawing-room after the brandy were welcomed by the ladies, but usually the procession filed up the stairs and revelled in the freedom of the smoking-room. Here were books of reference to settle points in dispute when controversy became intense, and a penalty imposed on the loser was to put fresh glasses on a silver tray. The entire world was each man's oyster in that big room, adorned with portraits of horses and studded with generous armchairs, with a convenient sofa here and there, and eyelids did not grow heavy even when the stars of midnight looked down upon the oaks and the pines. It was rare that feeling did not burst into song, and the meadow larks waiting for the sun to rise listened and wondered if something were not out of joint. Many a match, which became the talk of the country, was made and

sealed between the hours of twelve and three, and many a check for four figures was drawn to pay for a future record-breaker. It mattered not how late you hunted your pillow, or how feverish were your dreams, you were expected to be in your seat at the breakfast table at eight o'clock, and to greet the host and ladies with a smile as fresh as the dew-kissed rose.

When I am in Orange County and drive by the City of the Silent on the hillside, where trees lift their strong arms to embrace the blue sky and ward off storm, I am reminded of the golden hours at Stony Ford, and hope that all is well with Uncle Charles and the gallant fellows who have crossed the river with him.

Mr. Backman was an early advocate of the speed-supporting cross. In his first catalogue, published in 1870, he gave evidence of his respect for the thoroughbred foundation. The pedigrees of stallions and brood mares were extended so as to take in running crosses. The lines of his favorite stallion, Messenger Duroc, were traced to such thoroughbreds as Henry, American Eclipse, and Messenger. Grandmother, the dam of Hattie Wood, dam of Idol, Victor Von Bismarck, and Gazelle, 2.21, was recorded as by Terror by American Eclipse; Terror's dam, Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, and second dam Black Maria by imp. Shark. Green Mountain Maid was given as by Harry Clay, dam by Lexington, but as the Lexington cross could not be verified, it was

dropped in subsequent catalogues. In the annual publication of 1873 he emphasized the blood of Seely's American Star, and traced the stallion to thoroughbred foundations. He was partial to the daughters of Star, because he believed that they nicked well with Rysdyk's Hambletonian and his sons—that they contributed to the nerve energy so essential to win races of divided heats. As the years went by the fact was made plain that the greatest of Stony Ford brood mares was Green Mountain Maid, and she was a self-willed thing, with a spirit that did not brook harsh opposition, from the rose tints of babyhood to the gray shadows of life. I made the acquaintance of Green Mountain Maid before she passed to the ownership of Mr. Backman, saw all of her foals following her through green pastures, and, when it was decided to erect a monument to her memory, I was asked to be one of the party assembled at Stony Ford in the latter part of November, 1889. The snow was silently falling when we gathered around the massive shaft of red Missouri granite on the brow of the commanding hill, just back of the stables, and all stood with uncovered heads while I made a few remarks.

Sentiment was not a stranger to the social gatherings at Stony Ford. If you wish proof of the fact, you will find it in the appended remarks made at a formal round-table dinner in the big dining-room on Memorial Day. Mr. Backman was the courteous host and Henry W. T. Mali was the toastmaster.

I knew that I should be called upon for a speech and made some preparation:

"On a day like this, when a nation strews flowers on the graves of gallant dead, and the public heart throbs with sentiment, it is not out of place to speak briefly of the romantic side of breeding and development. Emotional power is generally regarded as an evidence of soul life. The clod of the valley is devoid of sentiment, and so the wild rose growing by its side, although it blush with delicate beauty, makes no impression on it. The man who is dead to sentiment is dead to the fine feelings which lift him above the dry sand of a desert. One horse has more value than another, because he appeals with greater force to the imagination. The 2.08¾ of Maud S. represents the limit of developed speed, and, as fancy has been educated up to an enthusiastic appreciation of speed, we bow down and worship the great chestnut as a queen. Beyond the hum and hurry of the metropolis, the loyal breeder holds cheerful communion with nature. He is not lonesome even in solitude. In his bedchamber, his library, in the paddock, under the sheltering branches of a tree, thought in all its majesty is with him. He grasps and blends the mysterious currents of life as calmly as the child grasps the silken threads with which it plays, and, lo, form rises from the fabric of which dreams are made, shadows become substance, and a thing of grace and animation appears on the hillside to brush with its tiny hoofs, in the gray and purple of morning, the dew from daisies and forget-me-nots, and to stand with wisdom-absorbing eyes under the gold and crimson-bound sky of evening. When we approach the subject of nomen-

clature, sentiment again asserts its power. For instance: aroused by the touching story of Tennyson, a filly is christened Elaine and a colt Lancelot, and the caresses showered upon the foals leave a shining trail through a forest of memories. The growth of the new arrival is watched from day to day, from month to month, and sentiment decorates the form with virtues not apparent to dull and unresponsive minds. The animal is associated with thought when a walk is taken in the pasture, is nursed with the tenderness of a child when sick, and is remembered with food and shelter when winter storms heap desolation on the landscape. If commercial spirit intrude upon the scene and a sale is made, sad eyes follow the young prince or princess down the road and a sigh escapes the lips when the object of tender regard fades utterly from view. Elaine may never return to the farm where she was bred, but he who with God-like power evolved her from the gray mists and high lights of the brain sits on the piazza with green fields before him, far removed from the dust and friction of the campaign, and eagerly devours the reports which come to him by mail or wire of her victories and defeats. And Lancelot appeals with equal strength to the imagination. What he is doing and what he is likely to do are questions of deep interest. Will the imperial mantle of Electioneer, eldest son of Green Mountain Maid, descend to him, the youngest of the family, or will some other member of the house take rank above him? Time alone can answer. Thus fancy is continually under whip and spur, and the breeder lives in an atmosphere of sweet retrospect and daring hope. A web of fascination is woven around the work by sentiment, and through triumph and failure the fires of that ambition

are kept burning which made Napoleon a colossal figure in history."

Mr. Backman made no attempt to grain cultivate the 700 acres of his farm. He kept all the domain in grass, as he was opposed to contracting the range of the horse. The grass of the undulating lands of Orange County is of the sweet and holding kind and therefore valuable for horse-growing purposes. You want rich fat-forming pastures for the steer that you are getting ready for the shambles, but not for the horse whose success depends upon lung tissue and muscular fibre. We can trace many failures in breeding to the absence of knowlege of the quality of grass lands. In his natural state the horse prefers the so-called hard grass of elevated tablelands, and he will not feed on ground that he has soiled. The excrement is deposited in a spot remote from the table where he dines. In this respect he is far more civilized than the ox. If the dam is forced to run on a stale or sour pasture, the poison drawn from her milk will affect the foal. This is something overlooked by too many breeders and they do not take the proper steps to check the multiplication of foals of weak constitution. Mr. Backman was wise in giving plenty of range to his growing horses, and in guarding against the staling of pasture. He believed in breeding-in for the strengthening and perpetuation of desirable qualities, but was not always prudent in uniting kindred strains handicapped with infirmity.

We can intensify defect as well as merit by a close commingling of blood.

Under date of January 20, 1890, Mr. Backman wrote to me:

"I thought that you would like to know that Messenger Duroc has sired two in the 2.30 list out of strictly thoroughbred mares. You like a fight and I will give you a little opportunity. Praetor, 2.29¼, is by Messenger Duroc, dam by Vandal; second dam Maid of Monmouth by Traveller; third dam Amanda by Bonds Revenge. Praetor was bred by Isaac W. Pennock of Kentucky, and is the sire of Charley Green, 2.25, with but little work. John W., 2.29¼, is by Messenger Duroc, dam Astrae, by Asteriod, son of Lexington; second dam Banner by Lexington. John W. was bred by George B. Graham of Baltimore, Md., and Astrae was bred by R. A. Alexander, and sold to one of the Browns of Brown Bros., Baltimore. I purchased her from Mr. Graham, and you will find her in my catalogue of 1871. It would seem that Messenger Duroc can get trotters out of thoroughbred mares as well as Electioneer."

Later Charley Green trotted to a record of 2.19¼, and Praetor sired the dams of the two pacers, Brevet, 2.20¼, and Garnet, 2.14¾. John W. reduced his record to 2.24¼.

Under date of April 7, 1890, Mr. Backman wrote to me:

"I bought Green Mountain Maïd a few days after she was bred to Middletown and she was brought here that day or the day after. Her produce was

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Storm, and the name was suggested from the fact that the mare foaled while in the lot and in a terrible storm."

The oil portrait of Shanghai Mary still hangs in the smoking-room at Stony Ford, and the form is that of a mare far removed from the dull farm-horse type. The nervous energy of Green Mountain Maid did not come from her sire, Harry Clay, and the only logical conclusion is that it was derived from her dam. Although the blood of Shanghai Mary is not known, it evidently was descended from some champion of the running turf. This was Mr. Backman's firm belief, as well as of all other men who had knowledge of type. It was in December, 1876, that Leland Stanford paid Mr. Backman $41,200 for thirteen animals, two of which, Electioneer and Elaine, were the children of Green Mountain Maid. Both greatly distinguished themselves in reproductive channels at Palo Alto Stock Farm. The brother of Governor Stanford was one of the visiting party, and he found fault with the conformation of Electioneer. Polite attempts to ignore the fault-finding were made, but criticism was not silenced until the Governor blandly said:

"Never mind, Charles, the horse suits me. Don't worry. I will soon pay a visit to your farm and buy a carload of horses from you."

If Governor Stanford had not exercised his own judgment, what would have been the result of his

breeding venture in California? Electioneer was the keynote to his remarkable success.

It was in November, 1888, that I ran up to Stony Ford with William Russell Allen. The day was stormy, but we braved the rain and mud and our clothing was somewhat soiled when we returned to the smoking-room. Lancelot, the last of the produce of Green Mountain Maid, was then a handsome yearling, and he filled the critical eye as we chased him around the big paddock. After cigars had been lighted Mr. Allen marked certain animals in the catalogue and asked me to see if I could buy them. He stepped outside while I conversed with Mr. Backman. The latter looked startled, and finally took his pencil and wrote the prices on the margin of the catalogue. I made an addition and found that the amount was over $40,000. With a shrug of the shoulders I handed the list to Mr. Allen, who, after dissecting it, quietly said:

"You may buy at the prices named."

Mr. Backman gasped and said: "While you are about it why not break the record? The Stanford sale is still the best."

"All right," was the reply. "Let Mr. Busbey select two mares to swell the amount."

Mr. Backman said "Agreed," and the two animals thus selected brought the amount up to $44,100 for ten head. The price paid for Lancelot was $12,500, the same that Governor Stanford had paid for Electioneer; and Elista, the sister of Elaine,

was put in at $10,000. The story of this remarkable sale, when telegraphed over the country, stiffened prices in all directions, and gave fresh impetus to the trotting-horse breeding industry. It was the first time that Mr. Allen had ever visited Stony Ford, and he was a complete stranger to the gay party which arrived at six o'clock on the train from New York over the Ontario & Western Railroad. It was Mr. Backman's birthday, and the gentlemen had come up to celebrate it with a formal dinner. Mr. Allen mildly protested that his wardrobe was not suitable for a gathering of the kind, but his host silenced all objections on this point. The New Yorkers, among whom were Colonel Lawrence Kip, A. Newbold Morris, A. A. Bonner, Albert C. Hall, and David Bonner, went to their rooms to dress, and, after they had gathered in the smoking-room, properly attired for a high social function, they turned to Mr. Backman, during the temporary absence of Mr. Allen, and facetiously inquired:

"Uncle Charles, who is the countryman that you are entertaining?"

"His name is William Russell Allen. He is a resident of the Berkshires, and also of St. Louis. He has a little fancy for trotters and I have this afternoon made to him the largest sale in the history of Stony Ford."

"What?" was the chorus of astonishment.

"You do not mean to tell us that he has gone one better than the Governor Stanford sale?"

" Yes, he has beaten that sale and I am sure that you will find him a good fellow."

When Mr. Allen returned to the room, although not in full dinner dress, he was warmly greeted, and before the coffee was served in the drawing-room, the barriers of reserve had disappeared. If I mistake not, it was long after midnight before the cheerful household was locked in the arms of sleep.

CHAPTER IX

LELAND STANFORD AND PALO ALTO

LELAND STANFORD was born in Albany County, N. Y., in March, 1824, and more than once Charles Backman, who was born and reared in the same locality, told me of his first meeting with that gentleman. As a young man he attended a local trotting meeting, and purchased his admission ticket from Stanford, who was keeping close tab on the entrance gate. Later both of these men became distinguished breeders of the trotting horse. In California Leland Stanford accumulated a fortune, was elected Governor of the State, and represented the Commonwealth in the United States Senate at Washington. He started a breeding farm in Santa Clara County, 32 miles south of San Francisco, but did not achieve much success until after he had paid a visit to Stony Ford in 1876, and there purchased from Charles Backman the bay stallion Electioneer, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Green Mountain Maid. The stallion was then eight years old, and, although without record, never having been track developed, could show a 2.20 gait at the trot. He was bred to Beautiful Bells in 1879, and the produce February 27, 1880, was the brown filly Hinda Rose. At Palo Alto farm, an estate of 11,000 acres, Governor Stan-

ford tested original theories, with striking results. In 1879 he built a miniature track, an oval of 313 feet with turns well thrown up, and it soon became renowned as a kindergarten of speed. Constant exercise in the warm and bright sunshine of California, with plenty of stimulating food, kept the foals growing, and as yearlings they were as well matured as two-year-olds bred and raised in the East, where severe winter weather compelled housing for months. As a weanling Hinda Rose was turned loose on the miniature track and urged to extend herself on the stretches. She was a natural trotter, and learned so rapidly to control her gait that as a yearling, at San Francisco November 14, 1881, she trotted to a record of 2.36½. This was an undreamed of performance, and throughout the country it created a profound impression. As a two-year-old Hinda Rose came to New York in the stable of Charles Marvin, and I went to Fleetwood Park with Mr. Robert Bonner to look her over. When the blanket was removed and she was led from the box stall, we were astonished at her size. She looked then like a full-grown mare. As a two-year-old Hinda Rose trotted to a record of 2.32, and in October, 1883, at Lexington, Ky., she trotted to a record of 2.19½. It was soon after this that Governor Stanford said to me:

"I believe in developing a colt's strength with his growth. Judicious exercise is beneficial rather than harmful. Let-ups are dangerous to fast young ani-

mals, because their bodies grow during the let-up, and they are liable to get too much work when exercise is renewed. My aim is to give the greatest possible amount of exercise without fatigue, and never to allow it to reach the period of exhaustion. This is secured by short-distance exercise. It is the supreme effort that develops."

As I was in the judge's stand at Lexington when Hinda Rose made her best record, I could not be otherwise than impressed with the performance. In the spring of 1884 I was conversing with Governor Stanford in his private room at the Windsor Hotel in New York, when he asked me about the showing of Hinda Rose at Lexington, and intimated that he would like to see the mare enter the select stable of Robert Bonner. The next day I saw Mr. Bonner, and he said he would like to have the young mare at the price suggested by her owner, $15,000, and added: "I will make you a present of $1000 if you secure her for me at this figure."

I did not let grass grow under my feet, but the same evening called on Governor Stanford and exchanged views with him. He began to hedge a little, and said that he would like to control the racing qualities of Hinda Rose for that season, so as to improve her record, and asked if it would be satisfactory to place her in control of Wm. H. Humphreys. I expressed doubt on this point, but made a memorandum to the effect that Mr. Bonner would pay $15,000 for Hinda Rose when delivered at his

stable in New York in the autumn. The Governor read the memorandum and nodded his head. I saw Mr. Bonner the same evening, and the next morning, May 24, sent a note by messenger to Governor Stanford:

"When I first showed the memorandum left with you last night to Mr. Bonner, he stated that he wanted no writing, that a word from you was sufficient. But, when I explained that he had not met you, and that you had only my word as to what he would assume, he said that he would sign anything that would meet your views. If the form is not satisfactory, and if you are willing to take my word as to what Mr. Bonner will do, let the matter stand without a scratch of the pen. Mr. Humphreys is the only man that you could have named that he would have objected to, and that is simply for the reason that, not being on speaking terms with Mr. Humphreys, he could not very well enter into negotiations with him. It makes no difference to Mr. Bonner what disposition you make of Hinda Rose, only that you sell her to some party with the reservation that she is to be delivered to Mr. Bonner after the Breeders' Meeting in September, for $15,000, if she obtains a record better than 2.18¾, and for $20,000 if she obtains a record of better than 2.17½."

The price which W. H. Vanderbilt paid for Maud S., when she trotted a public trial at Lexington as a four-year-old in 2.17½, was $20,000, with $1000 additional to her trainer and driver, W. W. Bair. It was for this reason that the price of Hinda

Rose was to be increased by $5000, provided that she should trot in 2.17½ as a four-year-old.

The following day I sent another note to Governor Stanford:

"I called at the Windsor last night and was told that you had gone out of town. If, on your return, you will kindly let me know by line when I can see you for a few minutes, you will greatly oblige me."

Not until June 16 was I favored with a reply, and it read:

"It is so uncertain about my sending any stock East, that I must decline your proposition as to the place of delivery of Hinda Rose, and adhere to my original one of delivering her at Palo Alto."

The original proposition was to deliver the mare in New York, but, as Governor Stanford seemed to be reluctant to part with the daughter of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells, Mr. Bonner requested me not to press the question.

Under date of September 16 I received another letter from Governor Stanford:

"I am of the opinion that our last interview terminated the negotiations in regard to Hinda Rose, but I am not sure that you expressed yourself positively one way or the other, and, as I am now writing you, I should be glad to have you say positively whether you consider the negotiations terminated."

It was then plain that Hinda Rose was not in condition to beat her three-year-old record, and the answer was that her owner was at liberty to find another purchaser for the mare. Mr. Frank Work, who had talked of buying Hinda Rose, also retreated, and the once sensational yearling entered breeding ranks at Palo Alto. As a brood mare she was a sad failure.

On another occasion I found that Governor Stanford could take care of himself in a horse trade. When Palo Alto was the champion trotting stallion of America, a friend asked me to get a price on him. I sounded the Governor in person. He said that he would not sell—that the stallion was worth to him $100,000.

"Will you price him to me at $100,000?"

"No. Do I understand you to offer me $100,000 for him?"

"If your price is higher, there is no use in making the offer."

The subject was dropped, and Palo Alto died the property of Governor Stanford.

Some time later Senator Stanford said to me that he would really like to see in the stable of Mr. Bonner one of the best representatives of his breeding farm. When Sunol, the bay daughter of Electioneer and Waxana by General Benton, trotted at Bay District, San Francisco, October 19, 1888, to a two-year-old record of 2.18, the eyes of Mr. Bonner were turned to her, and, when in 1889 she trotted over the same course to a three-year-old record of 2.10½, beating

the 2.12 of Axtell made at Terre Haute October 11, 1889, the world was astounded, and Mr. Bonner, acting upon the message conveyed by me to him, addressed a letter to Hon. Leland Stanford, saying that he would give him $41,000 for Sunol, which was $1000 more than he had paid Mr. Vanderbilt for Maud S. The reply was prompt and satisfactory. It was to the effect that the breeder of Sunol would rather sell her to Mr. Bonner for $41,000 than to any other man for $100,000. A syndicate had paid $105,000 for Axtell, a few days after he had trotted to his three-year-old record of 2.12, and this fact emphasized the sincerity of Senator Stanford's words. Mr. Bonner went to California, where Senator Stanford took pride in showing him Sunol, and the young mare with the grayhound hips changed owners, One of the conditions was that the mare should be controlled for six months by her breeder. Marvin was to trot her in the name of Leland Stanford, and if possible reduce her record. The Axtell party questioned her supremacy, and the newspapers were filled with talk about the point in dispute being settled by a meeting on the track. It was well known that no challenge would be accepted by Mr. Bonner, but with Senator Stanford in control, there was a way around the obstacle. Senator Stanford authorized me to accept any proposition that the owners of Axtell cared to make, and in 1890 both four-year-olds were put in training for a meeting. Mr. John W. Conley spoke for Axtell, who was trained by Budd

Doble, and I agreed to his terms. Mr. Bonner, who was a close reader of the papers, saw the drift of affairs, and one day asked me if I had full authority from Senator Stanford to act. When I showed him my authority, his only reply was:

"Well, under the contract, the Senator owns the racing qualities of the mare until she is delivered at my stable, and I have nothing whatever to say. If you bring these two four-year-olds together, the track will not hold the people."

Unfortunately Axtell trained off, and Mr. Conley notified me that the proposed race or races were cancelled.

Soon after Sunol had arrived at Terre Haute in the spring of 1890, Mr. Bonner invited me to go out with him and look her over. At Buffalo Mr. C. J. Hamlin joined us, and at Terre Haute we found William Russell Allen, who had run up from St. Louis. Our little party attracted considerable attention, and the shoeing of Sunol, under the personal direction of her owner, was watched with the keenest interest. Sunol was nodding when Mr. Bonner first saw her at Palo Alto, but he did not hesitate to write a check for her, because he felt confident that he could remove the cause of lameness. Doble was present when Sunol was shod, and asked for suggestions with regard to Axtell, but Mr. Bonner evaded replying. It would have been poor policy, as he explained to me and Mr. Allen, to cut a stick to beat himself with.

I have before me a notebook in which the fact is recorded, that Mr. W. R. Allen and myself were at Palo Alto with Senator Stanford November 1 and 6, 1889. The weather was charming, and I wondered if in all the world there could be found greater wealth of sunshine. We sat in the shade of a tree and watched the colts at work on the miniature track, and Senator Stanford unfolded at length his theories to us. When summoned to luncheon we had good appetites, and we found native and imported wines on the table. The Senator explained that he preferred his own vintage, and that the imported wines were for his guests. We followed the example of our host and were delighted with the claret from the Vina slopes. Although Mr. Allen had selected four youngsters from the band for which he paid $5000 each, Senator Stanford declined to price five others that I had marked in the catalogue. The explanation offered was that I was familiar with his views and had selected what he could not afford to sell. Senator Wm. S. Stewart of Nevada, who was present, expressed amazement, and Senator Stanford turned upon him somewhat sharply:

"Senator, I will price anything you may select, but I will not allow my friend from New York to pick."

"The implication is," said Senator Stewart good-naturedly, "that you do not consider me much of a judge."

One of the yearlings purchased by Mr. Allen was the bay colt by Electioneer out of Sprite by Belmont,

she out of Waterwitch, and he is now known as Electrite, a successful sire of speed. One of the weanlings was the bay colt by Electioneer, out of Rosemont, by Piedmont, she out of Beautiful Bells. After leaving the palm, orange, and pepper trees of southern California, and while looking out upon the giant cacti of Arizona, Mr. Allen asked me to suggest a name for the Rosemont colt. I recalled a journey down the Pacific coast and a pleasant stop under the palms and the cocoanut trees of Mazatlan, where Mexican boys as naked as the day they were born flocked around us to the embarrassment of the ladies, and replied: "The name of the town is old and musical. Why not call him Mazatlan?" "I shall do so," responded Mr. Allen, and so the colt was registered. When Mr. Allen sold the stallion, a meaningless name was substituted for a good one, the excuse being that the majority of people did not know how to pronounce the one taken from the western coast of Mexico. This reminds me of a little tilt between Mr. Allen and Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes. Soon after the latter had purchased the son of Electioneer and Manette, Mr. Allen spoke of him as *A*rion. Mr. Forbes elevated his eyebrows and remarked: "I am surprised that a gentleman of your education should be guilty of faulty pronunciation. You should say A*r*ion." Quick was the retort. "When you learn to say *Maz*atlan instead of Maz*at*lan, I shall say A*r*ion, but not until then."

JOHN W. CONLEY

As a rule the foals of Rosemont inherited her bad feet, and this is why they did not train on.

I quote from a letter written to me under date of May 13, 1890, from Chicago, showing the sanguine view which Mr. John W. Conley took of the proposed match or matches between Axtell and Sunol:

"If the two four-year-olds can be brought together, I think the result both as to performance and financial success will astonish everyone. At the Ten Broeck-Mollie McCarty race the admission was $2.00 to the grandstand side of the track and $1.00 to the field. About three thousand people went into the field, and, during the afternoon the heat became so intense (there were no trees there for shade), that at least two thousand paid an additional dollar and crossed to the other side. After the race, we found the boxes contained 22,311 pay tickets. A very good result, but, in my judgment, small compared to what may be got out of the Sunol-Axtell race. But, in getting these two together at the post, I recognize the most difficult undertaking imaginable. Marvin and Doble will each want to feel that their charge is just right and unbeatable. The first named no doubt fully appreciates Mr. Bonner's fine sensibilities, as well as his desire and ambition to own in the future, as in the past, the greatest living trotter. He will also feel great responsibility on Governor Stanford's account. In fact, to protect himself and his employer, and not disappoint Mr. Bonner, he will want to feel that his mare's condition is faultless and that he is fully prepared to battle for a kingdom. Doble is proud and dislikes a beating under any circum-

stances. In this case he is one of the owners and is fully alive to the importance of winning or staying in the stable. He says there is too much at stake to incur anything more than a fractional risk; that Axtell is a stallion, and we cannot afford to have him beaten; that in this contest the best representatives of the rival Electioneer and Wilkes family come together, and it would be difficult to estimate the damage to the defeated horse. In addition to this I think he feels it is a contest of judgment and skill between Marvin and himself, and, if he puts himself in position to be defeated, the public will say his judgment was bad, otherwise he would never have started when defeat meant so much to himself. In view of all this, and much more that could be said, one sees what a difficult undertaking we have before us."

It was not the fault of Marvin or Sunol that the rival four-year-olds did not meet in a desperate struggle for supremacy. When Doble decided to keep Axtell in the stable, a few exhibitions were given with Sunol and the best mile she trotted in them was 2.10½. At Belmont Park, Philadelphia, on Thursday, September 4, there was an enormous crowd to see Sunol and Palo Alto perform, and, had not Marvin incautiously pressed the hip of Sunol with his knee around the turn, the record of the young mare would then and there have been beaten. As it was Sunol lost her stride and failed.

The flying daughter of Electioneer and Waxana was taken back to California that fall, and October 20, 1891, at Stockton, Marvin drove her to a record

of 2.08¼. This, up to November, 1904, was the best high-wheel record, but, as it was on a kite-track, Mr. Bonner did not consider it as good a performance as that of Maud S., 2.08¾, to high wheels on the regulation track at Cleveland, July 30, 1885. The 2.08¼ of Sunol placed her not only at the head of all trotters, but of the aged-mare group, at the head of the three-year-old group, the four-year-old group, and the five-year-old group. Senator Stanford was justly proud of having bred her, and Mr. Bonner felt proud in the ownership of her. The fact that the second dam of Sunol, Waxy, was a thoroughbred daughter of Lexington, was gratifying to breeder and owner, for both Governor Stanford and Mr. Bonner were strong advocates of the thoroughbred foundation in the trotter. When Sunol was delivered at the stable of Mr. Bonner in New York, in December, 1891, she was carefully measured, and she stood sixteen hands one-half inch forward and sixteen hands two and one-half inches behind. She had the speedy greyhound quarters and her propelling power was very great. The first time she appeared in Central Park was in double harness with a steady horse used to the stirring scenes of city life.

Leland Stanford was a strong man, mentally as well as physically. He grappled with the rugged forces of nature and carved his way to fortune. And yet I recall a scene that made a painful impression. He had landed in New York from Europe after the death of his only son, and in his handsome apart-

ments at the Windsor, I found him a picture of despair. Photographs of the dead boy were much in evidence, and tears ran down the cheeks of the father when he spoke of his loss. I tried to divert the thoughts of the Senator into brighter channels, but there was always a quick return to the one engrossing subject. Several times I arose to go, but was urged to remain. It looked as if grief had caused the foundations of strength to crumble. Could it be possible that the tottering man before me had been one of the stalwart figures who had joined the Atlantic to the Pacific by bands of steel, who for years had shaped the destinies of California in the executive chair at Sacramento and in the Senate chamber at Washington; who had helped to turn the hills and valleys of a great territory into mines of wealth more enduring than those of silver and gold, and who had mastered, as no other man of his time had done, that most difficult of problems, the moulding of equine form to balanced action? Fortunately this period of demoralizing depression did not last, and the next time I met Senator Stanford he outlined the plans of the great university at Palo Alto in memory of his son. He said nothing of perpetuating his own memory, but coming generations, who look upon the stately group of buildings in the valley where Electioneer achieved greatness, will think of the father rather than of the son.

The breeding and development theories of Senator Stanford, which had stood the test of ridicule, were

adopted by other progressive breeders after success had crowned them, and the standard of the light harness horse was thus more rapidly advanced. The offerings from Palo Alto paddocks commanded fabulous prices in the market, and the volume of speed sustained by courage increased from year to year. Mere capacity to fold the knee and flex the hock will not win races. You must put behind this action the nervous energy and the lung capacity which for generations have been tested in the Derby at Epsom Downs. In order to better study action Senator Stanford took Muybridge to Palo Alto and spent some $50,000 on instantaneous photograph experiments. The first time I visited the farm Muybridge was there, and the sensitive plates furnished indisputable evidence of motion at the run and trot which overthrew the preconceived ideas of the great painters of the world.

As Senator Stanford was a man of large fortune and in the enjoyment of the prestige of success, people were disposed to pay him bigger prices for horses than they could be induced to pay men less favorably situated. It was assumed that he was not compelled to sell, and this whetted the desire to purchase. After the death of the Senator the fortunes of Palo Alto steadily declined. The magic touch of its creator was lost. The foundation of the structure was there, but the steadying hand was absent, and the edifice slowly crumbled.

CHAPTER X

WOODBURN FARM—ALEXANDER—BRODHEAD

THE Centennial Anniversary of the acquisition of Woodburn Farm by the Alexander family was celebrated in 1892. The family is of Scottish origin and Robert Aitcheson Alexander founded the breeding stud in 1851. Lexington was his premier running stallion, and his blood obtained prominence in some of the most distinguished trotters of America. Alexander's Abdallah, Pilot Jr., Edwin Forrest, and Norman were the foundation trotting stallions, and they were succeeded by Woodford Mambrino, bought as a yearling; Harold, bought as a yearling; Belmont, and Lord Russell. In August, 1865, Mr. Alexander, who had suffered by the Civil War, advertised "on account of the unsettled condition of Kentucky," a large number of thoroughbred and trotting horses for sale.

Among the animals enumerated were Lexington, Scythian, Australian, Pilot Jr. and Edwin Forrest. Later he changed his mind, and Woodburn became one of the greatest horse breeding establishments of the country. Mr. Alexander was a thoughtful, unobtrusive man, and I received many valuable suggestions from him in what might be called my

early student days of breeding and action. Planet was transferred to Woodburn in 1867, and, in making a note of his purchase, I was prompted to say: "He possesses good action; is expected to cross well on Woodburn mares; and the combination doubtless will produce some excellent trotters." The object in purchasing Planet was to produce candidates for the prizes of the running turf, but one of the mares bred by Mr. Alexander was Dame Winnie by Planet out of Liz Mardis by Glencoe, and she is a distinguished mother of trotters. At the head of her five trotters is Palo Alto, 2.08¾, to high-wheel sulky. The guess I made in my immature days was happy, to say the least of it. Robert Aitcheson Alexander died December 1, 1867, age 48 years, but his work was so well grounded that his brother, A. J. Alexander, although not in robust health and of a retiring disposition, was able to carry it forward and give Woodburn an enviable reputation throughout the civilized world.

It was in February, 1865, that Alexander's Abdallah and Bay Chief were captured by a guerrilla band. The outlaws were pursued and overtaken, and in the fight that followed the two stallions were destroyed. Among the trotters left by Abdallah were Goldsmith Maid, Rosalind, and Thorndale, with records from 2.14 to 2.22¼, and high on the roll of his speed-begetting sons are Belmont, Almont, and Wood's Hambletonian. If the life of Alexander's Abdallah had been preserved, probably no son of

Hambletonian would have excelled him as a progenitor of speed.

There are 3200 acres in Woodburn Farm, the choicest of Woodford County, Kentucky, and its park-like appearance was wonderfully attractive to all eyes, reminding traveled people of the grazing estates of England. After Lucas Brodhead had become the manager of Woodburn, visitors to the farm multiplied, and ladies as well as gentlemen were in the parties that cultivated the acquaintance of brood mares and colts under the grand old trees.

Every lover of the horse considered a day at Woodburn well spent. The courtesy of Mr. Brodhead often was severely taxed, but his greeting was seldom otherwise than cordial, and he answered with good humor the multitude of questions fired at him. It was my privilege to spend many nights under the roof of Mr. Brodhead with distinguished guests, and the discussions which took place enlarged my knowledge of breeding questions. Just think of the stallions that passed from Woodburn to become famous on other farms: Almont, Nutwood, Princeps, Wedgewood, Pancoast, Woodford Mambrino, Swigert, Tattler, Abdallah Pilot, King Rene, Egmont, McCurdy's Hambletonian, Attorney, Mambrino Russell, Hermes, Nugget, Mambrino Dudley, Bayard, Shelby Chief, Meander, Hospodar, Pilot Mambrino, Redwood, Viking, Oberlin, Conway, Kremlin, Hartford, Binderton, Waterloo, Re-Election, Nutbourne, Lord

Russell, and Pistachio. The brood mares included Miss Russell, Midnight, Bicara, Eventide, Vara, Alice West, Rosebush, Bessie Forrest, Dame Winnie, Dalphine, Fadette, Woodbine, Mother Hubbard, Waterwitch, Indiana, Young Portia, Barcena, Malmaison, Vanity Fair, Sue Dudley, Dahlia, Primrose, Mayenne, Madame Temple, Yolande, Silence, Cora Belmont, Belle, Belle Dudley, Tulip, Noonday, Lady Russell, Abbess, Hermosa, Black Rose, Juliet, Diana, Daireen, Ethelberta, Ulva, Gray Goose, Bland Temple, and Noontide. These foundations of form and action were scattered over the entire country and contributed immeasurably to the volume of light harness speed. When Maud S. and Jay-eye-see were on the crest of the wave, and the topic of every wide-awake breakfast table, the simple fact that their dams, Miss Russell and Midnight, had grazed in Woodburn pastures, sent thousands of enthusiasts and eager buyers to the farm. Later, Kremlin, in his duel with Stamboul for the stallion crown, and Alix, in her resolute fight for the throne, emphasized the value of Woodburn blood for extreme speed, and the buying fever was thus kept alive. I still retain the report of sales, public and private, sent me by Mr. Brodhead in the latter part of 1896, and reproduce it:

WOODBURN FARM.

TROTTING STOCK SOLD

YEAR	NO. HEAD	AVERAGE	TOTAL	PUBLIC SALE	AVERAGE
1866	68	$333.00	$22,702.00		
1867	16	296.00	4,744.00		
1868	31	424.00	13,167.00		
1869	29	892.00	25,874.00		
1870	21	795.00	16,700.00	13 head	$319.00
1871	13	531.00	6,905.00	9	328.00
1872	23	655.00	15,065.00	17	336.00
1873	22	439.00	9,660.00	16	294.00
1874	31	366.00	11,350.00	27	294.00
1875	43	404.00	17,380.00	30	244.00
1876	51	226.00	11,555.00	39	127.00
1877	33	308.00	10,175.00		
1878	5	960.00	4,800.00		
1879	32	707.00	22,645.00		
1880	39	573.00	22,350.00		
1881	16	820.00	13,130.00		
1882	11	1,172.00	12,900.00		
1883	20	895.00	17,900.00		
1884	26	782.00	20,350.00		
1885	17	994.00	16,900.00		
1886	17	1,650.00	36,300.00		
1887	13	2,406.00	31,300.00		
1888	44	2,563.00	112,800.00		
1889	16	2,213.00	35,415.00		
1890	34	3,768.00	128,136.00	6	1,114.00
1891	19	1,726.00	32,800.00		
1892	19	2,222.00	42,220.00	16	1,763.00
1893	13	1,411.00	18,350.00		
1894	15	300.00	4,510.00	11	164.00
1895	5	1,760.00	7,800.00		
1896	12	118.00	1,421.00	12	118.00

It was in 1880 that Maud S. trotted to a record of 2.10¾, and the very next year the average rose to $820, which advanced to $1172 in 1882. It was in 1884 that Jay-eye-see trotted to a record of 2.10 and Maud S. to a record of 2.09¼, and it was in 1885 that Maud S. reduced the high-wheel record to 2.08¾. The tide began to rise at Woodburn, 17 head in 1886, aggregating $36,300, and 13 head in 1887, averaging $2406. In 1888 the average for 44 head was $2563, and high tide was reached in 1890, when 34 head sold privately for $128,136, an average of $3768. In 1896, when the business situation was depressed, and the talk was of Nancy Hanks and Alix, who, having the advantage of the bicycle sulky, had carried the record down to 2.04 and to 2.03¾, the Woodburn average dropped to $118. This was the beginning of the end of the historic breeding farm. It was then that much talk was heard about the cheapening influence of the 28-inch pneumatic tire sulky.

J. H. Wallace, who bitterly opposed Woodburn, because the management would not bow to his will, sneered at the establishment as hunting for tin cup records, and January 11, 1888, Mr. Brodhead wrote me: "I send you a full list of the horses to which we have given cup records:

1885—Viking	(4 yrs. old)	2.24½—1886 race record 2.20½.	
1886—Zuba	(4 yrs. old)	2.28¾—1887, 2.24½ when in foal.	
1886—Muskova	(3 yrs. old)	2.28½	Sold
1886—Altamura	(3 yrs. old)	2.30	Sold

1886—Persica (3 yrs. old) 2.29 —1887, lowered to 2.28¾.
1887—Puella 2.29 while in foal to Abbotsford. Broke down at three-quarter pole and came home on three legs."

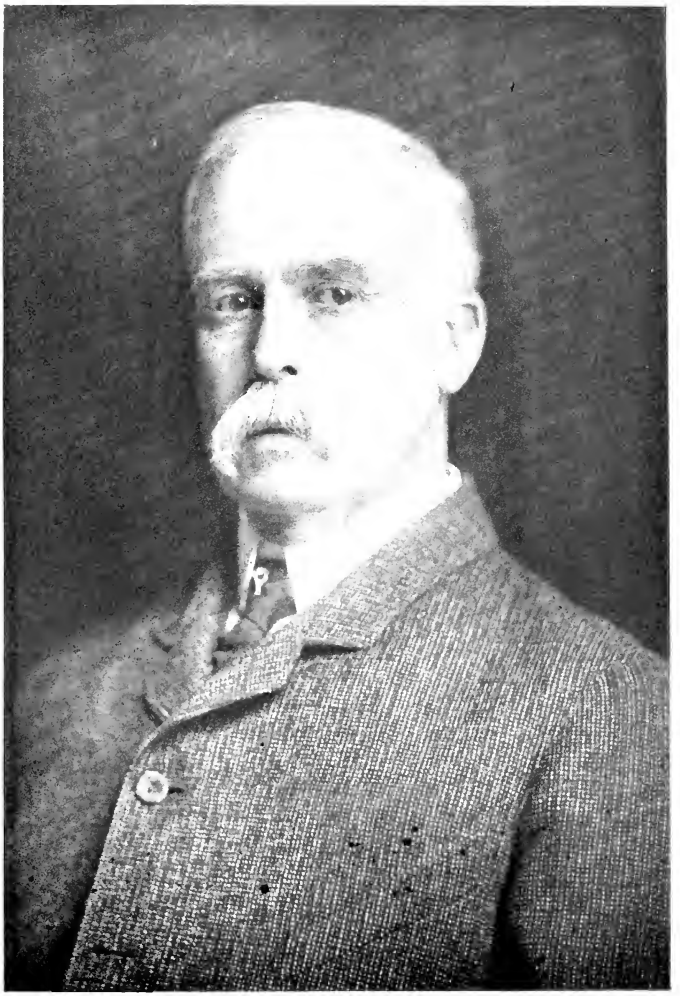
This meager list plainly showed that the critic had overshot the mark.

In forwarding the list Mr. Brodhead said:

"I am prompted to write you on a subject of great importance to the trotting horse breeders, and ask you to lend your help in preserving about the only privilege the breeder has left, the right to give his horses public records for cups or premiums. There is a disposition to circumscribe and cut off the breeder, strictly speaking, from any possibility of showing the speed of his horses, without he goes into some circuit and organizes a racing stable with all of its expense, to say nothing of the trouble and annoyance of the management. For the sake of getting records in races, a breeder sends his trainer from home with two or three animals, at the most important season of the year, leaving the rest of his stock to be worked by grooms at a time when they need the most experienced handling. When once in the circuit, in order to secure the desired record, the trainer frequently has not only to defeat his honest antagonists, but pool-box combinations, more formidable obstacles than horses or watches. On the other hand a breeder can keep his head trainer at home all the season attending to the breeding of mares, breaking young animals, speeding the older, and in the fall send him to the nearest association track, with such of his horses as he wishes to give records. The trainer is from home only a week, and, with light expense, exhibits to the public such speed as he has.

The training necessary to prepare a young horse for a cup performance is light as compared with the fitting for a hard race, and there is much less danger of injury to young animals, a very important consideration to those who are breeding to sell. Now, as regards the effect that cup performances have on the strictly racing community, especially drivers who do nothing but trot horses in races. A professional driver wants every horse, but his own, forced to trot, and take a record at the limit of his speed. The sooner a horse gets into a class where he has to trot his best, the better it is for good sport and pure racing. How much better it is for the circuit drivers that Sable Wilkes has a record of 2.18, than if he were a maiden and could be entered in the slower classes, where a walk-over would probably result. In the 2.18 class there is a chance to beat him, at any rate his measure has been taken, and he is eliminated from the uncertain quantities. As a four-year-old we gave Viking a cup record of 2.24½, with very little work, and at an expense of say $10. This advertised the horse, and we sold him for three times what he would have brought on a private trial. This record forced him into the 2.25 class as a five-year-old, where he won all his races except one. His cup record did not prove him a single-heat trotter, which some writers seem to argue is the natural result of allowing cup records. Viking is a fair illustration of the benefits of these performances. The breeder demonstrated to the public at very little cost the speed of his horse and tripled his value, besides the collateral benefit accruing to sire, dam, sisters, and brothers. The purchaser bought the horse on a public performance, and not on a private trial. The public had some measure of his speed, and he was forced

into a class where he was beaten one race. Another benefit to the breeder is in being able to breed a young brood mare in the spring, and with light, inexpensive work give her a record in the fall better than 2.30—when fitting for a race would have been dangerous to the mare and her foal. Besides demonstrating her speed, the breeder gets the use of the mare. To illustrate this point the Messrs. Lewis bred their mare Mist to Lord Russell, gave her a light training, and in the fall gave her a record of 2.29½. The colt she carried they sold as a yearling for $1750—of more value than several races she might have won if she had not been bred. Again, a breeder has a valuable stallion; he can make a full season in the stud, and with slight preparation fit him for a cup performance. He gets the full benefit of the horse's services and shows publicly his speed for the benefit of his patrons, without injurious overwork. In these cup records there is no effort made to deceive, or claim that they are as good an evidence of staying quality, as if made in a hotly contested sixth heat. They are a demonstration of speed alone. As for staying quality, we have bred horses so long, and pedigrees and family characteristics are so well known, that we can generally tell from the pedigree whether an animal is likely to repeat or not. Records made in a race are not satisfactory evidence of staying quality in the animal, for every horseman knows of several stallions that have numerous progeny in the 2.30 list, nearly all of whose records were made in contested races, still the public verdict is that their get are not stayers and want a short race. On the other hand, we know that Jay-eye-see and Maud S. are the gamest of their kind, because in a dash of a mile they have demonstrated their



LUCAS BRODHEAD

ability to carry their speed, and a sustained effort, longer than other horses. Other horses have shown about as much speed as these two, but could not carry it a full mile. I have written you fully on this subject, because I think you are in sympathy with the idea and give you some arguments in favor of cup records that in the press of your work may not have occurred to you. I have written this letter to you personally, not for publication. I have not the time to shape the ideas up for public reading.

"When you open this I know you will think you have struck another advocate of Clay blood. You will know better next time than to address me even a short inquiry. Still, if at any time I can serve you, let me know.

"Very truly yours,
"LUCAS BRODHEAD."

The sensible arguments advanced by Mr. Brodhead and other thoughtful breeders were given publicity by me, and violent opposition to so-called tin cup records ceased. It was the recollection of this heated controversy which induced me in September, 1903, to address a formal letter to William Russell Allen, President of the American Trotting Register Association, protesting departure from the rigid rules which have placed all records on a footing of equality. The decision of the Board composed of the Presidents of the three governing associations, was that no record can be made with a wind shield, and that "a performance with pacemaker in front with dirt shield shall be recorded with a distinguishing mark

referring to a note stating the fact." Time records should not be made easier of accomplishment than race records. As shields are barred from the regular races, why not from contests against the watch? The Trotting Congress of 1906 put up the bar.

Woodburn had never made much use of the George Wilkes' blood, and on this account some people found fault with the management. In January, 1889, Mr. Brodhead wrote me:

"Put King Wilkes at the top of our advertisement of trotting stallions. As he is a late addition, I want to make the fact of our owning him conspicuous. We gave $15,000 cash for him. During the past year I have been greatly impressed with King Wilkes as a stock horse, his fine disposition, pure gait, and reliability as a foal getter. The horse has been much abused in management, and will now have his first good opportunity as a sire."

King Wilkes was a brown horse foaled in 1876 by George Wilkes out of Missie, the producing daughter of Brignoli by Mambrino Chief, and he obtained his record of 2.22¼ in a stubborn race of divided heats. His son, Oliver K., was a circuit sensation in 1880, and trotted in the fourth heat of a race to a record of 2.16¼. After the death of Harold, sire of Maud S., and Belmont, sire of Nutwood, Lord Russell, brother of Maud S. and sire of Kremlin, 2.07¾, was the recognized head of the trotting stallions at Woodburn. In the summer of 1895 Lord Russell got cast in his box and injured

his hind leg severely. It was for this reason that a record was not put on him. Wallace made frequent attacks on Woodburn pedigrees, and, under date of September 6, 1887, Samuel J. Look, a well-known horseman, wrote to me from Louisville:

"There has appeared every now and then in *Wallace's Monthly* the statement that the late R. A. Alexander had imposed upon him spurious pedigrees. Those who knew him know that no man in Kentucky in his time was so well posted in pedigrees, and none was more careful and thorough in his investigations. He made no mistakes. He was the one man that sharpers avoided."

Miss Russell was a gray mare foaled in 1865, and by Pilot Jr., dam Sally Russell by Boston, sire of Lexington; second dam Maria Russell, by Thornton's Rattler; third dam Miss Shepherd by Stockholder; fourth dam Miranda by Topgallant, and fifth dam by imp. Diomed. After her son Nutwood and her daughter Maud S. had obtained prominence, persistent attempts were made to cloud the pedigree of her dam, Sally Russell. April 13, 1883, Lucas Brodhead wrote to Colonel S. D. Bruce, my associate, editor of the "American Stud Book":

"My attention has just been called to Wallace's attack on the pedigree of Sally Russell. The old scamp knows that you lost in the fire all of your original letters and papers, on which you obtained the data for the first volume of your 'Stud Book.'

He knows by this fact that your hands are tied in a measure, and makes the attack and throws the burden of proof on us. It will be very hard at this late day to establish so old a pedigree, but it does seem strange that in 1857, the mare being published in our catalogue as by Boston, someone would not have controverted the statement, the mare being only seven years old, and many men then living knowing the stock and pedigree. I think that Captain Holton or Captain John Russell may have bred Sally Russell. If there is anything that you know about the pedigree, or any inquiry that you wish to make here that will assist you, let me know. If this thing goes on, there won't be a pedigree left in your Stud Book, that Wallace will not throw a cloud over."

June 13, 1883, Mr. Brodhead addressed a letter to me, from which I extract:

"I went at once to see Holton and found, as I expected, that he knew absolutely nothing of Maria Russell's produce, and little more about Maria Russell than that she had won a race at Forks of Elkhorn. I enclose you a letter from L. Holton to J. H. Wallace, which speaks for itself. I felt sorry for Holton while talking with him. He felt that he had been manipulated."

Three days later I received "Memoranda concerning Sally Russell sent to H. Busbey of New York, for use in whatever way he deems proper. They are merely notes not to be published in this shape." I gave the facts in my own way to the public, and now reproduce the notes:

"As regards the age of Sally Russell, and there being no bid for her in 1868 at sale, the following are the facts:

Sally Russell.

1862 Barren
1863 Slipped foal to imp. Scythian
1864 Slipped foal to Alexander's Abdallah
1865 and 1866 bred to imp. Australian (Australian was an uncertain foal getter).
1868 Bred to imp. Australian. April 29 was her last service and she was bred regularly until sold on June 27, 1868, and having refused, it was presumed she was in foal. She was sold June 27, 1868 to J. G. Ballantyne, now of Pulaski, Tennessee, and, as he writes me, 'killed herself soon after on the farm of Mr. Gratz.' We have mares that have foals but once in five or six years."

The evidence which Woodburn collected and which I published from time to time convinced every intelligent and unprejudiced man that Sally Russell was a daughter of Boston.

January 7, 1893, Mr. Brodhead wrote to me:

"Doubtless you have read J. H. Wallace's tirade on the Maud S. pedigree. I intend to bring the pedigree before the Executive Committee of the American Trotting Register Association on January 17, and write to ask that you send me the original statements of witnesses that I sent you in 1883, if you have preserved them. I can prove the pedigree beyond a doubt with what I have, but it would be well to have the statements of Gresham, Dillon, etc. The matter is hardly worth the trouble, but I want to shut the old skunk's mouth in an official way, and

convict him of malicious libel on one of the best established pedigrees in the Stud Book. I have all the evidence in print as it came out, but would like the originals."

I had preserved the sworn statements, and sent them to Mr. Brodhead. Wallace failed to appear before the Board of Censors of the Executive Committee of the Register Association, although duly notified, and, after carefully going through the evidence, the official decision was that Sally Russell was by Boston, dam Maria Russell by Thornton's Rattler.

Yearly I went to Woodburn, and, whether it was in the spring or autumn, I paid my respects to Miss Russell. Usually I found her in the shade of a wide-branching tree, with only gray squirrels for companions and looking the reserved and aristocratic dame that she was. Speed came from her in ever increasing volume, and her fame spread over the land and even beyond the oceans. The first time I saw her she was in tender leaf, and the last time I looked upon her she was old and faded and ready to fall. I was not surprised when I received the following:

"SPRING STATION, KY., Sept. 21, 1898.

"MY DEAR BUSBEY: Day before yesterday, September 19, late in the afternoon, Miss Russell passed away. She has been failing for some time and the end was not unexpected. We buried her yesterday at the starting post of our track, beside Harold and

Belmont. Her history you know as well as I know myself. I did not know that she was dead until yesterday morning, and thought of telegraphing you, but knew that I would be too late for this week's issue of your paper, and concluded to write.

"Very sincerely yours,
"L. BRODHEAD."

As a three-year-old Miss Russell trotted a trial in 2.44, and in the stud she produced:

1870, ch. c., Nutwood (sold 1880, record 2.18¾), by Belmont.

1871, b. f., Lady Nutwood (died young), by Belmont.

1872, gr. f., Cora Belmont (sold 1873, record 2.24½), by Belmont.

1874, ch. f., Maud S. (sold 1875, record 2.08¾), by Harold.

1875, ch. f., (died in 1875), by Harold.

1877, gr. c., Nutbourne (sold 1877, trial 2.26½), by Belmont.

1878, ch. c., Mambrino Russell (sold 1878), by Woodford Mambrino.

1879, ch. f., Nutula (bred at 3 yrs. old, never trained), by Belmont.

1880, gr. f., Russella (sold 1880), by Harold.

1881, b. c., Lord Russell (sire of Kremlin, 2.07¾), by Harold.

1882, gr. f., Lady Russell (bred in 1886), by Harold.

1883, gr. f., Russia (record 2.28, bred in 1887), by Harold.

1884, missed to Harold.

1885, gr. c., Pilot Russell (sold 1887), by Harold.

1886, ch. c., Pistachio (sold 1890, record 2.21¾), by Belmont.

1887, gr. f., Rusina (sold 1888), by Belmont.

1888, b. f., Rustique (sold 1890, record 2.18½), by Electioneer.

1889, b. f., Suffrage (sold to Allen Farm), by Electioneer.

1890, gr. c., Sclavonic (sold 1894, record 2.09¾), by King Wilkes.

Pistachio and Sclavonic are pacers, and just previous to his death Nutwood was, under the speed standard, the greatest of living sires. Lord Russell, Mambrino Russell, Nutbourne, and Pistachio are sires of speed, and Cora Belmont, Nutula, Rusina, Lady Russell, Russia, Rustique, and Suffrage are dams of speed. Maud S. died without issue. The speed descending from Miss Russell will steadily increase as the years go by. Her monument is in her children and their children. She has 2586 descendants in the 2.30 list, and 85 in the 2.10 list. She is the only mare that has produced 2.10 speed in the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth generations.

Although Woodburn Farm stood for so many years in the very front rank of breeding establish-

ments, A. J. Alexander grew weary of it. February 20, 1901, Mr. Brodhead wrote me:

"We are doing nothing at present in the way of breeding horses at Woodburn. At our sale of trotters, where we sold all of our mares and stallions, we reserved all animals two years old and younger. We now have these on hand and have been breaking them, and some time in the near future will sell them. They are now four, three and two years old, and those that we have handled show great speed. We have about twenty head of shorthorns and may gradually build up a herd. Mr. Alexander takes great personal interest in them. We are grazing beef cattle and raising sheep quite extensively, which is quite a slow business for me, but my outside interests in Chicago and other places have become so great that I really have not the time to actively engage in the breeding of horses. My great regret in being out of the horse business is losing touch with my old friends. I believe that I regret Allen and yourself most."

Alexander John Alexander died in the latter part of 1902, and now Woodburn is but a memory. I am glad that I saw so much of it when it was making history that will endure. As Mr. Alexander was never in robust health, and of a retiring disposition, visiting delegations to Woodburn saw very little of him, but much of Mr. Brodhead, whose authority was unquestioned. The enemies of Woodburn singled out Mr. Brodhead rather than Mr. Alexander for attack, and thus the romantic cottage of the man-

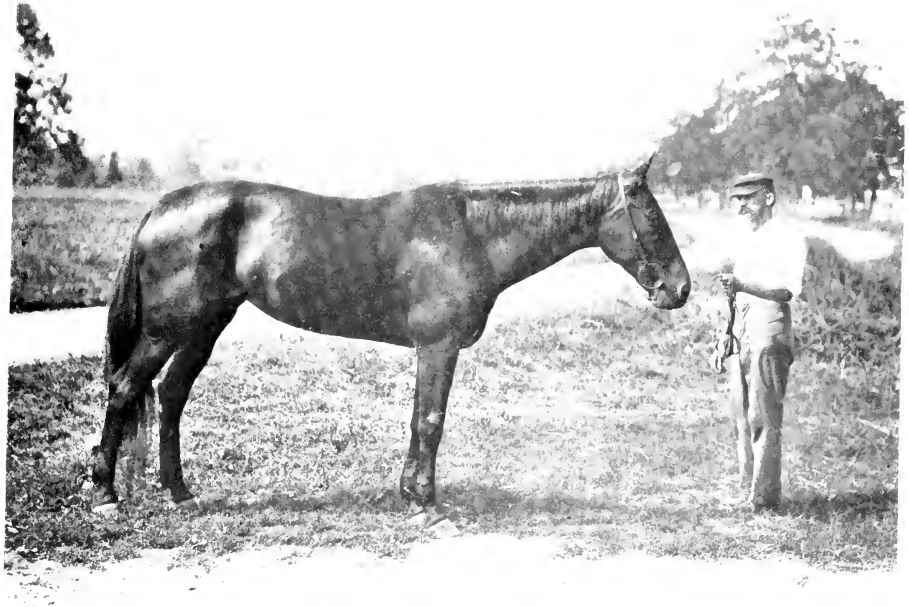
ager was looked upon as the real business headquarters of the farm. After the death of Mr. Alexander Mr. Brodhead bought a fine tract of land in the outskirts of Versailles, and built on it a house for his old-time friends, as well as for himself, and there the fires burn cheerfully in spacious rooms and typify the integrity and happiness of home.

CHAPTER XI

THE TRANSYLVANIA—CORNING—HAVEMEYER

THE woodlands were inviting in the October sunshine, but all roads leading to Lexington were crowded with pleasure seekers. Only those fettered by labor heard the noon-day songs of birds in orchard and meadow, or counted ears of golden corn. The women wore their smartest frocks and the men were groomed as if for a wedding. It was Transylvania Day, and the holiday fever took possession of the community. The whisper had gone all over Blue Grass land that the Phoenix and other hotels were crowded to the roof with visitors from distant cities who literally fought for places at the dinner table, and the country could not resist the desire to mingle with the town. The good church people did not go to the track to see the horses. Oh, no. The magnet for them was the musical programme. The band concerts excused in a measure the betting shed at the far end of the grand stand and the clink of glasses underneath. How rosy were the cheeks of the girls, what depths of light in their eyes, and how graceful their movements! You have not seen the best fruits of Blue Grass until you have strolled on the lawn and looked up at the crowded grand stand on Transylvania Day. It is a bright picture that you gladly

frame in memory and carry with you until life ends in shadow. In October, 1893, Transylvania Day was fair, and a fair face looked with expectant eyes out upon the track and across the ragged edge of the city to where the tall shaft, which marks the grave of Henry Clay, pierces the Blue. One of the leading candidates for track honors had been reared by her father, Erastus Corning, and the daughter, Harrietta, had journeyed from Albany to witness the effort of her namesake. The brown mare by Alcyone was bred by Mr. Corning, as was her dam, Harriet Clay out of Mercedes by Cuyler, and he had named her in honor of his daughter, the joy of his household. Erastus Corning was the former owner of Harry Clay and in breeding Harriet Clay to the black stallion he joined speed-supporting blood to action-giving blood. Mercedes was a daughter of Emma Arteburn, who was by Mambrino Patchen out of Jennie Johnson, a thoroughbred. The mare Harrietta and the girl Harrietta had seen much of each other at Albany, and now the two were for the first time together in Kentucky, and the question was whether the meeting would end in rejoicing or disappointment. Crit Davis drove Harrietta with great skill, and, when the last heat had been trotted, her record was 2.09¾, and the official decision was in her favor. I sat with Mr. Corning and his daughter during the race, and, when the announcement was made that Harrietta had won the Transylvania in the fastest time up to that date, the spirit of which rare Ben Jonson



HARRIETTA, 2.09¾, OWNED BY H. O. HAVEMEYER

sweetly sang seemed to take possession of the young lady:

"Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from his stalk!
But like the soft west wind she shot along,
And where she went, the flowers took thickest root
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot."

The gallant Kentuckians, good losers as well as good winners, turned their eyes to the Corning group and swung their hats and cheered. It was a proud moment for the New Yorkers, and there was no shadow upon their visit to Lexington.

Later Harrietta passed to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer, who drove her on the road in single and double harness, and who finally made a brood mare of her on his farm at Commack, L. I. Mr. Havemeyer was one of the early visitors to Stony Ford, and he once thought that he had a world-beater in Marathon, but the horse went wrong, and his owner was called upon to nurse a disappointment. The road horse has been Mr. Havemeyer's recreation all his life, and one of his earnest rivals in his mature years was Colonel Oliver H. Payne. On a noble hill, midway between Stamford and Greenwich, and which commands a view of Long Island Sound, dear to the soul of every yachtsman, and which permits the eye to sweep all the surrounding country, Mr. Havemeyer has a summer home dedicated to domestic comfort. The breeze finds you somewhere on the extensive piazzas on the hottest of days, and it kisses

you into cheerfulness, albeit you may now and then think regretfully of the sweltering city. H. O. Havemeyer is a great reader of standard works and has thorough knowledge of political economy. His reply to a committee in Washington that the Tariff is the Mother of Trusts, made a profound impression upon the country, and echoes of it will not die. On one of my visits to Palmer Hill, Mr. Havemeyer asked me to take a seat in a pony cart, and then he got between the shafts and dragged me over the big floor of the stable. He did this in order that the poise of the vehicle could be more satisfactorily tested. When I surrendered the seat, he bowed to me and said with mock gravity, "You probably will not forget this little ride. What would some of your friends say if you should tell them that the President of the Sugar Trust had played horse for your edification?" It was indeed a novel ride, and I am not likely ever to forget it.

Mr. Havemeyer is a sincere, although bluff-spoken, man. His life is studiously plain for one of his position, and it is a pleasure to talk with a man so well-grounded in knowledge. He has a critical ear for music, and plays the violin at his home concerts. The best musical talent is gathered under his roof at the Sunday concerts. The Long Island Breeding Farm of Mr. Havemeyer is well appointed, and the owner finds much enjoyment among his horses. He has studied the principles of breeding and knows what he is about. The Havemeyer of those who

have known him for a third of a century is totally different from the Havemeyer of the popular conception. If you will listen to him long enough, you will lose your appetite for what that strong man of the people, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, calls "Trust-busting."

CHAPTER XII

C. J. HAMLIN AND VILLAGE FARM

CICERO J. HAMLIN was born in November, 1819, in western Massachusetts, and I recall a visit with him to Pittsfield in the vigorous days of his mature life when he pointed out the changes that had taken place there since he was a boy. When a young man he embarked in the business of general storekeeper at East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y., and the little economies that he was forced to practice colored to some extent his future career. The passion for driving a keen bargain never deserted him, and he would resist as earnestly an unjust tax of five cents as one of $500. The father of ex-President Millard Fillmore was one of the men who traded at his country store, and he used to tell with dry humor the remark the old gentleman made when three eggs out of a proffered dozen were rejected. "Well, I suppose I shall have to take them back home and me and my wife will try to eat them." After Mr. Hamlin had accumulated a little money at East Aurora he moved to Buffalo and rapidly built up a reputation as a dry goods merchant. His investments in real estate were made with rare judgment, and his successful development of the glucose industry greatly

swelled his fortune. Early in life he fell in love with the trotting horse, and, when money matters became easy with him, he bought a small farm at East Aurora and started in a modest way to breed trotters. His first stallion was Hamlin Patchen (foaled in 1863) by Geo. M. Patchen, dam Mag Addison by Addison. He chose him because he regarded him as a worthy son of a handsome stallion, George M. Patchen, 2.23½, whose imposing form on the track compelled admiration. Hamlin Patchen was almost a failure as a sire of trotters, but his daughters were successful brood mares, and the line was thus preserved from extinction. Belle Hamlin, 2.12¾, Mr. Hamlin's first fast trotter, was out of Toy, a daughter of Hamlin Patchen, and she drew public attention to the value of the blood for foundation purposes. In July, 1866, the programme of the "Grand Trotting Fair at Buffalo" was sent me, and the liberality of the premiums, which amounted to $10,500, was the subject of comment. The prominent members of the committee in charge of the enterprise were Wm. G. Fargo, R. L. Howard, C. J. Wells, Jewett Richmond, M. P. Bush, and C. J. Hamlin. The latter gentleman soon became the dominating spirit of the committee, and the successful meetings did more to advertise Buffalo than anything else that had been suggested. The premium list was steadily increased until it reached a maximum of $70,000, and C. J. Hamlin was the autocrat of the August meeting. He suggested the Grand Circuit, which at first was com-

posed of the tracks at Cleveland, Buffalo, Utica, and Springfield. Mr. Hamlin named his breeding establishment at East Aurora Village Farm, and he enlarged it by the purchase of such stallions as Hamlin's Almont Jr., Mambrino King, Chimes, and Rex Americus. The latter was by Onward out of Gleam by Dictator, and in 1892, after trotting as a two-year-old against the watch in 2.15¼, Mr. Hamlin authorized his trainer, Edward F. Geers, to pay $15,000 for him if he liked him upon close examination. I was with Mr. Hamlin at the old Planters' Hotel in St. Louis when the check for Rex Americus was drawn, and when he discovered that the colt was not free from blemish he did not whimper over the transaction, but, when an error of twenty-five cents in his hotel bill was brought to light, he demanded instant correction, and the clerk discovered that a millionaire could not be imposed upon. Rex Americus transmitted speed, but was handicapped with a head, the roughening influence of which Mambrino King and Almont Jr. could not always overcome. I had many an earnest talk with Mr. Hamlin over introducing a factor in his breeding establishment, which would disturb the symmetry of the type which he had been at such pains to create, and in the end he agreed with me. He emphasized beauty of heads, and yet for a while he used a stallion whose head was decidedly faulty. In one of his talks with me, Mr. Hamlin, who had severely criticised the George Wilkes family, said:

"The disposition to trot was the only quality that commended George Wilkes to me. His progeny lacked snap and beauty and were far from uniform. The dilution of the blood improved the family. I have a good specimen in Rex Americus. In breeding him to Beautiful Chimes, daughter of Chimes and Maid of Honor by Mambrino King, I got American Belle, who closed her successful three-year-old campaign with a record of 2.12¼. She is an improvement upon Rex Americus."

Here an admission was made that it was necessary to bring in other blood to overcome the angular qualities of Rex Americus, who had inherited undesirable qualities from the dam of Onward.

A sale catalogue that I have preserved reminds me of an incident in the life of C. J. Hamlin. It was in April, 1882, and I had gone to Louisville with Mr. Robert Bonner. Mr. Hamlin had joined us there, and we usually took our meals together at the Galt House. On Sunday Mr. Bonner went to church with a distinguished gentleman, while I drove out to Glenview Farm with Mr. Hamlin. One of the animals that attracted attention was Halcyon, a bay filly three years old by Cuyler out of Lady Abdallah by Alexander's Abdallah. Mr. Hamlin asked me what I thought of her, and I explained that she had been put in the sale to tempt Mr. Bonner, he having admired her on a previous visit to Mr. McFerran. "Am I to understand that you do not wish me to bid on the filly?" asked Mr. Hamlin.

"No, I shall make no request of the kind. I simply tell you that Mr. Bonner will try to buy her."

The next day, when Halcyon was brought before the auctioneer, Mr. Bonner started her at what he thought she was worth, $1000, wishing to make short work of it. To the general surprise the bid was instantly advanced to $1500. Quick as a flash Mr. Bonner called out $2000. The return bid was equally as prompt, $2500, and by steps of $500 the amount climbed to $4000, at which Mr. Bonner became the purchaser. We marveled at this strange proceeding, because we had figured that Halcyon would be dear at $1500. Mr. Bonner, however, was put on his mettle and would not stop. Later, we found out that Mr. Hamlin was the opposing bidder, and his explanation was that he wanted to see if Mr. Bonner was really game—if he could be made to turn tail. Halcyon was a nervous piece of horse-flesh, and Mr. Bonner made a brood mare of her after experimenting with her on the trotting track.

I recall another occasion when the Bonner and Hamlin minds were in opposition. It was at the Hamlin residence on Delaware Avenue in Buffalo, and I was the only witness. After dinner Mr. Hamlin brought up the subject of shoeing, and antagonized the opinions of Mr. Bonner. The conversation became intense, and voices rose to such a pitch that I was apprehensive the policeman on the block would give us a call. After it was all over Mr. Hamlin apologized and explained that he had

stirred up his guest in order to get the freest expression of opinion from him. There were points about shoeing which Mr. Bonner would not give away unless when thoroughly aroused, and Mr. Hamlin nagged him for the purpose of adding to his own fund of knowledge. I often wish that a stenographer could have been present to preserve this striking of fire between two resolute flints, because it certainly would have added to the entertainment of thousands of readers. The Bonner and Hamlin intellects were remarkably keen, and each man was in truth the architect of his own fortune.

Mambrino King was a dark chestnut horse, by Mambrino Patchen, dam Belle Thornton by Edwin Forrest, second dam Brown Kitty by Birmingham, thoroughbred son of Stockholder by Archy, and he was the idol of his breeder, Dr. L. Herr of Lexington, Ky. He was ten years old in 1882, and traveled critics had pronounced him the handsomest horse in the world. After his failure to buy Halcyon at Louisville, Mr. Hamlin took the train for Lexington, and, under date of April 18, 1882, he wrote me:

"My return to Lexington was for the purpose of buying, if possible, Dr. Herr's Mambrino King, he being, I believe, the grandest horse in existence. Certainly I have never looked upon his equal. To get him I paid exactly what the doctor priced him at, and it was a very large sum of money. My main object in purchasing King is to cross him with mares by Almont Jr. and vice versa, insuring me, I trust,

colts of good size with great beauty, style, and speed. Before closing the purchase Dr. Herr showed me King, both at the bridle and in harness. Although he had not been harnessed since last fall, when led out and being hitched to the sulky he was perfectly quiet and docile, standing still when the doctor got up to drive him. I just liked him more and more, and at once closed the bargain. If Dr. Herr is not square, I am no judge of men. Dr. Herr and his son told me they had often timed Mambrino King, when in stud condition, quarters in 34 and 35 seconds. At the Lexington Fair in 1880 his colored groom drove him two half miles in 1.14 each, in the presence of a large crowd of people."

The transfer of Mambrino King from Kentucky to Village Farm helped amazingly Mr. Hamlin's breeding industry. The envious sneered at King as a " dude stallion," but the handsome chestnut silenced opposition by winning championship honors in the show ring, and by begetting sons and daughters that developed gameness and a high rate of speed in Grand Circuit battles. The fastest trotter by Mambrino King is Lord Derby, 2.05¾, and the fastest trotter out of one of his daughters is The Abbot, 2.03¼. The plastic thoroughbred strains in Mambrino King contributed largely to his success in the show ring and on the track. Previous to the coming of Mambrino King to Village Farm, Mr. Hamlin was a persistent advocate of short races, and his enemies charged that his advocacy was prompted by a knowledge of the fact that the sons and daughters

of Almont Jr. were faint-hearted. After Mambrino King had proved his worth, races of divided heats were much to the liking of Mr. Hamlin. The proprietor of Village Farm often said to me that he was not such a stubborn fool as to refuse to whirl about when he discovered that he was on the wrong track.

It was in 1877 and 1888 that I furnished the publicity channel for the memorable controversy between Mr. Hamlin and General Benjamin F. Tracy and others on the value of nonspeed-developed stallions and mares in the breeding stud. General Tracy, who owned Mambrino Dudley and Kentucky Wilkes, both stallions with fast records for that day, ably contended that the use of a faculty intensified it for transmission, and ranged on his side were such gentlemen as Henry C. Jewett, C. F. Emery, J. I. Case, William L. Simmons, and Geo. A. Singerly.

I have before me the original of the letter sent to me by Mr. Hamlin, dated April 16, 1888, and, as it summarizes about all that can be said in favor of undeveloped stallions, I make room for it notwithstanding its length.

CHAPTER XIII

HAMLIN AND SPEED DEVELOPMENT

Buffalo, April 16, 1888.

The snow covered the ground when I first offered to trot over any good track, equally accessible to challenged and challenger, four of the get of Mambrino King, foaled in 1885, bred, raised, developed and owned at Village Farm, against any four of the same age, bred, raised, developed and owned by the owner of any stallion having a record of 2.22 and better, the said four to have been sired after the stallion had obtained his fastest record. There has been any quantity of wind, but no one has stepped to the front with an acceptance of the challenge, although the grass is now turning green in the fields. I have not run from the offer or dodged in any way and still stand ready to do as I said I would do. I have simply declined to withdraw the original challenge and accept counter propositions. General Tracy, who somewhat rashly declared in the early part of the controversy that he would not as a rule breed to a stallion which had not shown an ability to trot in 2.20, has had hard work to square himself with established facts, and his last effort was a labored one. The proprietor of Marshland is a logician, and I frankly confess that I know of no one interested in breeding who could so well write up his side, still it seems to me that the General might, with much less work, have produced a far better argument on the other side.

Had he given as much thought to a legal question as he has to this breeding topic, his fee, I am sure, would not have been short of $1000. I classed, it will be remembered, among undeveloped stallions, founders of trotting families like Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, Gen. Knox, Black Hawk, Almont, Golddust, Bashaw, and Mambrino Patchen; sires of 2.20 producing rank such as Aberdeen, Belmont, Edward Everett, Louis Napoleon, Messenger Duroc, Kentucky Prince, Masterlode, Strathmore, Red Wilkes, and Walkill Chief; transmitters of 2.14 records, like Harold, Dictator, Volunteer, Conklin's Abdallah, Happy Medium, Alexander's Abdallah, and Princeps, and this classification stands unshaken, not having been assailed with anything more dangerous than a quibble. The list is formidable and the theory that I uphold rests upon a foundation of adamant. I do not propose to follow General Tracy's example and waste time on supposition. The issue turns not on what might have been, but what has been and is. We know that the majority of successful stallions were not fully developed in harness, were not overworked for the sake of a fast record, and I contend that the conclusion logically follows that their success was in a large measure due to the fact that their vital force was not sapped or impaired by track campaigns. Their ability for producing speed was not weakened by much scraping, scoring, and severe physical exertion. The exposition of nature's laws made by General Tracy has a chestnut flavor. It is a rehash of Darwin, who had given no study to the principle governing action in the American trotter. Mr. Wallace has been repeating the dogma for years that trotting, like pointing, is purely a matter of instinct; that, if

you want a fast trotter, you must breed a fast trotter to a fast trotter, and, if you want a fast runner, you must breed a fast runner to a fast runner. Governor Stanford has demonstrated at Palo Alto that you can breed a runner of the right conformation and temperament to a trotter and get a trotter with a high degree of certainty. Another case is that of Fanny Witherspoon—fastest two mile record. In the sum of inherited habits there are two kinds of action, but the blending is such that one helps the other. The intense stride of the trotter is lengthened and the speed proportionately increased. General Tracy will have to make his law of heredity a little more elastic. When he appeals to history he is met with the fact that the fastest performers are not from record-crowned individuals. The stallions through which the lines were transmitted were not developed—did not have the trotting habit intensified by use, by severe tests on the track. I will start with Messenger, the thoroughbred runner. He got Mambrino, a thoroughbred; he got Abdallah, he Hambletonian, he Harold, and he Maud S., 2.08¾, the fastest and gamest trotter to date. Not one of the male ancestors of the queen was ever developd in harness to a record. Now take the female line of the stallions—Amazonia, Charles Kent mare, Enchantress—all undeveloped. The dam of Maud S. herself was by Pilot Jr., who has no record, and her dam was by Boston, a runner. From the beginning to the end no habit of harness action was intensified by use on the track, no stallion or dam was campaigned, much less trained, to a record of 2.22 and better, and yet the outcome is the fastest trotter that the world has seen. Probably it was a good thing that the trotting habit was not strengthened

GEORGE B. RAYMOND

and intensified by severe work in the ancestors of Maud S., for, had their vitality been sapped by over-development, we should not have had 2.08¾. I would rather use the brother or sister of a great performer in the stud than the performer itself, and in this I am backed up by so good an English authority as the late Admiral Rous. The brother or sister has the conformation, courage, and instinct to go fast, and his or her vitality is of virgin strength and purity. The foal, to develop into a perfect horse, cannot be charged with too much vital force at the very inception of its career. I do not look upon Jay Gould as a phenomenal sire. He is twenty-four years old and has but five with records of 2.25 and better, and one of these, King Philip, 2.21, was got before he obtained his record. Jay Gould was not severely campaigned. He trotted twelve heats in 1872, and five heats in 1874, and his record is 2.21½, not 2.20½, as stated by General Tracy. Let us be accurate as we move along in this discussion. Governor Sprague made his record of 2.20½ in 1876, and his fastest performer, Kate Sprague, 2.18, was foaled in 1875. Ethan Allen made his record of 2.25½ in 1860, and he sired previous to this, Pocahontas, 2.26¼, trial 2.17¾; Billy Barr, 2.23¾, and Hotspur, 2.24. George M. Patchen made his fastest record, 2.23½, after he had got his fastest performer, Lucy, 2.18¼. Thorndale, 2.22½, sired Edwin Thorne, 2.16¼, and Daisydale, 2.19¾, before Doble drove him to his record, and Oliver K., 2.16¼, the sole jewel in the crown of King Wilkes, was got before his sire made a record of 2.22¼. These are but straws showing how strongly the current of confirmed truth flows to the support of the undeveloped sire theory.

I quote a simple paragraph from General Tracy's labored article: "The fast road mare has produced a son or daughter that could trot faster than she could, and so we have gone on from generation to generation, each succeeding generation of horses being able to speed faster than the one that preceded it. And thus by the law of the survival of the fittest we have produced a horse that has no equal at the trotting gait." I have no objection to a mare intended for the breeding stud being trained within moderation, but if the General wishes the public to understand that the queens of the turf, when relegated to the harem, have produced faster performers than themselves, he is all at sea. The severely campaigned mares have either proved sterile or failures in the stud. The crown passed from Lady Suffolk to Flora Temple, then to Lady Thorn and Goldsmith Maid, and I have yet to learn that either of these ever produced a trotter as fast as herself. The ex-queens of the turf were failures in the stud because long training and severe tasks had sapped or dried up the juices of vitality. I have stated that George Wilkes was an exception among developed sires and have declined to admit that a rule can be proved by an exception to it. George Wilkes was a sluggish horse and he lost just three times as many heats as he won, and, after going to Kentucky, he had the aid of fresh and highly-bred mares. These supplied the vitality which he could not impart himself; and the hundreds of foal-owning Kentuckians, each entitled to rank as a professor in a training school, did the rest. No family was ever worked with and boomed as was the George Wilkes family, and yet, under the 2.20 test, Electioneer, an undeveloped stallion, by an undeveloped sire, out of an

undeveloped dam, outranks, with less than half the number of performers, George Wilkes. My masquerading friend, Mr. Wm. L. Simmons, tried to mislead the uninformed on this point by crowding pacing and saddle performances into the 2.20 list of George Wilkes, but the trick did not blind any ordinary student of the 2.30 table. Mr. Simmons is an intelligent man, and I regret that he should have stooped to such a quibble in a dignified discussion. If the theories of some writers prevailed, George Wilkes would receive a black mark for every pacer sired by him. We are breeding for trotters, not pacers.

Wedgewood's fast performers were got before he obtained his record of 2.19. General Tracy explains his failure in New England on the ground that he there met the average New England mare, which falls far short of the Woodburn mare. Was it not wasted vitality on the part of the stallion rather than the absence of quality in the mare? There are many good mares in New England, and Wedgewood, on account of his fee and reputation, got the best of these.

Look at Wood's Hambletonian, an undeveloped stallion. He spent his life in an out-of-the-way Pennsylvania village, where his opportunities were far below those of Wedgewood in New England, and yet eighteen of his get trained to records of 2.30 and better, the fastest being that of Nancy Hackett, 2.20. Was this due to chance or to a fixed law of Nature? The ancestors of Wood's Hambletonian were virtually undeveloped like himself. The habit of action was not intensified in them or him by use. Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Wood's Hambletonian, started in just two races and his record is

2.42, which is twenty seconds slower than my limit of 2.22.

General Tracy should not accuse me of dodging, because I have not accepted propositions entirely different from those proposed in my original challenge. He suggested that he had one three-year-old by Mambrino Dudley, Virginia Evans, a tried filly, and I agreed to trot a Mambrino King of the same age against her. I also offered to modify my plans so as to trot one two-year-old by Mambrino King and one two-year-old by Almont Jr. against one two-year-old by Kentucky Wilkes and one two-year-old by Mambrino Dudley. This does not seem to be satisfactory. The General wants to make a blind dive into the future. He, like myself, is old enough to be content with the things of the present. I am sorry that he is so hard to please.

My neighbor and friend, Mr. Jewett, is monotonously pacific. He has a stallion with a faster record than 2.22 and he has more than four three-year-olds in training by him, and yet he will not meet the reasonable test proposed. He will not trot the get of Jerome Eddy, 2.16½, against the get of Mambrino King, an undeveloped stallion, for a bouquet, a yard of ribbon, or for money. All he asks is a fee of $200 from deluded farmers and to be let alone. He will not even entertain my offer to trot the get of a $10 Village Farm stallion against any horse ever sired at Jewett Stock Farm. And some people call him a plucky man, an enterprising breeder! When a ground hog proves to you by unmistakable signs that he is dead, what is the use of spending time and physical effort in digging him out of the hole?

Mr. Wallace has the assurance to talk about dou-

ble-riveted facts, and yet he pompously corrected me when I stated that Mambrino Chief, Almont, and other founders of families belonged to the undeveloped class. To quote his own words: "All had records and all were quite fully developed." The simple truth is that Mambrino Chief never started in a race, was never over-trained, and never got a record, while Almont trotted just one heat in public, and the time of it was 2.39¾. What am I to think of a man who erects a standard upon a record, and who does not seem to have mastered the A B C of truth? Mr. Wallace is superficial outside of his office, as well as in it. He was seen, immediately after Belle Hamlin had trotted in 2.13¾, at Cleveland, surrounded by a group of cross-roads studhorse keepers, and was overheard expounding with solemn gravity the law to them. One of my friends joined the group, and, when the dictum was echoed that the 2.13¾ would not be accepted as a record, he offered to bet $100 to $10 that the compiler was in error. When Secretary Fasig was told what a fool Wallace was making of himself down on the lawn, he stepped across the track and had the judges announce within the hearing of all that the performance was for a cup, under the rule, and that it was a public record. Had it not been for the prompt action of Mr. Fasig, some of the cross-roads fellows would probably, on the strength of a Wallace decision, have lost the entire profits of the summer studhorse campaign. Belle Hamlin's 2.13¾ was double riveted. It was a record under National rules and a record under registration rules, because she had, previous to the performance, a record of better than 2.20. In the October, 1887, number of his magazine, Mr. Wallace came out flat-footed for mile-heat con-

tests. Then he had no quarrel with Belle Hamlin, and among other things he said: "The objection that a two-in-three race does not show the 'bottom' of the performers has nothing in it, but the claim that it would cut off a large percentage of receipts from the sale of pools is probably valid, and right here is where the war against the reform will have its stronghold. The gamblers, whether they be in the sulkies, or surrounding the pool-box, will be apt to fight it to the bitter end without disclosing the real basis of their hostility. . . . The American people who love the trotting horse will not continue to see him cruelly tested merely to put money in the pockets of a few unprincipled speculators." There is some sense in this, but Mr. Wallace probably would now like to have the article expunged. He has always been noted for doubling on himself. Here is another extract from his columns, which I commend to him in his present hour of doubt and trouble: "When a writer can 'criticise' a contemporary only by abusing him, his Billingsgate carries with it the admission that the other party's arguments are unanswerable." As Mr. Wallace has visited some of his Billingsgate upon me, it is evident, to use his own words, that he has found my "arguments unanswerable."

In my letter of March 19 I offered to trot Belle Hamlin against Harry Wilkes, July 4; against Oliver K. the first week in August, and against Prince Wilkes the first week in September, each race to be mile heats for $1000 a side, and $1500 added by Buffalo Park. I made this offer in answer to reflections cast upon the track performances of Belle Hamlin by Mr. Simmons, the special advocate of the George Wilkes family. I selected the three

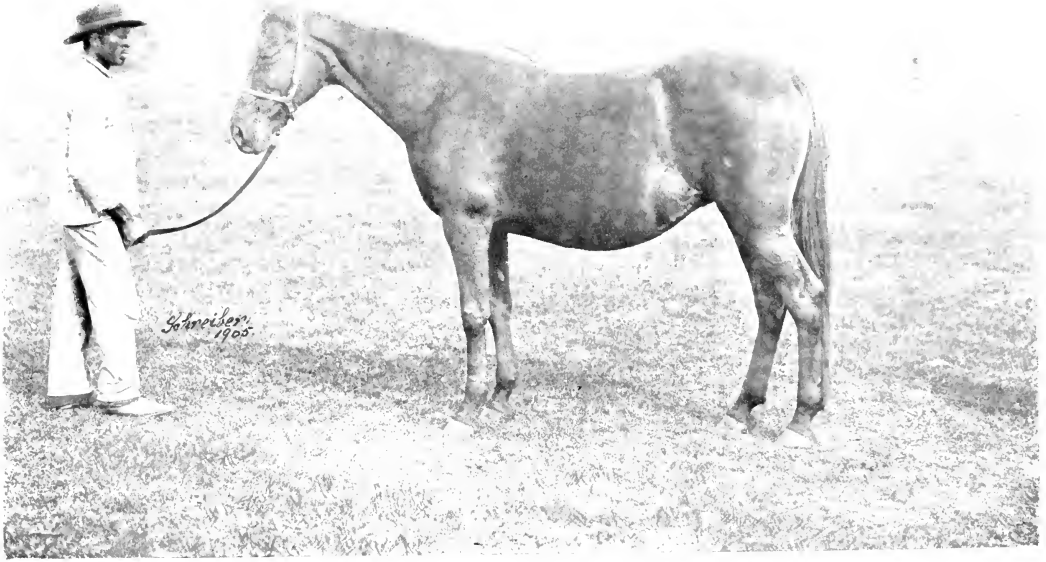
fastest representatives of the Wilkes tribe and offered to try to defeat them in turn with one representative of the Almont family. As Prince Wilkes had repeatedly started last summer for purses of $1000, and, as Harry Wilkes had done battle for $1500 or less, I thought that I was liberal in making for each a stake, including added money, of $3500. And, if Mr. Singerly and the Sire Bros. think so poorly of Belle Hamlin as they pretend, it seems strange that they did not snap up my challenge without seeking to evade it by making counter propositions. Mr. Singerly wants me to come to Philadelphia and trot, and the Sire Brothers object to putting their noses inside of Buffalo. Before July 4 Buffalo Park will have passed into the hands of the International Fair Association, and this organization will see to it that both parties to any contest over its track have fair play. Judges will be placed in the stand against whom no honest objection can be lodged. Absorbed with business as I am, I cannot conveniently spend much time from home, and I am not seeking to take advantage of any one trotting against Belle Hamlin. The Buffalo track will be one of the safest in the country this summer, and I cherish an ambition to have Belle Hamlin lower her record on it. Heat races will settle the speed supremacy issue more satisfactorily than three-in-five contests, and there will be less risk of tearing the horses to pieces. Belle Hamlin demonstrated at Cleveland in July, 1886, when she won a five-heat race from a field of six, including Spofford and Manzanita, trotting the fifth heat in 2.18¼, after scoring twenty-seven times, that she is not much of a duffer. I repeat what I have said before, that it is the pace which kills with her as with other fast performers. Harry Wilkes dis-

covered this in his race with Patron at Cleveland last July. After he had gone to the half-mile pole in 1.06 in the second heat his head began to swim, and he had no stomach for a third heat. All of us are talking about lowering our records, and the way to do it is on a fast track in races of heats, two in three. Maud S. can trot all day heats in 2.20, but one heat under 2.10 pumps her. The thoroughbred is the highest type of equine courage, and the jockey clubs no longer require him to run heat races. Ten Broeck cut down the mile record to 1.39¾ by running a single dash. Why, then, should we continue to punish the fast trotter by compelling him to fight through heat races of three in five? I have not shown the least inclination to waver from the challenge of March 19. Belle Hamlin and money will be ready. The daughter of Almont Jr. is willing to try to beat the best of her day.

C. J. HAMLIN.

In one of his letters to me, Mr. Hamlin stated that Jerome Eddy had been offered for from $16,000 to $18,000, and this brought me a communication from Owosso, Michigan, signed Dewey and Stewart:

"Presuming that you and the public desire to know the correct price paid for Jerome Eddy, we say that Henry C. Jewett & Co. paid us for him $25,000, which is a much larger sum than has ever been paid in this State for a single horse, and we think him the cheapest horse sold in a long time. We very much doubt if double the money can buy him to-day. We regret exceedingly his retirement from the turf, and would gladly give Messrs. Jewett $1000 to place him back in Peter V. Johnson's hands



ETHELWYN, THE GREAT PRODUCING DAUGHTER OF HAROLD

for turf purposes. Our purchase of Louis Napoleon and Fanny Mapes has proven profitable, and the nick a happy one for us. We presume no greater ridicule was ever heaped on anyone than was on us when we returned from Orange County, N. Y., in August, 1873, with Fanny Mapes, and stated that we paid $600 for her."

Fanny Mapes, bay mare, 15.1 hands, "got by Alexander's Abdallah, known as Edsall's Hambletonian," appeared in the first catalogue (1870) of Stony Ford, and Mr. Backman more than once said to me that he parted with her because she was not up to his standard of merit. In other hands Fanny Mapes was quite a fountain of speed. Seven of her sons are sires of speed. Louis Napoleon by Volunteer, out of Hattie Wood by Sayres' Harry Clay, she out of Grandmother by Terror, was also a member of Stony Ford stud, but Mr. Backman did not hesitate to say that he lacked common sense and sold him cheaply on this account. Bred to Fanny Mapes, he produced Jerome Eddy, a sire of fast and resolute trotters and pacers. Mr. Backman sometimes allowed prejudice to warp his judgment.

Mr. Hamlin continued to stir up people by caustic remarks, and I give a sample reply, a letter sent to me February 5, 1889, from Philadelphia:

"Mr. Hamlin has dreamed too long and has not been awake long enough to know that the intelligence of the following gentlemen who trot their fast horses in races has never been doubted, and they do not

reside in Philadelphia, either: Mr. Gordon, of Cleveland, O., owner of Guy (2.12) and Clingstone (2.14); Mr. Emery of Cleveland, owner of Patron (2.14¼); Mr. J. S. Clarke of New Brunswick, N. J., owner of Favonia (2.15); Messrs. Sire Bros., owner of Harry Wilkes (2.13½) and Rosaline Wilkes (2.14½), any of which horses can beat Belle Hamlin. After Mr. Hamlin's mare could no longer stay in a 3 in 5 race he came out with a challenge for a 2 in 3 race to suit her, and at Buffalo on August 10, 1888, he gave a special purse of $3000 for her benefit. Mr. W. J. Gordon entered Clingstone, who beat her easily on her own track, in 2.18¾, 2.17¼, having dropped the first heat to the mare in 2.17¾, which was half a second slower than the third heat. Since that easy race for Clingstone, Mr. Hamlin has dropped to mile and half-mile heats, and if he keeps on he will soon make a quarter mare of poor Belle.

"Mr. Hamlin fails to say why the horses he has named as showing fast miles did not compete in races and split heats, etc. There was no class on the big circuit for Maud S., Jay-eye-see, and St. Julien. They trotted only when a purse was given them to go against time. Guy trotted in class races and specials. Maxey Cobb went single miles to lower the stallion record for the purpose of making him more valuable in the stud. Harry Wilkes was, until he went lame, in the free-for-all. Rarus was retired owing to Mr. Bonner not being willing to trot his horses publicly. Neither Prince Wilkes nor Rosaline Wilkes stopped in the race at Buffalo, which Mr. Hamlin speaks of. Mr. H. fails to state in his article how he deliberately stood in the judges' stand and permitted the driver of Guy to score the other two horses for three-quarters of an hour amid

howls and hisses from the grand stand, while Guy did no fast scoring, but merely ambled; and how the said Hamlin finally had the race postponed till the next day for the benefit of Guy.

"Belle Hamlin is still eligible to the free-for-all class, and Mr. Hamlin can have a chance at Prince Wilkes or any of them that may happen to be in that class during the coming summer. But he always seems to crawl under the fence, and make some proposition out of the regular and customary ways of trotting races, in order to try and shield poor Belle Hamlin.

"GEORGE A. SINGERLY."

When the attention of Mr. Hamlin was drawn to this letter, he wrote me:

"It is unfair in Mr. Singerly to criticise me for allowing the prolonged scoring in the Guy-Prince Wilkes race at Buffalo, when he well knows it was a special race, made for the three horses. The same had just trotted in Detroit, and Mr. Singerly knew Guy's peculiarities. You are perfectly familiar with all the points. You know Belle won all of her Circuit races and trotted a third heat several times in about 2.16. She went wrong in a race with Clingstone, and I let her start only to help the Association, and told everybody that asked me before they started that she was off. You scored Singerly so hard last week it cut into his inter-lining. I am overwhelmed just now with pressure of business, and have written this letter in an awful hurry, but I know there is but one Busbey, and you can reply ably to Singerly without more from me. I see Wallace is after me again, lying as usual."

The outgrowth of the rather bitter controversy between Mr. Hamlin and Mr. Singerly was a meeting between Belle Hamlin and Prince Wilkes at Lexington, Ky. At the Phoenix Hotel I had a room that communicated with that of Mr. Hamlin, and views were frequently exchanged as to the probable result of the contest. The night before the race the lobby of the Phoenix was crowded with a speculative throng, and pools were being sold on the race. Prince Wilkes was the favorite, and this nettled Mr. Hamlin. He had on a silk skull cap and slippers, and thus attired he stepped into the crowded lobby and backed his mare to the tune of thousands. It was a thrilling occasion, and the sum wagered by Mr. Hamlin was exaggerated. Prince Wilkes defeated Belle Hamlin, and Mr. Hamlin never got over the impression that his driver was not true to him. Belle Hamlin entered breeding ranks, but thus far has not earned distinction in that line. The question is, was her vitality used up on the trotting track?

A fortunate purchase made by Mr. Hamlin was Chimes, brown horse foaled April 4, 1884, by Electioneer, dam Beautiful Bells, second dam Minnehaha. As Electioneer was out of Green Mountain Maid, he had three great brood mares close up in his pedigree. In his announcement of 1891 Mr. Hamlin called attention to the fact that three days before Chimes was 14 months old Charles Marvin drove him a quarter in 35 seconds. As a two-year-old he won a stake in 2.33½, and as a three-year-old

won a stake in 2.30¾. As a three-year-old Chimes was troubled with a quarter crack, which knocked the poetry out of his action, and some of the critics called him the lobster of the Beautiful Bells family. Although Chimes never crossed the 2.30 line, he proved his quality by transmitting speed. As a sire he holds higher rank than any other son of Beautiful Bells. The Abbot, 2.03¼, was from his loins.

It was under date of April 29, 1891, that Mr. Hamlin wrote me:

"I have withdrawn Mambrino King from public service. For the remainder of his life he will be used as a private stallion."

The blood of Chimes nicked well with that of Mambrino King. The Abbot, for instance, is by Chimes, out of Nettie King by Mambrino King.

Sunol, after passing from Leland Stanford to Robert Bonner, was the sensation of the hour, and Mr. Hamlin was exceedingly anxious to secure her for Buffalo Park, knowing that she would attract a big gate. He conceived that one way to do this was to circulate rumors of his eagerness to match Belle Hamlin against her. As Belle Hamlin was not in Sunol's class, the match-making talk was irritating to Mr. Bonner and Senator Stanford. I knew one way to silence the talk, and that was to offer to trot Sunol against Belle Hamlin for a large sum of money, winner to take all. It was not difficult to find the money for such a proposition, and, as Sena-

tor Stanford had full control of the racing qualities of Sunol, I published a challenge, after consultation, July 18, 1890, that Sunol would trot Belle Hamlin for $10,000 a side, and the whole of the gate receipts. The personal note in reply was dated Buffalo, July 21, 1890:

"My Dear Mr. Busbey: Herewith I mail you my answer to the Sunol challenge, which speaks for itself. You know I don't want, say forty or fifty years hence, when I am laid away, to have some horseman come along and give my tombstone a kick and say, 'Here lies an old fool.' The article sent me, taken from an Indiana paper, I had never seen or heard of; in fact I did not know there was such a paper. I have never claimed I could beat Sunol with Belle Hamlin, but, on the contrary, have told all my friends I expected she would beat Belle, which I think, if it were not too expensive, I could well stand, as you know the large interests I have in her kindred blood, and the faster mile she makes the better it will suit.

"Yours very truly,
"C. J. Hamlin."

The letter, which was sent for publication, also bore the date of July 21, and was as follows:

"In reply to the challenge which appeared in your last issue, offering to match Sunol against Belle Hamlin for $10,000 a side, $5000 forfeit, the winner to take the entire stake and gate receipts, I respectfully decline to accept, as, in my judgment, the chances are in favor of Sunol's beating Belle Ham-

lin, besides I would not put up a forfeit of $5000 and run the risk of the mare going wrong. I will, however, match Belle Hamlin against Sunol for $5000 a side, $2500 forfeit, over any track mutually agreed upon, the winner to take sixty per cent. of the earnings and the loser forty per cent.

"Yours truly,
"C. J. HAMLIN."

As forty per cent. of the gate would secure the loser against financial loss, the proposition was not entertained.

Mr. Hamlin was a practical horseman, and he could train and drive, as well as breed, a fast trotter. It was in November, 1887, that he drove the two mares, Belle Hamlin and Justina to a double-harness record to wagon at Buffalo of 2.18. He early learned the truth that two horses well mated can trot faster double than single, because they encourage each other and divide the weight handicap, and so he buckled the draw strap on Belle Hamlin's side shorter than on Justina's side. This made the faster mare, Belle Hamlin, take the greater part of the load. The handicap was so perfect that the two trotted as one horse. At the three-quarter pole he tapped Justina on the back with the whip, which caused her to move up and relieve for a moment Belle Hamlin of the load. Belle quickly rallied under this short respite, and then again stretched the traces, and the mile was finished quite resolutely. It was a performance which attracted wide attention, and it was

highly gratifying to Mr. Hamlin, because he was the breeder, as well as owner, of both mares. In the autumn of 1890 Belle Hamlin and Justina gradually reduced their double-harness record, the progressive steps being 2.15½, 2.15, 2.13¼, and 2.13. In 1892 Belle Hamlin was hooked double with Honest George, and established the record at 2.12¼.

The idea of driving three horses abreast occurred to Mr. Hamlin, after a close study of the efforts of three horses hitched this way to the wagons of brewers in the streets of Buffalo. It was at Cleveland, July 31, 1891, that the successful trial was made with Belle Hamlin, Justina, and Globe, all bred at Village Farm and all by Almont Jr. I reproduce the story that I wrote at the time:

"Belle Hamlin, Globe, and Justina were hooked abreast to wagon, and their appearance on the track was the signal for applause. In the morning John Splan predicted that the trio would not beat 2.30. I looked the rig over and told Mr. Hamlin if he went a mile in 2.18 he would be lucky. I remembered how difficult it was to get two horses to go together, and thought that the third horse would prove a disturbing element. In a pair you must have similarity of gait and temperament, and you have to hunt long and far to find these qualities. It necessarily follows that a harmonious trio is much more difficult to discover. Globe, being thought the slowest horse, was put between the shafts. Justina was hooked so as to bring her next to the rail, and Belle Hamlin, being the fastest, was put on the out-

side, as she would have the farther distance to travel. Should Globe falter, it was reasoned by the astute owner of Village Farm, the two mares would relieve him entirely of weight and carry him along. Geers scored once and then came down nodding for the word. Without a waver or bobble, the three trotters rounded the turn and were at the quarter in 34 seconds. The second quarter was trotted in 33¾ seconds, which made the half in 1.07¾. The same rate of speed was maintained to the three-quarter pole, which made the time 1.41, and then the three were squared away for the finish. Geers brought them down the home stretch with resolute hands, and the perfect stride aroused enthusiasm. Under the wire they swept without skip or falter and hundreds of watches stopped and the great throng broke into cheers. The time was 2.14, a remarkable performance. The three horses were the offspring of the same stallion, were bred and reared on the same farm, and were developed and owned by the same man. When shall we again see this combination of circumstances crowned with success? Mr. Hamlin stood on the stretch, watch in hand, at the finish, and the cheers for him were so lusty that he was compelled to mount the judges' stand and bow his acknowledgment."

Several attempts were made after this to reduce the triple harness record, but all failed. I should like to be present when the record is thrown into shadow, but probably will then be asleep under the daisies.

C. J. Hamlin was an aggressive man with the creative faculty strongly developed, and, as a

breeder, exhibitor, and campaigner of horses, he made an impression that only cycles of time will erase. For years my relations with him were intimate, and I had an excellent opportunity to measure the keenness of his intellect and his resolute purpose. The Roman world had its Augustan age, in which a city of bricks was transformed into a city of marble, and which was so deeply impressed by the genius of writers of the stamp of Horace and Virgil, that the enlightened world feels the force of the movement centuries after the fall of the powerful Empire. The period of trotting evolution shaped by determined and creative intellects like those of Bonner, Hamlin, Tracy, Vanderbilt, Backman, Alexander, Thorne, Veech, McFerran, and Stanford, may in one sense be compared to the Augustan age of literature and art, because the historian cannot forget it even if he wished to do so, and the passing of years will add to, not dim, its radiance. I am glad that I was able to play an humble part in this momentous era of development.

For more than half a century the brain of C. J. Hamlin was over-stimulated. The absence of rest drained it of that vitality which he deemed so essential to the perpetuation, to the continuity of life, and it is not surprising that adolescent dreams should have marked his closing years. Herbert Spencer tells us that, if some function is habitually performed in excess of the requirement, there is derangement in the balance of the functions which leads to decay.

"In the normal order pleasures, great and small, are stimulants to the processes by which life is maintained." When a man of tireless ambition and creative power gives free rein to desire, making incessant use of his power, suddenly steps from the tumultuous zone of activity into the realm of aimless passivity, it is fitting that memory should survive. In recalling incidents of the long ago, in living over again the stirring scenes of the past, he obtains that enjoyment which restores functional balance and smooths the journey down the slope to the sleep which is absolute, the end of human aspiration and endeavor, which sooner or later enfolds all mortality. Mr. Hamlin died at his home in Buffalo in February, 1905.

CHAPTER XIV

HENRY C. M'DOWELL AND ASHLAND

DURING the latter half of the Civil War, I was in Louisville, and, under direction of George D. Prentice, I made almost daily the rounds of military prisons in which women, as well as men, were confined, and heard many a story of distress. At the Galt House I interviewed officers high in command, on the way to or from the front, and, with dispatches from the front always on my desk, I was in close touch with the Army and was able to write, when occasion demanded, intelligently of the situation. Louisville was something of a cauldron in those days, and two of my closest friends were Lieutenant Colonel J. Rowan Boone, a descendant of Daniel Boone, and Major Henry C. McDowell, whose wife was a granddaughter of Henry Clay. Colonel Boone did not long survive the war, but Major McDowell, after laying aside the sword, engaged in the breeding of horses, and our relations were of the closest kind. I saw him tested in many ways, and he was always true to the qualities which add to the stature of manhood. His first breeding venture was Woodlake, a beautiful farm of 585 acres, seven miles from Frankfort, abundantly supplied with water and with pastures shaded by ash, walnut, sugar, oak, and burr

oak. The only time that Chas. Backman joined one of the visiting parties to Kentucky he saw at Woodlake a burr oak of gigantic proportions—the largest tree upon which his eyes had ever rested. It was quite a lively party, and, after dinner in the Capitol Hotel at Frankfort, some of the young members obtained access to a suite of rooms reserved for the Court of Appeals and donned the robes of office and passed severe sentences on their elders who were brought before them for trial. Major McDowell had dined in the private car with us and had accompanied us to the hotel, and he mildly protested against the invasion of the judicial suite. For making this protest, he was sentenced to provide a breakfast for the entire party. We were up early and the seven-mile drive to Woodlake sharpened appetites. We found Major McDowell in bed, but he hastily dressed himself, and at ten o'clock the hungry delegation sat down to a breakfast which none of the survivors of the feast have ever forgotten. The breakfast wines were a revelation to some of the epicurean palates. Major McDowell took pardonable pride in the quality of his vintages. Woodlake was known as a breeding farm before it passed into the possession of Major McDowell. It was the home of the famous thoroughbreds, Grey Eagle and Rudolph, prior to the advent of the trotters. My last visit to Woodlake was in the latter part of March, 1882, and when I stepped from the carriage with Mr. Robert Bonner, and we looked out

upon the broad acres, the words of the poet rang in our ears:

"'I'll promise my blossoms,' the Crocus said,
'When I hear the blue birds sing.'
'And straight thereafter,' Narcissus cried,
'My silver and gold I'll bring.'
'And they are dulled,' another spoke,
'The Hyacinth bells shall ring.'

And the Violet only murmured, 'I am here,'
And sweet grew the air of Spring.
Then 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' a chorus came
Of laughter soft and low
From the millions of flowers under the ground—
Yes—millions—beginning to grow."

After luncheon the carriage was ordered for the return drive to Lexington, and Mr. Bonner had his foot on the step, when he abruptly turned to McDowell, and said: "What is your price on the three fillies that you last showed us?" "Seven hundred and fifty, one thousand, and fifteen hundred dollars," was the quick reply.

Without a moment's hesitation Mr. Bonner said: "I will take them and send you check as soon as I reach New York." The door closed as the last word was spoken, and we were off. It was what you might call a quick sale. Under date of May 5, 1882, Major McDowell wrote me:

"I have concluded the purchase of Ashland and may have to call on you to advertise Woodlake for sale. I do not get possession of Ashland until January,

HENRY C. M'DOWELL

but, when I do get there, you will see what energy and taste will do for the improvement of the place. I want not only to have the farm, the house and the stables beautifully kept, but I want to breed the best trotters in the world—a pretty hard contract, but I shall make an effort to carry it out; and I hope at least to make it sufficiently attractive to keep my friends, when they call, longer than ten minutes."

In another letter from Woodlake Major McDowell spoke hopefully of the future of King Rene, and added:

"I wish the next time you come to Kentucky you would leave your watch in your pocket. I should much have enjoyed a longer chat with you gentlemen. I might have induced you to spend the night with me when I could have uncorked the bottles of my horse talk, as well as some other bottles. If city people could appreciate what a God-send a visit was they might move more leisurely."

When McDowell was in full possession of Ashland he greatly improved the place, and did not have to complain of his inability to keep the New York delegation to dinner. In fact, his dinners in the month of October were elaborate affairs, and those who looked up at the portrait of Henry Clay caught the fever of eloquence and rounded out so many periods, that midnight still found them at the social board. The energy, the vivacity of youth, comes back to me when I recall those occasions, and for the moment forget that many of the happy group sleep where neither winter's roar nor summer's thun-

der-bolt disturbs repose. The first trotter to bring Major McDowell into national prominence was Trinket, bay mare foaled in 1875, bred by R. S. Veech, and by Princeps (son of Woodford Mambrino), dam Ouida by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; second dam Morning Glory by imp. Consternation. During one of his numerous visits to Indian Hill, McDowell purchased the bay filly and transferred her to Woodlake. I was one of the judges at Louisville July 10, 1879, when she started in a race against Von Arnim, Effie G., and So So, and scored a victory and trotted to a record of 2.19¾ in the fourth heat. That evening we dined at the Club house of the Louisville Jockey Club with Colonel M. Lewis Clark, the President, and enthusiasm over the performance of Trinket was pronounced. Major McDowell was frequently congratulated on being the possessor of a future record-breaker, and his eyes were aglow with satisfaction. Early in the spring of 1880 I began to agitate for a race between Trinket, then five years old, and Maud S., six years old. McDowell and his friends felt confident that the daughter of Princeps could concede to the daughter of Harold a year and beat her. The race was trotted at Chicago July 24, 1880, and I was named as one of the judges. Trinket was outclassed, and, to the bitter disappointment of her owner, was beaten in straight heats in 2.19, 2.21¼, 2.13½. In the third heat distance was waived and Maud S. was driven for a record. The friends of Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt

sent to that gentleman in Europe a congratulatory dispatch, and I was asked to add my name to the telegram, because it was known that my sympathies, previous to the contest, were with Trinket. McDowell was easily elated or depressed, and, after an hour of gloom, hope took fresh root. Later in the season he sold the mare to John W. Shaw, and she was campaigned for three years, beating some of the best horses on the turf, and trotting at Fleetwood Park, September 22, 1881, to a record of 2.14. Trinket had an excess of action which kept her from mounting to the throne over such horses as St. Julien, Jay-eye-see, and Maud S. As a brood mare she was only moderately successful, while her sister Toto, three years younger, was an absolute failure as a trotter, but brilliant as a producer of speed. She ranks high among the great brood mares of the Year Book. The breeder is often confronted with a problem like that presented by Trinket and Toto. One sister differs from another sister, owing to environment, nutrition, and opportunity. One of the great trotters bred by Major McDowell was Phallas, bay horse foaled in 1877, and by Dictator, dam Betsy Trotwood by Clark Chief, second dam by Ericsson, and third dam by Sir William. He was sold to Jerome I. Case, in whose stable he developed championship form. At Chicago July 14, 1884, he trotted to a record of 2.13¾, which gave him the place of honor among stallions. In the stud Phallas was not quite equal to his opportunity, albeit

his blood is breeding on, and I attribute his partial failure to his peculiar action. He was rough gaited for a horse of so much speed. Fugue, bay mare foaled in 1880, by King Rene, dam Fuga by George Wilkes, second dam Betsy Trotwood, by Clark Chief, was a trotter who showed early speed and good racing form at maturity, and Major McDowell derived much satisfaction from the fact that he had bred her. As a two-year-old she beat Wilkes Boy and Lizzie Wilkes, and as a three-year-old she vanquished a field which included Elvira and Early Dawn. She retired from the track with a record of 2.19¼. Oratorio, bay horse foaled in 1892, is by Wilkes Boy out of Canzonet by Dictator, and she out of Fugue. He trotted to a record of 2.13 and is producing a high rate of speed, especially at the pace. The question is, why should a horse so strongly bred in trotting lines vary form and action? King Rene, the sire of Fugue, was long a source of pride to Major McDowell. He was by Belmont (son of Alexander's Abdallah and Belle by Mambrino Chief) out of Blandina, the producing daughter of Mambrino Chief, and had commanding form and action. He was a show horse, and won much applause in live stock forums. Blandina was a handsome mare, and her dam, the Burch mare, dam of Rosalind, 2.21¾, was a noted winner of premiums at Blue Grass Fairs. King Rene inherited beauty and transmitted it. One of his sons, King Rene Jr., dam Crepe Lisse, producing

daughter of George Wilkes, was a famous horse-show winner when owned by Mr. Alley A. Bonner, and he trotted to a record of 2.17. King Rene sired speed as well as the sires and dams of speed. Dictator, the renowned brother of Dexter, died at Ashland May 25, 1893, in the thirty-first year of his age, and his last foal was a bay filly out of Medium's Last by Happy Medium. It was this combination of blood which gave us Nancy Hanks, 2.04. A sample brood mare at Ashland was Ethelwyn by Harold, dam Kathleen by Pilot Jr., second dam Little Miss, thoroughbred daughter of imp. Sovereign, and on to the nineteenth dam, the Layton Barb mare. She was bred season after season to Dictator, and her first foal Orator (1886) trotted to a record of 2.24, and is a sire of speed. Impetuous (1892) sister of Orator, trotted to a record of 2.13, and Tintoret (1893), another sister, trotted to a record of 2.24½. Extasy, 2.11½ at the trot, and 2.10½ at the pace; Ethel's Pride, 2.06¾, winner of the 1905 Transylvania; Immaculate, 2.28¾, and Ecstatic, 2.01¾ at the pace, are out of Ethelwyn. Major McDowell was a strong advocate of trotting cross on top of trotting cross, but he wanted a thoroughbred foundation for speed-sustaining purposes. The early theory of evolving the trotter from the runner was somewhat vague, and may be compared to Romaine's opinion of adaptation: "The wing of the bird is an adaptive structure and cannot possibly have ever appeared suddenly as a merely specific character; it must have

been slowly elaborated through an incalculable number of successive species, as these branched into genera, families, and orders of the existing class." The fast trot is an acquired or developed character, and experience shows that use through successive generations has confirmed or intensified it on the thoroughbred foundation. Messenger was a thoroughbred runner, and his lineal descendant, Hambletonian, founded an ever-expanding family of trotters. In breeding developed speed to developed speed, friction has been eliminated from the trot and the rate of speed increased to a wonderful degree.

Major McDowell was at one time prominent in the councils of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. The discussion over taking out a certificate of membership in the National Trotting Association for the government of races created so much dissension in 1878 that McDowell resigned as President of the Breeders' Association, Edwin Thorne withdrew from the office of Vice President, and David Bonner retired from the Board of Censors. Then McDowell joined A. J. Alexander, R. West, J. C. McFerran, R. S. Veech, and L. Brodhead in the publication of the " Breeders' Trotting Studbook." One volume was issued, and then the work was abandoned. In the latter part of 1883 I advocated the publication of a trotting studbook by the National Trotting Association. In the petition, addressed to members of the National Trotting Association, these words were used:

"Your Association alone, of all bodies taking interest in such matters, has power to punish anyone in fabricating records as a basis of registration or otherwise attempting to establish fraudulent pedigrees; and this punishment can be rendered more effective by extending it to the animal, as in cases of fraud on the turf. That the benefit of such power should be extended to the honest breeder is one of the strongest reasons for the request."

When the petition was sent to me for suggestion, I objected to the phrase "fabricating false records," and, under date of January 13, 1884, Major McDowell replied:

"I stand corrected on the 'fabrication of false,' and the worst of it was that I had years ago seen quite a striking criticism of the same expression. Strike out the word false in the copy sent."

Soon after this the prospectus of The Trotting Horse Breeders' Club was issued. The object was to compile and publish a trotting horse studbook and to clear the road by the purchase of "the two existing studbooks." "It is expected that this club will be admitted as a member of the National Trotting Association, and that as such it will have access to its accurate and valuable official records for use and publication in the studbook, and what is of even more importance, to its well-organized and able tribunals for a hearing and decision of such questions as may arise between the breeder and the compiler

on the refusal of the latter to record a pedigree or acknowledge a record." The capital stock was fixed at $10,000, "to be increased if deemed advisable," and the incorporators were Edwin Thorne, David Bonner, Shepherd F. Knapp, James B. Houston, and Henry C. McDowell. J. H. Wallace stopped blustering when this prospectus was issued, and appealed to his friends to protect him from ruin. He promised to be good, and, through liberal play on the chords of sympathy, the project was abandoned.

I have numerous letters from Major McDowell, but will content myself by making quotations from three written during the year 1886:

January 2. "I only consented to act in the National Trotting Association until I could get a suitable representative from this section. Major P. P. Johnston has consented to relieve me, and has been appointed in my place on the Rule Committee. He is a first-rate man, made a good legislator, and has plenty of grit. I shall endeavor to secure proxies from Kentucky and Tennessee for him. Bemis has applied for all the proxies out here. Major Johnston knows Bemis and Hall as well as I do, and he can be relied on when it comes to a fight with them."

January 31. "I am glad to see that you have taken up the cudgels so strenuously for a drive in Central Park. That it should be granted is a plain matter of right, and agitation is the way to secure it. That so influential a class as the road drivers of New York City should be deprived of this equitable privilege is hardly conceivable."

ASHLAND, THE FORMER HOME OF HENRY CLAY

October 13. "The *Republican's* report of the St. Louis Fair was an unadulterated laudation of Caton's stock to which I have not the slightest objection, but the reporter seems to lose no opportunity to hit me a rap. I think you were one of the judges at Lexington, and as the competition there was greater than at St. Louis, you also need some vindication. It is true the colt was off at St. Louis, but, off or on, he is a long neck ahead of the best Don Cossack."

You who have seen the sun streaming across the great plain and up the rugged mountain, touching with cheerfulness canyon, crag, and the dark green of stunted pine, finally shimmering gold on the lofty peak, find it next to impossible to resist the melancholy fever when the light begins to fade and the shadows lengthen and deepen. Henry C. McDowell occupied an elevated position in the ranks of human society, and for years he walked where brightness ruled. When the National Crisis came, guided by the conservative wisdom of his elders, thoroughly grounded Kentuckians, like Governor James F. Robinson, Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge and Geo. D. Prentice, he was loyal to the flag of the Union, and later was respected for this act by those who wore the Gray with honor. Ashland, even during the lifetime of Henry Clay, never saw more brilliant men around the social board, and I fancy that the spirit of the Great Commoner often whispered to the gentle breeze, "Well done, Philip Sidney of Blue Grass land! When you shall pass as I have passed, your

memory will not be celebrated with tears, but admiration!"

The foundations of health were sapped before the harvest usually is ripe for the Reaper, and Henry C. McDowell stepped from the cheerful sunlight into darkness. The last time I saw him fortitude had deserted him, and emotion was expressed by the tears which wet his cheeks. With tottering footstep he passed from public view, and found, I hope, that sweet repose which is the reward of the faithful. The memory of his chivalrous nature in the effulgent glory of manhood will always abide with me.

CHAPTER XV

DOUBLE HARNESS RIVALRY

In 1889 Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage addressed a letter to me, in which he says:

"Horses are very much like men. They love companionship. They go better when side by side. The rataplan of their hoofs, the breath of each upon each, the magnetism of another horse's presence are augmentations of velocity and power. Of course, I speak of a good sensible horse, one of ambition and pluck and noble heredity. Of the horse poorly bred, and one with all spirit banged out of him, I do not speak. You are right in supposing I like a horse. Ministers always do. The Bible has many horses, and they are all spirited."

This letter was brought out by a controversy in the public prints over the merits of rival pairs in harness. It is very difficult to find two horses of the same color, size, temperament, and speed, and when you do obtain them, you have a pair that is the envy of your neighbors. At one time John D. Rockefeller took great interest in driving a good pair of trotters, but in this field of recreation he lagged behind his brother, Wm. Rockefeller. The third brother, Frank Rockefeller, the youngest of the family, was also fond of double-harness speed,

but his triumphs were achieved in single harness. In the autumn of 1882 W. W. Bair drove Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's mares, Early Rose and Aldine, a mile over Charter Oak Park, Hartford, which led to controversy. The time was taken by men in the judges' stand and on the track, but it was not recognized by the National Trotting Association. T. C. Eastman, a close friend of Mr. Vanderbilt, published a card September 18, 1882, in which he hotly resented slurs on the reported time of Early Rose and Aldine, September 13:

"On that occasion there were four or five gentlemen entirely unknown to Mr. Vanderbilt, and who were accustomed to timing horses, present, who timed the horses in 2.16½, and, at the driver's request made an affidavit of the fact. I wish to ask, are these men not to be believed just as much as the individual friends of Mr. Work who timed his horses at Fleetwood Park July 13, and which time neither Mr. Vanderbilt nor his friends had disputed? Why should not this team of mares beat Edward and Dick Swiveller? I am only one of hundreds who think they can do it single or double every day in the week. Mr. Work has said publicly several times of late that he would trot his horses for fabulous amounts against Early Rose and Aldine next week, which conclusively shows that they are in condition. He has named large amounts, knowing that Mr. Vanderbilt never bets on his horses, and thinking no one else would bet him on the large sum named. Mr. Vanderbilt believes that his team made 2.16½, and thinks that they, with the

driver who drove them, can beat it, and so does the writer of this. In this belief and to stop all talk about the speed of those horses, the writer has asked Mr. Vanderbilt for the loan of his team for a few days, and he has assented. I now offer to bet $10,000 that the mare Aldine, owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, will beat either of Mr. Work's horses, best 3 in 5, on Monday of next week at Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn.; $10,000 that Early Rose, the other of Mr. Vanderbilt's horses, will beat the other of Mr. Work's horses, best 3 in 5, on Wednesday of next week at the same track, and $10,000 that Early Rose and Aldine, together, will beat Edward and Dick Swiveller, best 3 in 5, in double harness, on Saturday of next week, Mr. Work to have the choice of which of his horses he will trot against Aldine on Monday; all of these bets to be taken or none."

The following day Mr. Frank Work published a card in which he stated that his horses were not in condition for 3 in 5 contests, but, "to show my confidence in the superior speed of my team, I am willing to make a match with Edward and Swiveller against Early Rose and Aldine to trot a competition mile for $10,000 a side, or I will trot my team against Mr. Vanderbilt's team a race of one mile, owners to toss which team shall go first. Further, I will wager T. C. Eastman $10,000 that the team of Mr. Vanderbilt cannot equal or surpass the record of Edward and Swiveller on the Fleetwood track, carrying the same weight to road wagon." The time of the Work team was 2.16¾. The heated contro-

versy was barren of results. In 1884 Edward and Dick Swiveller trotted to a record of 2.16¼, thus beating by a fraction the record of Mr. Wm. Rockefeller's pair, Independence and Cleora, 2.16½, made in 1883. I have before me a letter from T. J. Vail, Secretary of the National Trotting Association, written to me May 4, 1886:

"I enclose replies of two letters written to Mr. Vanderbilt in September, 1882, in relation to the performance of Early Rose and Aldine as a team over Charter Oak Driving Park, September 13, that year. I do not hesitate to say that I implicitly believe that the team did trot an exhibition mile in the time mentioned; that is to say, 2.17 or better."

The second of Secretary Vail's letters, dated Hartford, September 18, 1882, sums up the matter:

"I have seen the President of the Charter Oak Driving Park, Hon. M. G. Bulkeley, and he authorizes me to say that they have no record of any public race by your mares, Early Rose and Aldine. The officers of the Park were not informed that such a race was proposed for your mares and do not understand that such a one occurred, but rather that the mares were driven on the 13th at speed a mile as a pair, and were timed by several persons whose watches varied from 2.16½ to 2.17, showing a very meritorious trial, which appears to have been erroneously communicated to you as a record."

The prominence of the men engaged in this controversy is my excuse for going into details. He who reads cannot do otherwise than arrive at the

conclusion that the double-harness movement was at its zenith when it engaged the serious attention of such men as John D. and Wm. Rockefeller, Robert Bonner, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Frank Work, T. C. Eastman, W. J. Gordon, and C. J. Hamlin. It was the force of this movement which finally gave us the speedway on the west bank of the Harlem River.

Belle Hamlin and Justina, bred at Village Farm by C. J. Hamlin, reduced the double-harness record to 2.13 in 1890, and Belle Hamlin and Honest George carried it down to 2.12¼ in 1892. Immediately after the performance Mr. Hamlin said to me:

"Two horses of the same speed hooked to light wagon will trot faster than either will single to sulky, carrying a driver of 150 pounds. The pair should be driven with an easy rein. The easy rein allows them to alternate in taking the weight, and to freshen themselves by escaping for an instant from the dead strain on the muscles."

June 14, 1883, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt drove Maud S. and Aldine to top road-wagon around old Fleetwood track, which was slow when compared with modern tracks, in 2.15½. Wagon and driver weighed 425 pounds, making the weight for each mare 212½ pounds. In a letter to me T. C. Eastman said:

"Mr. Vanderbilt jogged the mares to the three-quarter pole, starting them down the stretch, and

they passed under the wire on the outside of the track, nearing the pole as they made the first turn, where they increased their speed, making the turn below the quarter pole at a fearful rate of speed, Maud S. taking the whole load—Aldine and all. In making that turn, Mr. Vanderbilt had a sensation of fear come over him, and was about to pull the horses up, but he was past the turn so quick that he let them go on. This condition of things continued until they passed the three-quarter pole, where Maud S. began to tire. It was then that Aldine made the effort and came head and head with Maud S. down the home stretch, under the wire in 2.15½. A good many people on the club house remarked that Aldine finished fully up to Maud S., but why shouldn't she, after being carried over three-quarters of a mile?"

The best single-harness record of Aldine was 2.19¼. This achievement was more gratifying to Mr. Vanderbilt than the addition of another railroad to his system. He drove the pair with all the confidence and skill of a born reinsman.

John Shepard, the dean of Boston road riders, whose experience probably is not equaled by any man now alive, addressed a letter to me in July, 1900, which I reproduce:

"You asked me a while ago what constituted a perfect gentleman's road horse. It is much easier to describe than to find: A bay or chestnut 15.2 high, weighing about 950 pounds, clean-cut head and neck, bright eye, and ears always up and on the alert to know what is going on and what is wanted of him.

I like a nervous horse, a sensitive as well as sensible one, that would rather go ten or twelve miles an hour, yet without pulling, he is willing to go eight miles the hour; never stumbles or hits himself, perfectly sound in every way, so that, when you take a long or fast drive with a pair, you have not got to watch any leg or part when they are done up to see if they are all right. You know such ones are hard to find. You know I have had a great many, and these perfect ones are like perfect people. They must trot in 2.10 to-day, and be good and smooth-gaited, and never inclined to break. There never was so much required for a gentleman's road horse as now. Matinees and speedways have brought this condition about. It always takes me a good year to work with a horse that has had good track education before he suits me at all, and most always he improves about as much the second year. Very few horses are of any account, unless they have had at least two years' training by a good man at the track. When we think of 'Pa Hamlin' with over 500 of the best horses in the world of all ages, not being able since 1892 to have two come to the scratch and beat his own record of 2.12¼, can you wonder that I have little confidence in my ability to get two horses ready and both in perfect condition to try such a trick?"

In November, 1904, Mr. Shepard said in a letter to me:

"When I was sixty years old I sold out all my trotting stock, feeling that I was too old to try and keep at the head of the fast ones here in Boston. I remained out but a year or two, as the old love of the

trotter was still alive in me and I could not resist the temptation of butting in. I started off by buying Reina back, who is one of the most wonderful road horses I ever knew. I added to my string by buying Senator L., who took a record of 2.09¾ to wagon in a race. Later, I secured Altro L. and Promise, which have records of better than 2.10. When I bought Aldine I expected to bring her home and drive her with Mill Boy and beat all records previously made, but, as I sold her the next day to Mr. Vanderbilt, I was denied that pleasure. Now that Mr. Billings has gone so fast, it is foolish to try to get near his mark, unless one has a mint of money. I have always taken pleasure in driving double teams, but I seem to have lost my knack lately, because I am afraid to drive them fast the first half of the mile, for fear they will break before they get started. I have tried several times to do it, but driving against the watch is a hard proposition when you want to go a mile in 2.10 with a pair."

Mr. Shepard is a daring driver, as everyone will admit who has been on the road with him, but this does not handicap his judgment. It took him half a century to learn what he has put on record for my benefit.

In the summer of 1905 Mr. Shepard paid $10,000 for Ethel's Pride, and among the races that she won for him was the Transylvania at Lexington in October, trotting to a record of 2.06¾.

October 25, 1902, Mr. E. T. Bedford drove York Boy, 2.08¾, and Bemay, 2.13¼, a mile to

JOHN SHEPARD

wagon in 2.12½ on the half-mile track of the Parkway Driving Club, Brooklyn, N. Y. It is the best double-harness record over a half-mile track, and the details, as written to me by Mr. Bedford, are worth reproducing.

"The horses were hooked to a Perrin road wagon —not a speed wagon—weighing 130 pounds, which with my weight, 190 pounds, made a total weight of 320 pounds. I gave them two preparatory miles, one in 2.27 and one in 2.22, and then drove them a mile, which the slowest of four watches made 2.12¼. The fractional parts of the mile were, first eighth, 17½ seconds; quarter, 34 seconds; half, 1.16½; three quarters, 1.40, and mile 2.12¼. The track, although fast for this season of the year, was not as fast by a second or two as it would be in the summer or early fall. The day, for a fall day, was perfect, with very little wind blowing. The previous Saturday I had attempted to beat the record, but, after several efforts, the best mile I could drive them was 2.19¼. I left the horses at the track to be put in perfect condition, and to keep them off the stones. They had also been given, comparatively speaking, light road work, and I came to the conclusion that leaving them at the track had a tendency to make them nervous, so, as all the creditable miles I have ever driven had been with horses out of my own stable, as for instance the mile at Norwalk, 2.15½, after the horses had been jogged seven and one-half miles from my place to Norwalk, I decided to take them away from the track and bring them home to my own stable, which I did. I had them driven fifteen miles every day, regardless of the weather,

that is, from my stable to Parkway and back, without stopping, and insisted that they should not consume less than two and one-half hours in doing this. This gave them practically three hours' nice slow work in the open air, and, in charge of a careful man, they jogged or walked along together in comfort, and were free from any causes which might tend to make them nervous. I drove them a mile on Wednesday over Mr. Shults's track in 2.25, and then a half in 1.08. At the end of this half I observed that Bemay was showing signs of nervousness, so I stopped. When I started them in the first preparatory mile Saturday, Bemay made a nervous break, but I simply sat still and talked to her and never took hold of her mouth in the least, and she soon caught herself. After that she showed no more nervousness. While she is not as fast as York Boy by three to five seconds, she did her full share of the mile, which was, in my judgment, two or three seconds faster than she could possibly have gone single. York Boy did not help her other than by encouragement. These two horses go well together, because they are fond of each other, rather than for any other reason, for they are very differently gaited. I have come to the conclusion that, to have a team go well together, one must have a great deal of patience with them, have them given plenty of jogging together, and drive them with a comparatively loose line, as I did on Saturday. I have heard a good deal said about lifting a horse in by manipulating his mouth, etc. Personally, I do not believe there is anything in this. I believe a horse with a comparatively loose line will trot faster and better than if driven in any other way, as this team certainly did. I had old drivers advise me to steady them and take them in

E. T. BEDFORD DRIVING ALICE MAPES

hand, lift them to the finish, etc., but did nothing of the sort, and believe if I had attempted it, I would have made a great mistake. I carried no whip, and did not urge them over three times during the entire mile, and then simply by a chirrup. I had to go very wide on the turns, because York Boy is so big-gaited that it is difficult for him to get around the first turn."

The views of thoughtful gentlemen of experience, who are credited with great achievements, are worth more to the reader in search of information than volumes of theory, and I regard myself as fortunate in obtaining these views first hand.

During the season of 1903 the double-harness problem was earnestly wrestled with by a gentleman able to buy the best in the market, whose aims are high and whose ability as a reinsman has seldom been matched—Mr. C. K. G. Billings. In the autumn he drove The Monk by Chimes, and Equity by Heir-at-law, at Memphis, to a record of 2.08. October 21, 1904, at Memphis, the double-harness record was reduced to 2.07¾ by The Monk and Equity.

Having opened this chapter with a quotation from an eloquent preacher, I will close it by reproducing the words of another great pulpit orator, Henry Ward Beecher. In a letter to Robert Bonner he wrote:

"I drive fast on principle. I do it for the sake of being at one with nature. To drive slow, only

and always, is to treat a horse as if he were an ox. You may be slow if you think proper. But your horse should be kept up to nature. He would have had but two legs if it was meant that he should go only on a 'go-to-meeting' pace. He has four legs. Of course he ought to do a great deal with them.

"Now, why do I say these things to you? Not to convince you of your duty. But, I feared lest, taking me out to ride, you would be disposed to think that I had scruples, and would jog along moderately, as if doing me a favor. Not at all. The wind does not go fast enough to suit me. If I were engineer of a sixty-mile-an-hour express train, I should covet twenty miles an hour more.

"Let the horse be well-groomed—well-harnessed. Let the wagon be thoroughly looked to—no screw loose, no flaws just ready to betray us. Mount. I am by your side. The whip is not needed. Yet let it stand in its place, the graceful hint of authority in reserve, which is always wholesome to men and horses.

"Now get out of town cautiously. No speed here. This is a place for sobriety, moderation, and propriety in driving. But, once having shaken off the crowd, I give you a look, and disappear instantly in a wild excitement, as if all the trees were crazy and had started off in a race, as if the fences were chalk lines, as if the earth and skies were commingled, and everything were wildly mixed in a supernatural excitement, neither of earth nor of the skies! The wind has risen since we started. It did not blow at this rate, surely! These tears are not of sorrow. But really this going like a rocket is new to every sense. Do not laugh if I clutch the seat more firmly. I am not afraid. It is only excitement.

You may be used to this bird's business of flying. But don't draw the rein. I am getting calm. See that play of muscle! Splendid machinery was put into these horses. Twenty horse-power, at least, in each! And how they enjoy it! No forcing here. They do it to please themselves, and thank you for a chance! Look at that head! Those ears speak like a tongue! The eyes flash with eagerness and will! Is it three miles? Impossible! It is not more than half a mile!

"Well, draw up. Let me get off, now, and see these brave creatures. What? Not enough yet? No painful puffing, no throbbing of the flanks. They step nervously, and champ the bit, and lean to your caresses, as if they said: 'All this we have done to please you, now just let us go on to please ourselves!'"

CHAPTER XVI

HORSE SHOWS AND THEIR CONTROVERSIES

LONG before the National Horse Show Association was founded in 1885, there were arena competitions for prizes, and he who made the awards had to have knowledge of form, as well as action. In the small ring speed could not be satisfactorily tested under the watch, and the trained eye was the sole reliance. The verdict was not reached until form, as well as action, had been analyzed, and this verdict gave rise to many heartburnings. At the great St. Louis Fair, at State Fairs in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Ohio, Kentucky, and elsewhere, horses passed in review before me, and I handed out blue, red, yellow, and white rosettes with a feeling that, although I had tried to be just to all, I probably had failed to render unto each what he was entitled to. The conscientious judge does not regard himself as infallible, and therefore does not complain of fair and intelligent criticism. Notwithstanding the upbuilding influence of arena competitions at agricultural fairs, there was a growing tendency to sacrifice everything to the speed standard. Trotting tracks multiplied to such a degree that resistance to this tendency seemed wellnigh hopeless. The National Horse Show was a financial failure

at first, but the directing heads were not discouraged, and success was finally the reward of persistence. Now Madison Square Garden is the great focal point of interest during horse-show week in November, and the rule of Fashion is absolute. The educational character of the show was so marked, giving emphasis to beauty of outline, manners, and appointments, as well as to motion, that its best features were reproduced in other social centers, to the advantage of the breeder and handler, and to the instructive pleasure of the community at large. The sea is not always calm. There are unexpected things which seriously disturb it. The President of the Horse Show Association must be versed in diplomacy to calm the troubled waters. At the Philadelphia Horse Show, in the spring of 1895, Colonel Lawrence Kip, who had excited envy by winning season after season in New York, met with keen disappointment. His celebrated light-harness pair, Mona and My May, were disqualified, and he expressed himself in no uncertain tones. I quote from a letter which he sent to me for publication:

"Of course Mr. Cassatt had done just right and tried to help his associates out of the hole. His vets. say Mona was lame. She is a Jay Gould, peculiarly gaited, and was not lame. My May, they say, whistled. She is free and sometimes frets when you take her back. She did not whistle. I certainly know something about the soundness of a horse. We were entered in a special, one prize. Four rib-

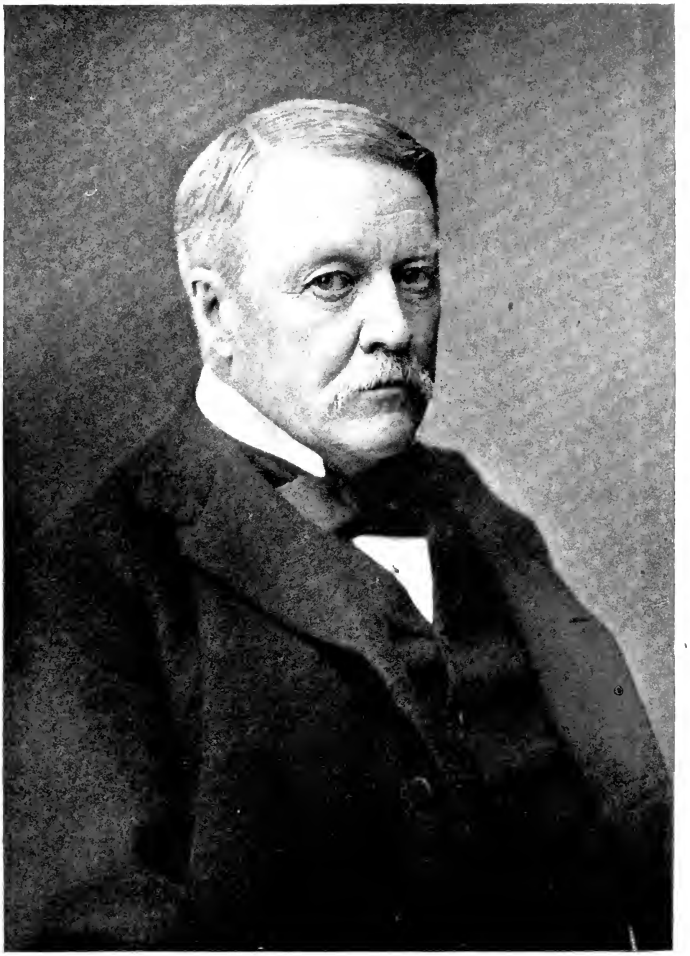
bons were given, three to Philadelphia and one to a coach team that had no business in the ring. The only way they could beat me was to declare the team unsound. Otherwise, all the blue ribbons of the week would have gone to my stable instead of to Philadelphians. If beaten on my merits, I should have said nothing. After this decision I at once shipped my team to New York, and sent for a vet. to examine them. He was several days at it, and gave them a most critical examination. He and his assistant pronounced them absolutely sound. If My May was broken-winded, she would not have recovered her form in one day."

Colonel Kip wound up his letter with the remark: "I shall be more domestic in the future, and others may profit by my experience."

Mr. A. J. Cassatt, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who was President of the Philadelphia Horse Show Association, in sending me a courteous, but caustic, reply to Colonel Kip, wrote me a personal letter:

"I send herewith an answer to Colonel Kip's letter, explaining the position of our Association, but I would be very much obliged if you will simply insert it with a quiet heading. Please do not call it the Cassatt-Kip Controversy, as I do not want to have any newspaper controversy with Colonel Kip, or anybody else. What I am writing is simply in justice to our Association, and to refute Colonel Kip's unsportsmanlike and unneighborly attack upon us, and I shall drop the subject here."

I complied with the request of Mr. Cassatt, but, in



A. J. CASSATT

spite of the modest heading, his letter was widely read. In closing his reply to it, Colonel Kip said:

"Mr. Cassatt makes a mistake when he says that I have attempted to discredit the management of a kindred Association. Neither by word nor deed have I given Mr. Cassatt reason to make such a statement. The Association is a great one, and all its members should be proud of it. A few years ago one of our vets. (National Horse Show Association) was discarded because charges and complaints were made against him. That did not mean that the people making them were hostile or desired to throw discredit upon our Association. Mr. Cassatt says I know perfectly well the difficulties that managers of horse shows have to contend with. I do, and I have been in the business since the organization of the National Horse Show; therefore, all the more regret moving in any matter that might cause the directors of any show trouble of any kind."

I am glad to say that the heated controversy left no serious sting. Mr. Cassatt was one of the directors of the National Horse Show, and, a few months after the publication of the correspondence, I sat in the box of Colonel Kip at the show in Madison Square Garden, and pleasantly chatted with him in the adjoining box, as did Colonel Kip. It was the prominence of the men which drew national attention to the little exchange of compliments. Colonel Kip was a successful exhibitor at horse shows, because he never sent a poorly appointed team before the judges. His taste was exquisite, and he was a leader

of fashion in this particular. Attempts were frequently made to copy him, but he was progressive and kept in advance of his imitators. His influence upon the light-driving school was marked, and he is borne in grateful remembrance. It is a pity that his days could not have been longer in the land. From hundreds of letters in my file I select a brief note:

"DEAR BUSBEY: I send you the list we spoke of. I will say here that I originated this list and others copied it. Cannot keep stable secrets.

"Sincerely,

"LAWRENCE KIP."

List of articles in wagon pocket: 1 hoof pick, 1 oil can, 1 monkey wrench, blanket pins, whisk broom, 1 set of wagon washers, 1 pair shaft rubbers, 1 harness punch, 1 wagon jack, 1 goggles or glasses, scrapers.

Here are eleven articles, and they are all that are needed for a drive through the park and on the road. Mr. R. M. C. Lord, who went into the light-harness ring at Madison Square Garden at one of the November shows, handed me a list of the things which he had in his road wagon, which I have preserved: Cooler, witch hazel, wrench, sponge, chloroform, snaffle bit, lap robe, halter, pins, castor oil, holders, rub cloth, nails, hammer, whip, bandages, rattlers, washers, flask, drenching bottle, storm cooler, mackintosh, hoof pick, corkscrew, galls cure, boots, horseshoes, currycomb.

Here are twenty-eight articles, against eleven, which is elaboration to a cumbersome degree. The man who goes for a two-hours' drive does not care to load up with things that come handy in a drive across the continent. Refined simplicity was a characteristic of Lawrence Kip. He was a soldier by profession and was ten years in the army among the Indians before the Civil War. He was Inspector General on General Wool's staff during the riots, and was on General Phil Sheridan's staff in all of that dashing officer's campaigns. He witnessed the surrender at Appomattox, and resigned his commission two years after the war. He was President of the Coney Island Jockey Club, Vice President of the National Horse Show Association, President of the Suburban Riding and Driving Club, and a member of the Union, Metropolitan and Tuxedo Clubs. He took great interest in the bill approved by Governor Frank S. Black, which brought prosperity to the running turf in the State of New York. Under date of January 25, 1897, he wrote to me:

"Bradford and I had a talk to-day about racing matters. We came to the conclusion that if you could bring General Tracy and Auerbach together a great deal of good could be accomplished. If the running interest and the trotting interest pull in different directions, much harm to both will follow. On the contrary, great good, if they pull together. Mr. Auerbach has information, I am told, that would be of great value to General Tracy. Has

General Tracy prepared his bill yet? I hope you will bring these parties together."

February 9, 1897, he wrote me another letter, from which I extract:

"I told Bradford to arrange with Auerbach to meet General Tracy. I am leaving town next week. I should like to have them meet before the bill is sent up."

The endorsement of General Benj. F. Tracy was necessary to pass a bill through the Republican Legislature at Albany, and to obtain the approval of Governor Black. The ex-Secretary of the Navy was reluctant to give this endorsement, and he declined to do so until, at the urgent request of Mr. August Belmont, I arranged for a meeting between the General and Mr. Auerbach. After that all was plain sailing and racing took giant strides forward.

At the Boston Horse Show in April, 1902, G. M. Webb, the manager of the stable of Mr. E. T. Stotesbury of Philadelphia, created a ripple of excitement by lodging a protest against the mare Blue Seal, owned and entered by Mr. W. M. V. Hoffman. It afterwards was made plain that Mr. Webb was mistaken as to the identity of the mare which he protested, and which, on account of the protests, remained in her stall. At the November, 1902, Horse Show in Madison Square Garden, Mr. Hoffman was again in competition with Mr. Stotesbury, and the awards led to controversy. In a letter

W. M. V. HOFFMAN

addressed to the National Horse Show Association Mr. Hoffman stated his case:

"The mare, Ruritania, driven by Mr. Webb in class 15, was unanimously declared unsound by all three of the Association veterinary surgeons, and was given the gate on account of being unsound. After the mare was given the gate, the driver of the mare, Mr. Webb, obtained immediate permission from the ring committee of that day to re-enter the ring with the mare, after unhooking her from the vehicle, and allowed a groom to jog the animal in the ring up and down in front of the veterinary surgeons in order to try to prove that the mare was not unsound. After jogging the mare up and down several times, one of the veterinary surgeons declared the mare to be sound, the other two still holding to their opinion that the mare was unsound. The ring committee then allowed the mare to be rehooked to the vehicle and to re-enter the competition, and she was immediately awarded the first prize, and my mare, Vida Wilkes, was awarded second prize. I write this letter simply to ask your Board of Directors whether it is right or just, after a horse has been declared unsound by the veterinary surgeons and given the gate on account of such unsoundness, to be allowed within the space of three minutes to re-enter the same competition."

The statement of Mr. Hoffman was questioned by the directors, and a bombshell came in the shape of a statement, signed by the three veterinary surgeons, Wm. Sheppard, Thomas G. Sherwood, and J. E. Ryder:

"When the mare Ruritania came into the ring on Saturday afternoon, November 22, 1902, we noticed that she did not go sound, and we ruled her out as unsound. We notified the driver, Mr. Webb, the ring committee, and two of the judges to this effect. After we had made the above reports, the ring committee decided to allow the driver of the mare to unharness her and lead the mare to halter in the ring. Two of us held to our opinion that the mare was not free from lameness, and one thought she went sound. She again became a competitor, and was awarded first prize."

The daily journals made a sensation of the story, and bitter feeling was engendered, but there was no change of awards. Colonel Lawrence Kip had then passed over to the majority, and I have often wondered what he would have said had he been alive. It was in Philadelphia that his mares were ruled out as unsound, and seven years later a New Yorker charged that he had been discriminated against in the New York show, and in favor of a Philadelphian. It was something like wayward chickens coming home to roost.

Mr. Hoffman, who always tries to send his horses before judges in perfect condition, and whose taste for appointments is second only to that displayed by Colonel Kip, all through the animated controversy held Mr. E. T. Stotesbury blameless. The Philadelphia banker was not present and knew nothing of the affair until after the award had been made.

CORNELIUS FELLOWES

PRESIDENT NATIONAL HORSE SHOW ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

CHAPTER XVII

R. S. VEECH AND INDIAN HILL

At the time I write, the oldest living trotting-horse breeder of note is R. S. Veech, founder of Indian Hill Stock Farm, near Louisville, Ky. In the old days 1000 acres were in grass and the pastures were watered by the stream known as Bear Grass. The soil rested upon a limestone foundation and the grass contained bone and muscle-producing properties. In the ground-work of his stud Mr. Veech recognized the marked superiority of the Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief families, and his leading stallion, Princeps, was by Woodford Mambrino (son of Mambrino Chief), out of Primrose by Alexander's Abdallah, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Woodford Mambrino was one of the most determined of race horses, and a conspicuous sire of speed. The famous queen of the trotting turf, Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, was a daughter of Alexander's Abdallah. Princeps was a horse of 16 hands, of fine temper, action, and resolution, and he won an enviable reputation as a sire of trotters that could successfully fight the battles of the Grand Circuit. Through Black Rose, his granddam, as well as through Woodbine, the dam of Woodford Mambrino, he traced directly to the thoroughbred. and races of divided

heats were the joy of his descendants. As time went by Mr. Veech made use of other stallions at Indian Hill, such as Arthurton by Rysdyk's Hambletonian out of Imogene by Seely's American Star; Director, 2.17, by Dictator out of Dolly by Mambrino Chief; Phallas, 2.13¾, by Dictator out of Betsy Trotwood, by Clark Chief, and Axtell, 2.12, by William L., out of Lou by Mambrino Boy. Dictator was leased for a season and so was Phallas. The latter by virtue of his record was the champion trotting stallion, and I quote from a letter written to me by Mr. Veech February 14, 1888:

"I have just closed a contract for the exclusive public service of Phallas during his season in Kentucky, from February 1 to May 1, no one else but the Glenview Company being permitted to breed to him during that period. I trust that the cross will prove successful, and a benefit to the trotting-horse interests of the country."

Many of the daughters of Princeps were bred to Phallas. After Axtell had trotted to a three-year-old record of 2.12, and had changed owners for the great sum of $105,000, Mr. Veech bred fifteen mares to him at $1000 each. In the brood-mare band at Indian Hill in 1886 were five by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, eight by George Wilkes, twelve by Volunteer, five by Messenger Duroc, and others by Nutwood, Alexander's Abdallah, Mambrino Patchen, Woodford Mambrino, Sentinel, Hamlet, and Pilot Mambrino. One of the brood mares

was Farce by Princeps, dam Roma by Golddust, second dam Bruna by Pilot Jr. She trotted to a record of 2.29¼, and her sister, Romance, to a record of 2.29½. Speed came from both. Bon Voyage, the bay colt who won the two-year-old Futurity at Lexington, October 5, 1904, in 2.15, 2.15¼, the fastest of the class for the year, is by Expedition out of Bon Mot by Erin, and she out of Farce. Jack Axworthy, bay gelding, foaled 1902, and who beat Bon Voyage at Lexington the week after the Futurity in 2.15¼, 2.16½, is by Axworthy, out of My Trinket by Stamboul, she out of Trinket, 2.14, by Princeps. These were the two best two-year-old performances for the season of 1904. Ouida, dam of Trinket, was one of the great brood mares at Indian Hill. Her sire was Princeps, and her dam was the running-bred mare, Morning Glory by imp. Consternation. Trinket was a sensational trotter, and Ouida is now recognized as a fountain of speed. Toto, the sister of Trinket, is the dam of three, and her daughter Charm, by Santa Claus, is the dam of eight in the list. Triton, the brother of Trinket, trotted fast the spring he was three years old, but was injured and thrown out of training. He is a sire of speed. Mr. Veech was rewarded by adhering in the face of ignorant clamor to speed-supporting blood. Epaulet, who trotted to a five-year-old record of 2.19, and who was sold for $22,500, was by Auditor (son of Hambletonian and My Lady by imp. Trustee) out of Pantalette (dam of Esco-

bar, 2.13¾, and Burglar, 2.24¼) by Princeps, and she out of Florence by Volunteer. Burglar, Escobar, and Epaulet are sires of speed, but the rank of Epaulet is much the highest.

From a letter written to me by R. S. Veech November 14, 1904, I extract:

"I remember with a great deal of pleasure the days now forever gone, when you and your friends from New York used to make an annual invasion of Kentucky, as Myron P. Bush called it. The breeding farms of that day, including Messrs. Alexander, West, Pepper, Stoner, McFerran, McDowell, and others too numerous to name, are no longer in existence, and the proprietors thereof have passed over the river. Messrs. Backman, Thorne, and Goldsmith are no longer among the living. I alone, excepting our good friend Lucas Brodhead, seem to be left to remind one of those happy days. My good wife, who always rejoiced to meet and entertain my friends, passed away last April. If I had my life to live over, I don't know how it could be spent more happily than on a stock farm talking horse with my friends that came to the house. It was one continual life of pleasure, delightful and innocent. For the last few years I have had from eight to twelve foals each year. The granddams of the best two-year-old trotters out this year were bred at Indian Hill, and were got by Princeps."

Mr. Veech is a quiet, thoughtful man, fond of his own fireside. When sitting with him and his wife in the days to which he alludes, in front of the cheerful blaze, I have been reminded of the social development which followed the discovery of primi-

tive man—making fire by friction. The spark became a flame, and the woman who bore children stood guard over it, while man, the hunter, roamed in search of food and returned at nightfall armed against hunger. Fire thus was the beginning of home, and, through all subsequent ages, the poet has sung of the sweetness and the tender graces of the fireside. It was in the library of the mansion at Indian Hill that Mr. Veech carefully weighed blood lines in the balance, rejecting those found wanting, and making such wise use of those which stood the test as to place the farm in the front rank of breeding establishments. When weary of complex problems, the lawn, the shrubbery, and the birds, which seemed to court familiarity, diverted his mind and stimulated afresh his love of the domestic fireside. The man who succeeds as a breeder must think as well as act. He cannot glide through life on butterfly wings.

As I look from my study window, in the fading light of a golden afternoon, out upon the withered grass of the mesa, touched by the frosts of November, and at the mountains which notch the sky, revealing foundations of impressive boldness and strength, silent but overwhelming evidence of Omnipotence, memories of pleasant days at Indian Hill rise up with R. S. Veech as the central figure of the group, and, now that the sweetly cherished light of my own home has gone out, a longing for the old fireside steals over me.

CHAPTER XVIII

E. H. HARRIMAN AND OTHER BREEDERS

WHEN I first met Edward H. Harriman he kept one horse which he drove on the road, and now and then stopped at Gabe Case's or John Barry's. Time was more valuable to him than to other road riders, such as Lawrence Kip and A. Newbold Morris, and less and less he mingled with the circles of good cheer. When he became one of the great railroad powers of the country, he turned his attention to breeding, and the Arden Farms establishment was a positive recreation. He controlled the half-mile track at Goshen, and it was his custom on pleasant summer days to drive there with members of his family and participate in a series of contests. He would get up in the sulky behind Stamboul or John R. Gentry, and forget perplexing questions of business in a flight around the circle. Choosing from the quartette of Elsie S., Helen Grace, Rival, and Hilda S., all mares with fast records, he would match his skill against that of his professional trainer, W. J. Andrews, and the glow on his face, when he succeeded in first reaching the wire, was worth more than all the drugs in Christendom. Driving in the open air was a real tonic to a man whose nerves were delicately tuned, and whose appearance was far from

robust. Mrs. Harriman enjoyed these exhibitions of speed, and it was largely owing to her influence that Mr. Harriman kept up his breeding establishment. For Stamboul Mr. Harriman paid $41,000, and he did not regret the transaction, albeit the American Trotting Register Association rejected the record of 2.07½. The race-horse quality of Stamboul was demonstrated by his victory in the Grand National Stallion Stakes, $20,000, at Bay District Track, San Francisco, October 20, 1888. The stallion was driven by Orrin A. Hickok, and he won in 2.17, 2.17¾, 2.17, after losing the first heat to Woodnut by Nutwood in 2.17. The third competitor was Antevolo. In the language of one of the chroniclers of the event, "There was not a speck in the blue sky, which always paled the deep tone of the ocean. The afternoon breezes were zephyrs such as the weather-worn inhabitants of the East only dream of." After his transfer to Arden Farms, Stamboul was a blue-ribbon winner at the horse shows, and, when he died, he was buried in the pretty infield of the Goshen track. John R. Gentry, the handsome pacing stallion, is one of the pets of Mr. Harriman, who has frequently driven him on the road. When John R. Gentry in 1896 defeated Joe Patchen at Springfield, Ill., Mr. Harriman was one of the 60,000 spectators, and displayed the enthusiasm of youth. In the summer of 1899 Mr. Harriman went with the scientific expedition to Alaskan waters, the expenses of which expedition he paid,

and the result was a valuable addition to the world's fund of knowledge. As the active spirit of the Orange County Horse and Road Improvement Association, Mr. Harriman has made driving more comfortable than ever before in that great grazing district, and, as the founder of the Orange County Horse Show and the Orange County Hunt, he has contributed immensely to the brightness of life.

Parkway Farm, the country home of the late John McCarty, is on rising ground facing the Orange County Driving Park, and it is very pleasant to sit in the shade of the trees on a summer morning and see the horses make the circuit. The famous pacer, Joe Patchen, sire of Dan Patch, was owned by Mr. McCarty, and I have frequently seen this great stallion jogging to the railway station at Goshen and meet John R. Gentry on the way. The two horses were bitter antagonists for years, and I sometimes wondered what their thoughts were as they confronted each other in the shaded streets of a town given over to repose. Mr. McCarty died in October, 1905.

J. Howard Ford, who after the death of Charles Backman became the master of Stony Ford, is keeping up the traditions of the grand old place. He made many changes in the mansion, but left the smoking-room as it was, and the little conventions gather around the center table, as in days of yore, and talk horse and settle to their own satisfaction the grave questions which agitate the world. The lead-

AUSTRAL, OWNED BY J. HOWARD FORD, STONY FORD

ing stallion is Austral, a handsome brown of 15.3, by Bow Bells (son of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells), dam Rosy Morn, the great producing daughter of Alcantara, second dam Noontide, the producing daughter of Harold; third dam Midnight, the producing daughter of Pilot Jr.; fourth dam Twilight by Lexington, and fifth dam Daylight by imp. Glencoe. It is a remarkable pedigree, and Austral is a fine individual and a sire of speed. The brood mares, selected for quality and speed-producing lines, graze with their foals in the pasture in front of the mansion, and the beautiful picture revives memories of the long ago.

Mr. Wm. Rockefeller started a small breeding farm at Greenwich, Conn., and his stallion was Independence, by General Knox, who, in 1883, trotted in double harness with Cleora to a record of 2.16½. Only a few mares were bred to Independence, and their foals were used on the road. Mr. Rockefeller changed his country residence to the banks of the Hudson, and his breeding enterprise came to an abrupt end. His brother, Mr. Frank Rockefeller, established a breeding farm at Cleveland, Ohio, and for a time was quite a factor in the business. His principal stallion was Haroldmont, a chestnut of 16 hands, by Harold out of Wilna by Belmont, she out of Woodford Belle by Gay's Mambrino. As a three-year-old Haroldmont was fast, but met with an accident which retired him from the training school, and then he was relegated to the stud. The best of

his get were Rizpah, 2.13¼ (trial 2.09¼), and Hettiemont, 2.16¼. The second stallion was Extractor, a chestnut by Expedition, 2.15¾, dam Rosebush by Woodford Mambrino, second dam Primrose by Alexander's Abdallah. I was at Woodburn Farm when Extractor, as a three-year-old in 1895, trotted in 2.18½, and was sold to Mr. Rockefeller. As a four-year-old the young horse was lamed and thrown out of training. He was a great prospect, but an accident spoiled his career. Mr. Rockefeller's fastest trotter was Maud C. by Binderton, by Belmont, dam Nita Atlantic by Almont. She obtained a public record of 2.10¼, but in 1896 trotted a quarter to wagon in 30 seconds, and a half-mile to sulky in 1.01¼. Mr. Rockefeller sold Maud C. to Mr. Robert Bonner, and she trotted a mile for her new owner in 2.07¼, the fastest mile ever made on a three-quarter track. Mr. Rockefeller was quite enthusiastic over his horses, and the last time I talked with him he had not caught the automobile fever.

Round Top Farm at Bernardsville, N. J., is the recreation ground of one of our large financiers, Hon. Fred. P. Olcott, long President of the Central Trust Co. of New York. The first stallion that found shelter in the stables was Lord Eldon by Mansfield (son of Green Mountain Maid), dam Xantippe, one of Mr. Backman's favorite brood mares, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, second dam Lady Fallis, the producing daughter of Seely's American Star. The second stallion purchased by Mr. Olcott

was Palatka by Nutwood, dam Atlanta by Alcantara, second dam Starling by George Wilkes, and third dam the famous Jessie Pepper by Mambrino Chief. These are great blood lines, but Palatka was hardly equal to his opportunities. Athel, the brother of Arion, who sold for $125,000, was purchased by Mr. Olcott for $25,000, and he is a brown stallion of high quality. The fastest of his trotters is Bugle, 2.12¼. One of the brood mares at Round Top Farm is Alar by Alcantara, dam Myra by Knickerbocker, second dam Thorndale Maid, the producing daughter of Thorndale. Mr. Olcott campaigned her and took much pleasure in watching her resolute finishes. After she had trotted to a record of 2.11 she was bred to Athel and the result was Emsie, a brown filly foaled in 1900, and who took a standard record in 1904. We shall see more Round Top Farm horses enter the list when they are given a good chance in the training school. Mr. Olcott was the President of the Road Riders' Association of New York, which was effective in shaping the sentiment which secured the Harlem River Speedway, and it is gratifying to find him among breeders not dead to sentiment. He gets more pleasure than actual money out of his farm.

When So So, driven by Crit Davis, trotted at Lexington, October 12, 1877, to a two-year-old record of 2.31, she was hailed as a wonder. She was by George Wilkes, out of Little Ida by Alexander's Edwin Forrest, she out of Ida May by Red Jacket,

and was owned by J. T. Shackelford of Richmond, Ky. Colonel H. S. Russell, finding that I was on my way to Kentucky, asked me to try and buy So So for him, and I opened negotiations, but the price was more than I was willing to pay. The daughter of Little Ida finally trotted to a record of 2.17¼, and became a brood mare at Midway Park, the breeding farm of N. W. Kittson at St. Paul, Minn., and she is now the dam of five in the list and of two speed-begetting sons. The most famous horse owned by Colonel Russell at Home Farm, Milton, Mass., was Smuggler, who defeated Goldsmith Maid, and in the spring of 1883 I asked the price paid for the stallion, wishing to use the information in a sketch. The laconic reply was:

"I am just back from California. I have forgotten what I gave for Smuggler, but, if my memory does not deceive me, it was just about half what he was worth. Pardon me,

"Faithfully yours,
"H. S. RUSSELL."

In the fall of 1889 Colonel Russell paid another visit to California, in the hope of finding a stallion to suit him, but was disappointed. He stopped at Lexington on his way back to Massachusetts, and was very much impressed by Edgemark, who had just trotted to a four-year-old record of 2.16. Edgemark was by Victor Von Bismarck, out of Edgewater Belle, a noble-looking mare by Edgewater, she out

of Easter by American Clay, and Colonel Russell bought him and transferred him to Home Farm. Edgewater Belle soon after this passed to Allen Farm. June 15, 1891, Colonel Russell wrote to me:

"I saw and admired the dam of Edgemark before buying him; but hope some day the pleasure of seeing all the wonders of Allen Farm. It is generally best to let well enough alone, but, if a race or races could be arranged this fall, between Kremlin and Edgemark, I think all New England would turn out. If both horses were right, they would make sport, and neither would be disgraced at being beaten. We are all getting old and ought to catch at every chance for fun."

No race was made, and Edgemark did not improve his record, but was successful in the stud. His fastest trotter is Miss Whitney, 2.07½, out of Nettie T., a daughter of Smuggler. The last stallion purchased by Colonel Russell was Answer, 2.20, by Electioneer out of Annette by Lexington. Of him he wrote:

"He won the only two races he ever started in, is 16 hands, and his breeding represents the highest point arrived at by Governor Stanford, and his speed endorses the Governor's judgment."

It is really too bad that men of the type of Colonel H. S. Russell should ever feel the shadows of age. The owner of Home Farm always labored to

advance the best interests of the trotting turf, and of breeding. He died in February, 1905, aged 67. His son, Howland S. Russell, is a conspicuous owner and breeder of horses, and, as President of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, was a strong factor in promoting the best interests of the trotting turf.

CHAPTER XIX

WILLIAM EDWARDS AND DISCIPLINE

In 1885 Thos. J. Dunbar was training and driving for W. J. Gordon, and, not liking a decision of the Cleveland Driving Park judges, he met President Wm. Edwards outside of the Park grounds and heaped abuse upon him. The Association then placed Dunbar under expulsion, and a case was made for the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association. At the meeting, held in New York December 1, 1885, Judge James Grant in the chair, Hon. H. M. Whitehead appeared for the Cleveland Driving Park Company, and said in opposition to the motion adjourning the hearing to Chicago:

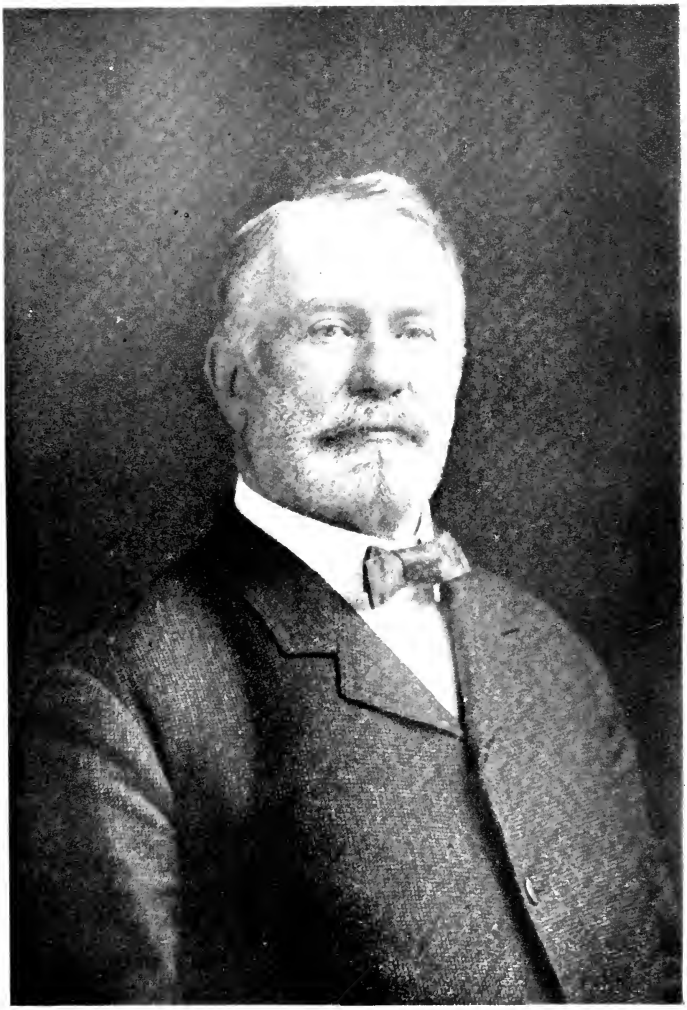
"The papers that are on file in this case show that the venomous words that have been squirted by Mr. Dunbar over the Cleveland Park Association and over the President of the course have penetrated with their odor every city and town which is interested in the turf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The newspapers of this country from one end of it to the other have discussed the question, and have stated the facts with more or less exactness. It would seem to me and to others to be a case demanding the immediate attention and action of this Board, as in its character it tends to injure

the very sport which this Board is organized to preserve and protect."

Notwithstanding the forcible words of Mr. Whitehead, President Grant announced that it was the unanimous opinion of the Board that the hearing should be continued to the Chicago session. Mr. Edwards was annoyed by this decision, and, under date of December 30, 1885, he wrote to me:

"While heretofore I have been opposed to the proxy business, as carried on in the past, I feel now that we should quietly go to Chicago with all the proxies possible. We got a letter a few days ago from Bemis, asking for our proxy, which shows me he will make every effort possible to control the nominations of the trotting congress. I wrote to Archer and Powers to get all possible proxies, and to work quietly. I have had Fasig write to all the associations in this State, that, if they were not going to attend the congress, to give us all their proxies. All I want is good, straight, honorable men elected. These we must have, or go to the wall. You can see how Dunbar is working up his case, while we have kept entirely still. I want to win, as I believe it just. If Dunbar is allowed to go free, it will hurt the trotting interests with respectable men. I believe the Board in New York should have sustained the expulsion."

The proceedings of the trotting congress in February, 1886, at Chicago, were stormy, but the best elements controlled, and the rule in regard to decorum was made to fit the Dunbar case. Any driver or other person "who at any time or place shall use



H. M. WHITEHEAD

improper language to an officer of the course, or a judge of a race," such "improper language or conduct having reference to acts and things connected with the administration of the course, or of any race thereon," shall be punished by fine, suspension, or expulsion. At the May session of the Board of Review the Cleveland ruling was sustained, and President Edwards wrote me:

"I don't think the decision was as ample as it should have been. It should have been left to us to say whether we would receive an apology. Dunbar's action and language since the occurrence should have caused him some delay in getting back. I am satisfied that he fell into bad hands when Walker and Bemis got hold of him. Now, my good friend, will you write in your powerful way a strong editorial on the subject? You know how it has been claimed that I provoked the assault. Now, I feel as though I should be properly vindicated, not as one to persecute the unfortunate. Bemis managed Dunbar's case before the Board, prompting the lawyers. He also managed his own case, and you would have pitied him, for, I can assure you, his appearance was pitiable in every way, almost committing himself."

I had charged H. V. Bemis with starting two horses owned by him in one race, and the Board found him guilty. Later I wrote an article, pointing out that the trotting track would pass under a cloud, unless decorum was maintained on it, and Wm. B. Fasig, who was then Secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park, wrote me:

"Let me congratulate you on your article on Decorum. It is the very best thing I have read; clear, plain, fair, and concise. I read it to Mr. Gordon, and it tickled him immensely. He pronounced it the 'best said' article he had seen in a long time."

At the October, 1905, meeting of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association I met Thos. J. Dunbar, and his greeting was as pleasant as in the days before I felt it my duty to take sides against him. The Cleveland lesson did him good, and he bears no grudges. He no longer drives horses in races, but takes pleasure in watching the efforts of younger men in the sulky.

In June, 1891, Wm. Edwards told me, in a long letter, of a fast trial trotted by Guy, and added:

"I do not know if Mr. Gordon's health will give him the energy to take Guy in hand and let someone have him that has had great experience in conditioning horses for an effort to beat the record, but, as I have said before, I honestly believe the black gelding can do it. I have always felt that it was cruel that Maud S. was not allowed to have a further trial to beat the present record. As I wrote you and Mr. Bonner many times, I believe she could have trotted in 2.07 or 2.07½, and I was much pleased, in talking with Geo. W. Archer, to find that he held the same opinion."

Guy, 2.09¾, by Kentucky Prince, out of Flora Gardiner by Seely's American Star, was the fastest trotter ever bred at Stony Ford by Chas. Backman.

CHAPTER XX

S. S. HOWLAND AS A BREEDER

In August, 1889, I received a letter from Mr. S. S. Howland, whose country home, Belwood, was at Mt. Morris, Livingston County, N. Y.:

"This section of the country, the Genesee Valley, unable to compete with the West in wheat, is trying to recover its old reputation of producing the best general-purpose horses of New York. We have the best of pasturage, good water, a species of Blue Grass, and mild winters. Horses are permitted to run out all the year round with simply a shed or often only a straw stack to shelter them. Within a radius of twenty-five miles over thirty stallions of every sort are standing. On a low calculation, 900 colts are bred annually, good, bad and indifferent. The native mares are of fair quality, having in the past been carefully looked after, but through breeding to small trotting stallions, many have bred small. The farmer finds horse-raising even now profitable, but what to breed to is the great question."

I was asked for an opinion and gave it, and in a second letter Mr. Howland wrote:

"There is the most perfect and delightful ignorance existing as a rule among the farming community as to what to breed for and how to get it. The

farmers don't want to wait for experiments, but run like sheep after this or that horse that Tom Smith or Billy Brown has got a colt from that either turned out a trotter or brought a good figure. Regarding the experiment of crossing half-bred Percheron mares to thoroughbreds, Pierre Lorillard told me he tried it over and over again, and recrossed the get, but never got a horse worth anything. The French coachers I find do not breed true, and the nearest approach to a first-class carriage and farm horse sire I have seen (and I have tried to look carefully into the matter here and in England and Europe) is the Russian trotter. They combine size, color, bone (and real bone), endurance and speed, as well as action. They have never, I believe, been tried as a cross with our native trotting-bred (poor quality) mares, but I feel sure that the result will be a good one. I have spent three years among Arabs, and do not believe in them much more than you do. I think that with half-bred Percheron mares they might produce good colts, but don't care to experiment myself. There is no better stallion, of course, than a horse like Mambrino King or Chimes, but such horses cannot be put within the reach of the working classes."

In August, 1890, I went to Belwood, and was charmed with the place and the surrounding country. One of the Belwood stallions was Leopard, a gray of fifteen hands, presented to General U. S. Grant by the Sultan of Turkey. "What is the Arab horse?" asks Mr. Howland in a circular which I have preserved. "He is the strongest and purest, the oldest and best-blooded animal in the world. On

the monuments of Egypt and Greece, many of them built thousands of years before Christ, we find the same beautiful head and neck, the same deer-like limbs portrayed. Every known breed of horses traces directly or indirectly to the Arabian. The Thoroughbred, the Hackney, the Cleveland Bay, the Percheron, the Clydesdale, and the French Coacher, all have the Arab cross. All breeds of horses require, from time to time, a new infusion of thoroughbred blood, or they degenerate into worthlessness. The strongest, the purest blood is Arabian."

As the law of reversion to type is universal, why should not a horse built up from the Arab revert, when left to himself, to the rather diminutive form of the Arab with his sprawling action? Leave the magnificent rose of the garden alone and the result will be a drift backward to the dogrose of the hedge. Life is affected by change in environment, and probably the environment of Europe and America does not respond as favorably to the external relations of the Arab horse as does Arabia or Turkey. Certainly Leopard did not rise to the expectations of those who bred to him at Belwood or elsewhere in this country. But seeing Leopard standing with Mr. Howland in the shade of an oak was a picture not readily forgotten. He who loves a tree in the landscape loves the horse that seeks its shade, and the trinity is complete when a handsome woman sits on the back of the horse. Three grades of develop-

ment were typified by the Belwood group, and I recall the graceful words of Henry Drummond:

"At the bottom of the biological scale we find organisms which have only the most limited correspondence with their surroundings. A tree, for example, corresponds with the soil about its stem, with the sunlight, and with the air in contact with its leaves. But it is shut off by its comparatively low development from a whole world to which higher forms of life have additional access. The want of locomotion alone circumscribes most seriously its area of correspondence, so that to a large part of surrounding nature it may be truly said to be dead. So far as consciousness is concerned, we should be justified indeed in saying that it is not alive at all. The murmur of the stream which bathes its roots affects it not. The marvelous insect life beneath its shadow excites in it no wonder. The tender maternity of the bird which has its nest among its leaves stirs no responsive sympathy. It cannot correspond with these things. To stream and insect and bird it is insensible, torpid, dead. For this is Death, this irresponsiveness. The bird again, which is higher in the scale of life, corresponds with a wider environment. The stream is real to it and the insect. It knows what lies behind the hill; it listens to the love-song of its mate. And to much besides beyond the simple world of the tree, this higher organism is alive. The bird we should say, is more living than the tree; it has a correspondence with a larger area of environment. But this bird life is not yet the highest life. Even within the immediate bird environment, there is much to which the bird must still be held to be dead. Introduce a higher organism,

place man himself within this same environment, and see how much more living he is. A hundred things which the bird never saw in insect, stream, or tree appeal to him. Each single sense has something to correspond with. Each faculty finds an appropriate exercise. Man is a mass of correspondences, and because of these, because he is alive to countless objects and influences to which lower organisms are dead, he is the most living of all creatures."

At the base of the stone and the plant are the same atoms, but the plant has more of what we call life than the stone. The natural ascent is from crystal to plant, from plant to animal, and the summit is the spiritual life of man.

The Russian trotting stallion at Belwood was a black horse of sixteen hands called Orloff, bred by Nicholas Alexandrovitch Konoplin of Siliverstovka, Russia, and imported by Count Greger, Consul-General of Russia. In his leaflet Mr. Howland said:

"Though not considered as fast as the American trotter, the Orloffs are far superior to anything produced in Europe, and for long-distance races, many contend, to our own."

Since 1890 a great many good trotting stallions and mares have been shipped across the Atlantic to Europe, and from them trotters are being bred with which the Russian horses cannot successfully compete. In July, 1876, I published an offer of $10,000 in gold for an international stallion trot at Philadelphia in October, 1876, and I entered into corre-

spondence with Mr. Moerder, the Secretary of the General Directory of the Imperial Studs of Russia, relative to obtaining Orloff entries. Mr. Moerder was in sympathy with the offer, but the breeders of his country were not ready for the test. The stipulation was that two horses from Russia should enter and start. Capt. Theo. Ismailoff came twice to this country with the pick of Orloff studs, the last time in 1893, but failed to make a favorable impression. Leland Stanford and W. E. D. Stokes also labored without effect to make the Orloff popular in America. The Russian trotter was not able to make our best trotters extend themselves. It was Count Alexis Orloff-Tchestmensky who created the Orloff breed. He bred a large-boned Danish mare to the pure Arabian stallion, Smetanka, and produced Polkan 1st, a horse of larger frame than his sire. A muscular Dutch mare was bred to Polkan 1st, and the product was Barss 1st, a horse with stout muscles and fine trotting action. English and Arabian blood were now introduced, and in this way Dobry, Lubenzy, and Lebed were produced, from which three the best Orloffs are descended. The first time that Captain Ismailoff came to this country, I really felt sorry for him. His horses showed so poorly on the tracks as to excite ridicule. Mr. Howland was wise in recommending his Orloff stallion only to those desirous of raising carriage and farm horses.

CHAPTER XXI

SIMMONS, STONER, AND THAYER

ZACHARIA E. SIMMONS had in his younger days a fine athletic figure and his intellect was keen. He made money rapidly and spent it lavishly, and was quite a lion among those who frequented the Hoffman House. He drove the best horses on the road and stood ready to match his horses on the track. To lose did not ruffle his temper, and to win did not make him boastful. He and his brother, Wm. L. Simmons, owned and raced the stallion George Wilkes, and then sent him to Kentucky, where he found blood lines to suit him and founded a great family of trotters. The brothers disagreed and Geo. Wilkes passed to Wm. L. Simmons, and was at the head of Ashgrove Stock Farm, near Lexington. His three sons, Jay Bird, William L. and Young Jim, helped to make the Ashgrove group prominent, and so many visitors flocked to the farm that William L. Simmons gave his address in his catalogue as George Wilkes Simmons, Lexington. In the flush days of Kentucky breeding money was coined at Ashgrove Farm, and Wm. L. Simmons became so wedded to Blue Grass that he could not be persuaded to visit New York City, where his well-

dressed form once was conspicuous in the Broadway promenade. When the depression came, Wm. L. Simmons closed out his trotting breeding establishment and turned his attention to the rearing and racing of thoroughbreds. I have never believed that he felt thoroughly at home on running tracks. Z. E. Simmons, after separating from his brother, established near Lexington, Wilkes Lodge Farm, with Florida, the inbred son of Hambletonian, as his premier stallion. His good luck star had vanished, and the establishment never obtained prominence. The hair turned snow-white, the straight and athletic figure was bent, and a dollar was made to go further than a thousand did in halcyon days. Z. E. Simmons had experience with the extremes of life, and passed away without wishing to extend his experience. The friends of the trotting horse who have good memories will thank him for what he did when trotting was weak and badly disorganized. H. M. Whitehead, who was the legal adviser of Mr. Simmons, tells how he has seen his client exclude bills of larger denomination than $10 from his pocket, previous to starting for a stroll up Broadway. Eph. Simmons was well known, and so many supplicating hands halted the promenade, none of which was denied, that small bills became necessary.

Colonel Robert G. Stoner was born on his father's farm, seven miles from Mt. Sterling, Ky., and, at the age of twenty-one, he entered the Confederate Army. At the close of the Civil War he began

his career as farmer and breeder of trotting horses, removing from Mt. Sterling to Bourbon County, Ky., where he was remarkably successful. In 1873 he purchased Strathmore and used him to good advantage in the stud. The best entire son of Strathmore is Santa Claus, 2.17½, sire of Wm. Penn, 2.07¼, and of Sidney, sire of Sidney Dillon, the sire of Dolly Dillon and Lou Dillon. The latter was the champion trotter of 1903. In 1876 and in 1883 Colonel Stoner held what might be called weeding-out sales, progress being his watchword, and, in his catalogue of 1889, he was able to say:

"Not one of the fifty-five animals in my stud is by a horse that has failed to trot fast himself, or sire speed."

The stallions were Baron Wilkes, whose fee was $350, and Mambrino Russell. The latter was a chestnut horse of 16.1 hands, by Woodford Mambrino, 2.21½, out of Miss Russell, the dam of Maud S. and Nutwood. This horse was formerly owned by Mr. Paul Dana of New York, who purchased him at Woodburn on account of his rare combination of blood. His success in the stud was not as pronounced as had been anticipated. The tendency to pace which he transmitted evidently came from Pilot Jr., the sire of his dam, and this pacing tendency seemed to grow with the generations. Evolution presents some curious phases, and Herbert Spencer was moved to remark:

"The law that each creature shall take the benefits and the evils of its nature, be they those derived from ancestry or those due to self-produced modifications, has been the law under which life has evolved thus far, and it must continue to be the law, however much further life may evolve."

At Woodburn, and in the hands of Mr. Dana, Mambrino Russell was well nourished, and his growth was rapid. I sometimes doubt if overgrowth does not warp the lines which give speed of the sturdy stamp. Again I quote Spencer:

"The welfare of a living body implies an approximate equilibrium between waste and repair. If the activities involve an expenditure not made good by nutrition, dwindling follows. If the tissues are enabled to take up from the blood, enriched by food, fit substances enough to replace those used up in efforts made, the weight may be maintained. And if the gain exceeds the loss, growth results."

Mambrino Russell was naturally fast, but an injury to his ankle when young prevented him from taking a record. If this injury had not occurred, Mr. Dana would have campaigned him. It was his ambition to own and develop a fast trotter.

Baron Wilkes was bred by Bryan Hurst of Fayette County, Ky., and his blood lines appealed strongly to Colonel Stoner. He was foaled May 5, 1882, and his sire was Geo. Wilkes, and his dam was Belle Patchen by Mambrino Patchen, second dam Sally Chorister (dam of Proteine, 2.18, and

Belle Brasfield, 2.20), by Mambrino Chorister (son of Mambrino Chief and Montague, mare by Chorister by imp. Contract); third dam Miss Blood, by Blood's Black Hawk, by Hill's Black Hawk, sire of Ethan Allen, and fourth dam the Parker Craig mare by Moore's Pilot, by Sam Slick by Old Pilot, sire of Pilot Jr. In 1886 Colonel Stoner described Baron Wilkes as "a young horse of nice action—the action of a trotter, clean, frictionless, and low." The first time I saw the young stallion race was in 1887, and, looking down upon him from the judges' stand, I was impressed by his low carriage. He was a brown of 15.2, with stripe in face, and was easily distinguished in a large field. It was in October, 1888, that he won the 2.25 stallion stake at Lexington in the fifth, sixth, and seventh heats, and thus demonstrated the gameness of his maternal ancestors, backed by the blood of American Eclipse, Contract, and Medley. The time of the seventh heat of the stubbornly fought race was 2.18½. A few weeks after this contest Baron Wilkes was matched against Bermuda and Hinder Wilkes, and won in 2.20¾, 2.18¾, 2.18.

Among the mares which Colonel Stoner selected to breed to Baron Wilkes and Mambrino Russell were Alacrity by Harold, out of Juliet (dam of Mambrino Pilot) by Pilot Jr.; Almeta by Almont, out of Alma Mater; Annie Bell by Nutwood, out of Lucia (dam of Day Dream, 2.21¾) by Rysdyk's Hambletonian; Cranston Bells by Rhode Island, out

of Belle Brandon, dam of Amy, 2.20¼, and Governor Sprague, 2.20½; Elfie by Enfield, out of Heel-and-Toe Fanny, dam of Jewett, 2.20; Mary A. Whitney by Volunteer, out of Peggy Slender, dam of William H. Allen, 2.23¼, and Odd Stocking by Happy Medium, out of County House Mare (dam of Nettie, 2.18) by Seely's American Star. He adhered as closely as circumstances would permit to producing and performing lines, and thus achieved success.

An offer of $25,000 tempted Colonel Stoner, and, at this figure, Baron Wilkes passed to Maplehurst Farm in Massachusetts, where he continued to sire a high rate of speed. His blood breeds on through his sons and daughters. Colonel R. G. Stoner died at his breeding farm, Oakland, in 1898, and in February, 1899, his select stud was dispersed under the hammer. The star of the collection was Oakland Baron, a brown horse of 16 hands, foaled in 1892, and by Baron Wilkes, out of Lady Mackay by Silver Threads, the producing daughter of The Moor; second dam Fleetwing (dam of Stamboul, 2.07½) by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Oakland Baron began trotting as a two-year-old, and in 1897, when five years old, was a whirlwind of speed, retiring with a record of 2.09¼. He is now owned at Hudson River Stock Farm by Jacob Ruppert, and is a sire of extreme speed. Colonel Stoner was a high-spirited man, who chafed under restraint, but his judgment as a breeder was excellent, and his achieve-

JOHN E. THAYER

ments at Oakland extended the fame of Kentucky as a trotting-horse producing State.

I remember a breakfast at Maplehurst Farm, Lancaster, Mass., which was pleasant. I had taken an early train from Boston with Mr. Albert C. Hall, and had a good appetite when we passed from the drawing-room to the cheerful breakfast-room. Colonel John E. Thayer is one of the leading citizens of New England, and at Lancaster he has surrounded himself with all the evidences of culture. The welcome of Mrs. Thayer, an accomplished woman, was as cordial as that of her husband, and, if she was not interested in the talk about horses, she had the tact to conceal her feelings. John E. Thayer was born in 1862, and spent most of his time on the large farm at Lancaster until he went to college. I quote from a letter written to me in 1896:

"I was always fond of animals, especially dogs and horses. I formed the Hillside Kennels in 1881 with my twin brother. They soon became well known, as we won prizes all over the country. After graduating from Harvard in 1885, I got more and more interested in horses. The first trotter I owned was Delightful, 2.33, by Daniel Lambert, dam by imp. Consternation, but the one that was responsible for my great interest in trotting was the little roan mare, Dusty Miller. I first saw her at a county fair, and fell in love with her, and bought her on the spot. She won a lot of races for me, was second in a Grand Circuit meeting at Springfield, and ended her career

on the turf with a record of 2.20¼. I bred her to Alcantara and she produced the roan colt Moth Miller, that has taken a two-year-old mark this season of 2.21½. I began to increase my brood mares, and then found that it was necessary to buy a stallion. I went on a quiet hunt, and finally decided on Ralph Wilkes. I was determined to get a first-class horse or none at all."

Ralph Wilkes was a chestnut horse, foaled in 1889 by Red Wilkes (son of George Wilkes), dam Mary Mays by Mambrino Patchen; second dam by imp. Sarpedon, and in 1891, as a two-year-old, he trotted to a record of 2.18. In 1894 Colonel John E. Thayer and his twin brother, Bayard, went to the October meeting at Lexington buoyed up with hope. Ralph Wilkes, who was in the training stable of James Golden, had shown so much speed that his owners were sure of decided victories in the land of Blue Grass. The two brothers sat well back in the grand stand, where the October sunshine streamed upon them and revealed the changing expressions of their faces, and I shall never forget the deepening shadow of disappointment when the nervous chestnut stallion became rattled, through prolonged scoring, and was disgracefully beaten. The Messrs. Thayer took an early train for Boston, while Golden went to Nashville with the stallion. The official timers at Nashville, when Ralph Wilkes started against the watch for a fast record, were Wm. Russell Allen

and myself. The horse was in cheerful mood, and had perfect control of himself. Golden rated him well, and, when his nose reached the wire, we struck the plunges, and Mr. Allen handed me his watch, while I passed mine to him. Both registered 2.06¾, and there were cheers when the official time was announced. It was one second faster than the record of Kremlin on the same track in the autumn of 1892, and Mr. Allen's only remark was: "Well, that makes Ralph Wilkes the fastest stallion in New England." Up to that hour Kremlin had held the record for New England stallions, and it was the watch of the owner of Kremlin which had certified the advancement of Ralph Wilkes. Golden went home with flying colors, but Ralph Wilkes caught cold and died during the winter, and there was a vacant stall at Maplehurst. Under date of November 3, 1895, Colonel Thayer wrote me:

"I have just bought the great stallion, Baron Wilkes, and will immediately put him at the head of my stud. He will mate well with New England mares, and, I hope, will produce some more Rubensteins, 2.06½, whose dam, as you know, was by Aristos."

Baron Wilkes was foaled in 1882. He was thirteen years old, and the market was very much depressed when Colonel Thayer paid $25,000 for him. In the boom days of the trotting-horse industry he would have sold for three times this amount. His

second dam, Sally Chorister, was the dam of Proteine, 2.18, and Belle Brasfield, 2.20. As I had seen Proteine and Belle Brasfield trot in hard-contested races, when 2.20 was a high measure of speed, I was much interested the first time I saw Baron Wilkes. The prepotency of his blood asserted itself in the stud. Inheriting speed from speed-producing lines, Baron Wilkes has transmitted speed with remarkable power. At the close of the campaign of 1904 there were 124 sons and daughters of Baron Wilkes with standard records. The three fastest of these were pacers—Bumps, 2.03¼; Rubenstein, 2.05, and Rachel, 2.08¼. The trotters with records of 2.10 and better were Dulce Cor, 2.08½; Baron Bell, 2.09; Oakland Baron, 2.09¼; Baron Rogers, 2.09¾; Baron D., 2.10, and Red Silk, 2.10. The sons of Baron Wilkes which have produced 2.10 speed are Oakland Baron, Baron Dillon, Baron Rogers, Moko, and Prince of India. Baron Wilkes now (1907) has 105 trotters and 28 pacers with standard records.

CHAPTER XXII

MARSHLAND AND SHULTSHURST

It was half-past four o'clock in the morning when I stepped from the train over the Erie Railroad, and walked under the maples to the hotel in Owego. The stillness, the sweetness, and the freshness of the summer morning well repaid me for early rising, and at six o'clock General Benj. F. Tracy met me and drove me to Marshland, where, having the appetite of the strenuous cowboy of the plains, I did justice to breakfast. Owego cannot be called a lively place, but it sent into the world men who quickened the pulse of the nation. Senator Thos. C. Platt, the Moores, J. Hobart and William; the Rockefellers, John D., William, and Frank, and B. F. Tracy were boys there at the same time, and all at the foot of the industrial ladder. I recall an evening at Woodburn when Frank Rockefeller told Lucas Brodhead, W. R. Allen, and myself of the strict discipline of his childhood home at Owego:

"Mother made us three boys go to bed early, and John D. and William stood in checked aprons at the supper-table, with me, and ate a bowl of porridge before crawling between sheets. She was one of the best of women, and her discipline prepared us to wrestle with the serious problems of life."

Each member of the distinguished group, with the exception of Senator Platt, developed a love for the trotting horse. Was the fever in the atmosphere?

After breakfast we made the rounds of the paddocks and the stables at Marshland, and then the young horses in the training school of Charles P. Doble were harnessed and speeded on the track. In his enthusiasm General Tracy removed his coat and stood in his shirt sleeves in the little observation stand, with timing watch in hand, and gave orders in positive tones. On such occasions he was a man of few words, but each word was directly to the point. After dinner, on the moon-lighted porch, the laws of breeding were discussed, and, as General Tracy had been a close student of the subject and has an intensely logical mind, his words carry conviction.

In the early days of Marshland Peacemaker by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Sally Feagles by Smith's Clay, spent three years at the Farm, and one of the colts sired by him there was Alroy, who won three three-year-old races in 1882. General Tracy was on the bench of the Court of Appeals at Albany, when a telegram was received by him and answered concerning the race at Fleetwood Park. Echoes of the contest, which tested breeding theories, were thus heard in a grave judicial chamber. Oxmoor, Kentucky Wilkes, and Mambrino Dudley were other conspicuous stallions at Marshland. The first named developed a tumor, and was destroyed, and the sec-

BENJAMIN F. TRACY

ond named fought his races with such gameness as to bring a flush of pride to the cheeks of his owner. Kentucky Wilkes was purchased in 1884, when ten years old, with a race record of 2.21¼. His sire was George Wilkes, and his dam Minna by Red Jacket, a direct descendant of Sherman Morgan; second dam the running-bred mare, Undine by Gray Eagle. His feet and legs were of the best material, and he was practically sound when retired from his arduous track campaign. In the stud he did well for his opportunity. In 1889 General Tracy entered upon his duties as Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of President Harrison, and the stud at Owego was broken up. Mambrino Dudley, by Woodford Mambrino, a speed-developed stallion, out of Sue Dudley, a speed-producing mare by Edwin Forrest, was a shining member of the Owego establishment, and, after he had trotted to a record of 2.19¾, General Tracy took firm ground against C. J. Hamlin in favor of track-developed stallions. I have before me a letter written to me by General Tracy in October, 1885:

"A letter from Mr. Archer, dated October 5, informs me that, while taking his work at Rochester last week, Mambrino Dudley 'got on his quarters, cutting them badly.' He was immediately shipped home, and is now doing duty in the stud. Under these circumstances, he will not be started again this year. I made no offer to trot Dudley against King Wilkes, and, as Mr. Conklin's challenge comes

after Dudley's retirement for the year, it cannot be accepted. I observe that Mr. May did not accept the offer to trot Dudley against Pilot Knox, but wants to trot for $2500. Under no circumstances would I trot a horse for this amount of money. My only object was to give my horse an opportunity to lower his present record, and I supposed that the owner of any other stallion would gladly accept a like opportunity. But it seems Mr. May thinks he cannot afford to lower his horse's record for so small a sum as $500."

From first to last General Tracy opposed heavy speculation on the turf, and thus threw his influence in favor of sentiment in racing. I have before me another letter from General Tracy written at Albany, October 19, 1882. It is marked confidential, but, as this seal is broken by the lapse of years, I quote it:

"The fact that I ordered Alroy home seems to have created quite a sensation in New York. What is all this row about? My only object in starting Alroy again was to lower his present record, but the season is so far advanced that I felt there was small chance of that, so I ordered him home. Your telegram conveyed the first knowledge I ever had that anyone had ever thought of his meeting McFerran's colt. How came such a thing to be suggested? Write me about it. I don't care to start Alroy simply to win money, or to beat some other colt, and, as he cannot probably lower his record, why start him? But, if you have said to Mr. McFerran that Alroy would start if he came to New York, and his

failing to start will embarrass you in any way, while I will not enter him myself, the colt may start. I have heard suggestions about his starting against Eva and Wildflower, but, to tell you the truth, I did not think it wise to start him in a race against these two. I understand that they are both substantially under the same management, and I think that they would, if necessary, combine against me. I will allow the colt to start with three in the race, either Wildflower or Eva being in, but not both. I don't want Alroy to trot such a race at this time of year, when he cannot in all probability lower his record if he wins, but, as I have said, if you have given Mr. McFerran assurances that he will start, he may."

The three-year-old fever was quite strong at that time, and it was Kentucky and California against New York. Eva was owned by John W. Mackay, and Wildflower by Leland Stanford. The names of McFerran, Mackay, Stanford, and Tracy were a tower of strength in those days. Algath was to be the McFerran representative in the four-cornered race.

When General Tracy again embarked in the breeding business, he purchased a farm adjoining Stony Ford in Orange County, and retained the name of Marshland. The land had been neglected and drains had to be opened. The ex-Secretary of the Navy could then be seen day after day in shirt sleeves, big straw hat, and rubber boots out in the moist places superintending the diggers of ditches. It was

a picturesque sight. Kentucky Wilkes was placed at the head of the stud, but, as he was getting old, Lord of the Manor, a grandly-bred horse by Mambrino King; Kiosk by Kremlin, out of Elista, daughter of Green Mountain Maid, and Advertiser were purchased. The lines of the latter were ideal, by Electioneer, dam Lula Wilkes by George Wilkes; second dam Lulu, 2.15, by Alexander's Norman, and third dam Kate Crocket by imp. Hooton. As a three-year-old Advertiser trotted to a high-wheel sulky in 2.16, and Governor Stanford at one time refused an offer of $125,000 for him. He was not of the rugged type, however, and was something of a disappointment in the stud, although General Tracy won first prizes with him at the National Horse Show and the Goshen Horse show. At the latter place the Advertiser colts beat the colts by Stamboul, and this led to a little badinage between the houses of Tracy and Harriman. One day Mrs. E. H. Harriman remarked: "General, it does not seem possible for us to win when your colts are entered."

"That, my dear Mrs. Harriman, is your husband's fault. He hangs up the prizes and appoints the judges, and, if I carry off the prizes under these circumstances, his work is not well done."

"I agree with you," was the laughing response, and the white rose of peace gave out richer perfume.

The brood mares at Marshland were selected for their producing lines, and they included Hannah

Price by Arthurton, Vixen by Nutwood, and Mabel L. by Victor.

J. C. McFerran, the founder of Glenview Stock Farm, died in October, 1885, and this led to one of the greatest dispersal sales ever held in the country. The stallions and brood mares had been selected with great care, and, on the day of the auction in October, 1886, there were present men of prominence from all parts of the land. One of the bidders was a quiet, observing man, not very well known to the majority, but his bull-dog propensity to hang on when he started for something that he really wanted soon made him the observed of all. He paid $4000 for Cuyler, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Grey Rose by Harris's Hambletonian, and secured Pancoast for $28,000, the largest sum up to that time ever paid at public vendue for a trotting stallion. The following morning the name of John H. Shults was made known to millions of readers of the daily journals. Pancoast had a record of 2.21¾, was eleven years old, and was the sire of the great three-year-old, Patron, 2.19½. His sire, Woodford Mambrino, had been lauded in print by General Benj. F. Tracy, and his dam, Bicara, was by Harold, sire of Maud S., and the second dam, Belle by Mambrino Chief, was the dam of Belmont, sire of Nutwood. It was a rare combination of blood, and Mr. Shults felt that, in laying the foundations of Parkville Farm, he had obtained the best stallion in the market. The thin pamphlet issued by Mr. Shults, No-

vember 1, 1886, is before me, and it informs the public that Parkville Farm is on Ocean Parkway, one and one-half miles from Prospect Park, L. I. The pamphlet also promulgates the doctrine that "the best bred, most successful, and most fashionable stallions, even if high priced, are the cheapest to use, because the most profitable." "Those who can afford nothing better than a very indifferent brood mare and an untried stallion to mate with her, should not breed at all, or should not have any hopes of success." Pancoast had plenty of visitors in 1887, and, if fortune had been kind to him, he probably would have repaid Mr. Shults for his generous outlay. But he was struck by lightning, which impaired his usefulness, and soon after passed from the shelter of Parkville stables. Cuyler was also sold, and Stranger by General Washington (son of General Knox and Lady Thorn), dam Goldsmith Maid, 2.14, was purchased to head the stallion list. Mr. Shults developed a great passion for public sales, and often was the main stay of the market. He bought with the utmost liberality, kept the animals for a few months, and generally sold them at a loss. He made a study of producing lines, and added to his broodmare band all the mothers of trotters, descended from the mothers of trotters, that he could buy. His collection of performers and producers was famous, and yet Mr. Shults was a long time in producing track winners, although he employed the best trainers. The real silver lining to his cloud came when

Axworthy passed to him. Stranger was taken to Europe, and a fertile source of speed filled his place. Brooklyn reached out her arms for Parkville Farm, and Shultshurst near Portchester became the center of breeding operations. In all of Westchester County there is not a nobler hill than the one crowned by the Shultshurst mansion, and, from its long and broad piazzas, you see the yachts go up and down Long Island Sound, and then turn your face to the Hudson and rest your eyes upon steam and sail craft. It is a wonderful view, and what refreshing breezes greet you as you stand with bare head in the intense days of July and August!

The last time I saw Sunol was when the fields sparkled with the flowers of May. The unmistakable greyhound form was there, and she came toward me with the strong and graceful stride which made her queen of the trotting turf. She has been unfortunate as a mother, but now that she has made a new start, I feel sure that a high rate of speed will come from her. She is an aristocrat in aristocratic company, and John H. Shults can afford to assume a modest manner when he directs the attention of the visitor to her and her companions. Mr. Shults once showed me figures to prove that his breeding venture had cost him over $1,000,000. No man more deserves success than he.

Among my letters is one from A. B. Darling, giving the history of a gray mare that he formerly drove on the road:

"Old Daisy, gr. m., foaled in 1852; purchased of O. A. Pegram of New York City in 1861, and previous to that owned by Mr. Moller, sugar refiner. Destroyed in 1879."

Daisy showed such sterling qualities on the road that Mr. Darling bred her to Strideaway, who was a son of Black Hawk Telegraph (by Vermont Black Hawk), out of the celebrated pacing mare, Pocahontas, 2.17½ to wagon, and the result was Young Daisy, dam of three in 2.20—Prince Lavalard, 2.11¾; Greylight, 2.16¼, and Duke of Wellington, 2.20. Mr. Darling owned, for a while, Kentucky Prince, who combined the blood of Mambrino Chief and Justin Morgan, and he bred Young Daisy to him and got Marguerite, dam of Marguerite A., 2.12½; Axtellion, 2.15¼; Axworthy, 2.15½; King Darlington, 2.16; Mary A., 2.27¼, and Col. Axtell, 2.30. I saw Axworthy trot to his three-year-old record of 2.15½, and, when I returned from Kentucky to New York and described the victory to Mr. Darling, the glow on his face was like unto that which spreads when the rising sun kisses the sea. Kentucky Prince was a brood-mare sire, as well as a sire of a high rate of speed, and we must not overlook him when we talk of the merit of Marguerite, whose sire was Axtell, uniting the blood of George Wilkes and Mambrino Patchen. I was in the timing stand when Axtell trotted to his three-year-old record, and was not surprised to learn soon after that he had been sold for $105,000. In 1882 Chas. J. Foster

paid a visit to Darlington, "which nestles in a fertile and fruitful valley under the lee of the mountains, beside the clear and rapid-running Ramapo River," and of Young Daisy he wrote:

"She is a fine, raking-looking, flea-bitten gray, with a slashing way of going. Marguerite, now six years old, is a very handsome bay mare, long and low, fast and a hard-sticker. She is one for a long day, and looks like a stallion about the head and neck, as the best mares, such as Pocahontas, Idlewild, and the German wonder, Kincsem, often do."

A. B. Darling died and his breeding stud was disbanded. The successful bidder at the sale for Axworthy was John H. Shults, and he was fortunate in securing the chestnut son of Axtell and Marguerite. At Shultshurst Axworthy has had access to mares of high class, and he has proved a wonderful sire of early speed. His daughter, Alta Axworthy, trotted as a two-year-old to a record of 2.15½, and as a three-year-old in 1904 was a great stake winner, and reduced her record to 2.10½. The fastest four-year-old trotter of 1904, Tom Axworthy, 2.08¾, is by Axworthy, out of Mr. Shults's favorite brood mare, Nell, dam of eight in the list, among them the trotting mare Belle Vara, 2.08¾, and the three pacers, Vassar, 2.07; Susie T., 2.09¾, and Ambidexter, 2.11¼. Axworthy, it will be observed, controlled the gait in his union with the famous speed-producer. Mr. Shults has contended that speed is

interchangeable, and he has not hesitated to make much use of extreme pacing blood in his breeding establishment.

In December, 1906, Axworthy was sold at public auction to William Simpson for $21,000.

CHAPTER XXIII

WALNUT HALL AND CRUICKSTON PARK

EVERY thoughtful visitor to the Blue Grass section of Kentucky carries home pleasant recollections of Walnut Hall Farm, six and one-half miles from Lexington. There are 2000 acres of woodland and meadow, and every acre bespeaks the care of trained workmen. No dead branches disfigure the woodland carpets, and no weeds choke the grass of meadows. Cleanliness is the order of the spacious buildings, and the animals which are sheltered by them are healthy looking, the reward of intelligent supervision. Mr. L. V. Harkness was not one of the foundation breeders of Kentucky, but at Walnut Hall Farm he has adhered to the established laws of evolution, and produced horses which have successfully battled for the great prizes of the trotting track.

There was a disposition to question his judgment when he selected a brother of the fast pacer, Bumps, 2.03¼, for his premier stallion, but Moko had the trotting form of his ancestors, and his ability to transmit this form was demonstrated by experience. Moko is a brown horse of substance, foaled in 1893, and by Baron Wilkes, dam Queen Ethel by Strathmore; second dam Princess Ethel by Vol-

unteer, and third dam Black Bess (dam of Gloster, 2.17) by Stockbridge Chief. These are resolute trotting lines judiciously interwoven, and Moko early gave proof of speed-producing power. As a three-year-old he was bred to three mares, and one of the three foals was Fereno, who as a six-year-old trotted to a record of 2.05½. Another was Mobel, who trotted to a three-year-old record of 2.16¾, and to a five-year-old record of 2.10¼. Chestnut Belle, the dam of Mobel, is a great producing mare by the great producing stallion Red Wilkes, and we naturally look for speed-transmitting power to be intensified in him. Lizzie Sprague, the dam of Chestnut Belle, is a producing daughter of the once-famous trotter Governor Sprague, 2.20½, and her dam was by Gilroy, thoroughbred son of the four-mile race horse, Lexington. Mr. Harkness is an advocate of action-sustaining blood, as well as of action-giving blood. Walnut Hall, who as a five-year-old trotted to a record of 2.08¼, is an example of the good effects of interweaving kindred strains of merit. Conductor, his sire, trotted to a record of 2.14¼, and is by Electioneer (son of Hambletonian and Green Mountain Maid), out of Sontag Mohawk, the famous producing daughter of Mohawk Chief, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Sontag Nellie, the dam of Sontag Mohawk, was by Toronto Sontag, he by Toronto Chief, out of Sontag, an old-time trotting mare by Harris's Hambletonian. Mollie Yeager, dam of Walnut Hall, is by Red

MOKO, OWNED BY L. V. HARKNESS, WALNUT HALL FARM

Wilkes, by George Wilkes, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and her dam was Docia Payne by Almont (son of Alexander's Abdallah and Sallie Anderson by Mambrino Chief); second dam Maggie Gaines (dam of Hamlin's Almont Jr.) by Blood's Black Hawk, a direct descendant of Justin Morgan. Here we have the sterling lines from which the American trotter was evolved, intermingled with skill, and the student of breeding would have confessed to a feeling of disappointment had Walnut Hall shown no ability to trot fast in harness.

The brood mares of Walnut Hall Farm represent fertile speed lines, and to them must be given much of the credit for the achievements of Mr. Harkness in the domain of breeding. The stallion whose form is in harmony with his blood lines, whose force is of the positive kind, is severely handicapped by a harem of mediocrity.

Cruickston Park at Galt, Ontario, is one of the show places of Canada, and horses of high breeding graze over the fertile tract of 1000 acres. Miss K. L. Wilks, an accomplished lady, has studied blood lines to advantage, and has not hesitated to pay the price for animals whose individuality impressed her. The premier stallion, Oro Wilkes, was a conspicuous track performer in his two, three, and four-year-old form, and retired with a record of 2.11. In his race with Azote he trotted in 2.09. Oro Wilkes is by the once champion three-year-old, Sable Wilkes, 2.18 (son of Guy Wilkes, 2.15¼, and the

great brood mare Sable), dam Ellen Mayhew, 2.22, by Director, 2.17 (son of Dictator and Dolly); second dam Lady Ernest by Speculation, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and he has demonstrated that speed is transmitted by developed lines. At the close of the season of 1904 he had ten representatives in the 2.30 list. In the brood-mare band are Oro Fino, 2.18, by Eros, out of Manette, dam of Arion, 2.07¾; Susie T., 2.09¾, by Ambassador, out of Nell, dam of four in 2.10 and of nine in 2.30; and Bessie Wilkeswood, 2.20. Sadie Mac, 2.06¼, born in 1900, by Peter the Great, 2.07¼, dam Fanella, 2.13, by Arion, 2.07¾; second dam Directress, 2.19, by Director, 2.17, was purchased at public auction by Miss Wilks for $15,500, and was regarded as one of the gems of the stud. As a three-year-old Sadie Mac won the Kentucky Futurity (1903), and in 1904 she was kept for matinée purposes and trotted in 2.08½. Her five-year-old career was sensational. At Detroit, July 26, 1905, she won the 2.12 class and lowered her record to 2.06½. At Buffalo, August 8, she defeated a strong field, including Grace Bond, in the Empire, $10,000 for 2.10 trotters, and her time was 2.08¾, 2.08½, 2.09½. At Boston, August 23, she won the Massachusetts, $10,000, and reduced her record to 2.06¼. At Providence, August 30, she won with ease The Roger Williams, $5000, and her fastest heat was 2.07¾. Her final effort was in the Charter Oak, $10,000, at Hartford, September 6. The campaign had told upon her, and she

lost the first and second heats to Zephyr in 2.08, 2.09¼, and the third heat to Angiola in 2.10¼. In the fourth heat she took the lead at the start and held it until the latter part of the mile, when she staggered and fell dead. Miss Wilks witnessed the tragedy which had saddened thousands of hearts, and the driver, Harry Stinson, blamed himself for asking the game mare to continue in the race after she had shown evidences of physical weakness. An autopsy showed that the heart was not sound. Sadie Mac was one of the most perfect trotters ever foaled, and all who read the news of her thrilling end weie moved to expressions of regret.

Katherine L., who won the tyro for three-year-olds at Boston, August 23, 1905, is a bay filly of excellent conformation and good disposition, by Liberty Chimes (son of Chimes and Gleam by Dictator), dam Gismonde by Gregory the Great, 2.23¾; second dam Kathleen F. by Wilkes Boy, 2.24½, and third dam Betty Mac, 2.29, by Abdallah Mambrino.

In October, 1906, Miss Wilks won the two-year-old division of the Kentucky Futurity with Kentucky Todd, son of Todd and Paronella, best time 2.14¾. Miss Wilks has won many prizes in horse-show competitions, and has made, in a remarkably short time, Cruickston the foremost trotting-horse breeding establishment of Canada.

Hill-and-dale Farm is at Mamaroneck, N. Y., and is what might be termed a gem of a place. Mr. W. B. Dickerman stuck to Bellini, 2.13¼, when some of

his friends questioned the wisdom of such a course, and has had his judgment confirmed. Bellini is by Artillery, 2.21½ (son of Hambletonian and Wells Star by Seely's American Star), dam Merry Clay, the producing daughter of Harry Clay, and second dam Ethelberta, the producing daughter of Harold. Bellini is the sire of thirty-four in the list, including Alberto, 2.09½; Leonardo, 2.08¼; Fillopino, 2.10½, and The Judge (pacer), 2.10½. His colts have fine heads, good barrels, and hard legs, and it is evident that the blending of Hambletonian, American Star, and Harry Clay strains was harmonious. One of the brood mares at Hill-and-dale Farm is Tintoret, 2.24½ (sister of Impetuous, 2.13), by Dictator, dam Ethelwyn, the producing daughter of Harold. Another is Princess of Monaco by imp. Meddler, out of Nancy Hanks, 2.04, and a third is Ethel's Pride, 2.06¾. I shall look for a high rate of speed to come from each. Expressive, daughter of Electioneer and Express, who made a wonderful three-year-old campaign, trotting in it to a record of 2.12¼, is the admired of all who are privileged to inspect the broodmare band. The view from Mr. Dickerman's residence is wonderfully fine, and there are no better stables on any stock farm in this country.

Hon. J. W. Bailey, member from Texas of the United States Senate, is a student of breeding and track government problems and his influence extends far beyond the borders of his own State. After the fever of hot debate, he has quietly taken the

ORO WILKES, 2.11, OWNED BY MISS K. L. WILKS, CRUICKSTON PARK

train from Washington for Lexington and wandered over the fields in which his horses grazed, or gone to the training track and leaned over the rail and forgot all about politics in watching the trotters being driven exhibition miles. As soon as Senator Bailey is convinced that one combination of blood is not swelling the harvest of success, he does not hesitate to shift to another base. His mind is alert and his judgment good. The stallion to which he has been constant is Prodigal, 2.16, to high-wheel sulky, sire of John Nolan, 2.08, and sixty-nine other trotters and pacers. Prodigal belongs to a distinguished family, and his reputation as a sire of speed grows with the years.

At Franklin, in the oil region of Pennsylvania, Charles Miller and Joseph C. Sibley established a great breeding farm. The first elaborate catalogue was issued in 1893, and the compiler of it, Roe Reisinger, wrote me a letter from which I quote:

"I have drawn a sharp distinction between fast records made to regulation sulky and those made to bicycle. I think that you will find that my tabulations and briefs of pedigree set forth the relation of the thoroughbred horse to fast trotting performances in a more complete and elaborate form than any previous publication has ever done. I have paid no attention to pacing records except in one or two cases where the animal whose pedigree I was giving had a pacing record, or was the dam of a pacer. This for the reason that Prospect Hill breeds trotters and is not interested in other breeds."

In 1893 Prospect Hill Stock Farm was called the Palo Alto of the East, because it had so much of the blood that Leland Stanford made prominent, and then Charles Marvin, so long in the employ of Governor Stanford, was superintendent of the training department. Three of the entire sons of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells were transferred from Palo Alto to Prospect Hill, and they were St. Bel, Electric Bell and Belsire. The other sons of Electioneer were Cecilian out of Cecil by General Benton, she out of Cuba, thoroughbred daughter of imp. Australian; Ah There, out of Lizzie by thoroughbred Wildidle, she out of Lizzie Miller by St. Clair; Ivo out of Victoria by thoroughbred Don Victor, she out of Madora by St. Clair; and Sir Outcross out of Sarah by thoroughbred Shannon, she out of Blooming by Messenger Duroc. In the brood-mare band were daughters of Almont, Guy Wilkes, William L., Ansel, Sultan, Abdallah West, Mambrino King, Harry Wilkes, Erin, Nutwood, Lord Russell, General Benton, Alcantara, Greenlander, Patron, Louis Napoleon, Mambrino Patchen, Robert McGregor, Belmont, Harold, Victor Bismarck, Administrator, Happy Medium, and Alexander. There were a number of the daughters of Electioneer, and one of them was Belleflower, sister of Chimes and St. Bel. There was at one time quite a rivalry between St. Bel and Chimes, and the latter was sneered at by the Franklin School as the cull of the Beautiful Bells family. Mr. Hamlin bided

his time and finally pointed to Chimes as the star producer of the family.

The training department was located at Meadville, and the mile track was a kite and the half-mile track was of the regulation pattern. Under Marvin the Prospect Hill trotters went out to do battle for the big prizes of the track and were moderately successful. I recall a visit to Franklin with Robert Bonner and W. R. Allen as the guests of Mr. Sibley, and, after dinner and a game of billiards for digestion, the convention was called to order for the discussion of breeding questions. The night was far spent before we closed our eyes in sleep, and the next morning we took the train for Meadville to hold our watches on the horses in training. Mr. Sibley drifted into politics, and Mr. Miller soon after followed his example, and then Prospect Hill Stock Farm dropped from its place of importance. The catalogue of 1895 is the most expensive work of the kind ever issued. There are 364 pages with 58 illustrations, and the information given covers the whole field of trotting-horse breeding. The special copy sent me is bound in morocco and embossed in gold. I place high value on it. Mr. Sibley was largely responsible for the transfer of the American Trotting Register to the Association of which William Russell Allen is President, and he has for a number of years been an influential member of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association.

I followed brood mares and foals over the lands on which Hudson River Driving Park was built, and, when Poughkeepsie failed to generously support the enterprise, Mr. Jacob Ruppert purchased the property and used it for a breeding and training farm. Mr. Ruppert was fond of horses in his boyhood, and as he grew in years his admiration for the trotter increased. He spent money without stint to obtain good individuals for breeding purposes, and his first stallion was Virgo Hambletonian, sire of Charley Hogan, 2.18¼. Favorite Wilkes came next, and his blood lines were regarded as fashionable. He was by George Wilkes, out of Favorite by Alexander's Abdallah, she out of Lizzie Peebles by Wagner, and the two fastest of his twenty-three trotters are Prince, 2.15¼, and Ella Wilkes, 2.16¼, and the fastest of his eight pacers is Crawford, 2.07¾. Mr. Ruppert was progressive in his ideas and at the January, 1902, sale in Madison Square Garden outbid all competitors for the gem of the collection, Oakland Baron, brown stallion, 16 hands, by Baron Wilkes, dam Lady Mackay by Silverthreads (son of The Moor); second dam Fleetwing, dam of Stamboul, 2.07½, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. This horse was bred for a trotter, and at two years old he trotted to a record of 2.14½, won the Kentucky Futurity at three years old, and at five took a race record of 2.09¼. As a sire Oakland Baron has proved worthy of his lineage. Rythmic, 2.06¾; Baron de Shay, 2.08½, and Gail Hamilton, 2.06¼,

are the fastest trotters from his loins. The princely revenues of the great brewing plant are forgotten when Mr. Ruppert is at Hudson River Farm showing Oakland Baron and his foals to appreciative friends. The trotting meetings given at the Driving Park by Mr. Ruppert are enjoyable affairs, and every winner of a purse feels sure of his money.

Mr. H. N. Bain, who does the major part of the work at these meetings, is another successful Dutchess County breeder and horse-show exhibitor. The late David S. Hammond, who had made a study of producing lines, was laying with excellent judgment at the time of his death the foundations of a breeding farm in Dutchess County near the hills which he climbed when a barefooted boy.

Some years ago I was at the table of the leading hotel in Geneva, Switzerland, when a gentleman who sat opposite and who had heard me speak to my daughter of a letter just received from Edwin Thorne, handed me his card. I read the name, James Roosevelt, Hyde Park, and then knew that the breeder of Gloster, 2.17, was my neighbor. Mr. Roosevelt took great interest in this phenomenal son of Volunteer, and believed that, but for his untimely death, he would have obtained championship honors. Love of good horses and manly sport was inherited by President Theodore Roosevelt.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE HORSE OF CONQUEST AND CEREMONY

THE horse of the ancients unquestionably was used for riding instead of driving, and ease of motion was cultivated. The ancients rode without stirrups, and amblers and pacers were preferred to trotters. In fact, among the 200 horses sculptured by Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon, not one is represented as trotting. The horse of war was depicted with heavy neck, broad chest and strong quarters, because he had to take up burdens and do rugged work. When the railroad and the mule began to be used in army transportation, an animal of swifter type was sought for cavalry mounts, and the horse of old Greek art was less conspicuous. John B. Castleman, President of the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association, now points to the gaited horse of Kentucky and Tennessee as the typical war charger. The best specimens stand from 15.3 to 16 hands, are handsome in conformation, are light on their feet, and carry the blood of the thoroughbred race horse, and of the Narragansett or Canadian pacer. In 1882 Professor W. H. Brewer called attention in a carefully prepared paper to the important rôle the riding horse has played in the history of mankind. " Mohammed and his followers," he says,

"swept wherever the Arabian horse and his armed rider could tread, and no further. Other peoples had pushed their conquests by sea, as well as by land, but by the horse and on the horse the Mohammedan conquests were made; the horse was the real standard bearer of the Crescent, and where the Oriental war horse was stopped the spread of Mohammedanism was stayed. The Moors went through Spain on their Barb horses, and, when they were driven back after several centuries of occupation, it was the men, not the horses, that went back. Their blood remained, and made the Spanish horse the most noted of Europe, and what part they played in the wars of the times is the theme of many a Spanish ballad. When the Spanish horse was at its best, then Spain was at her height among nations, and, as her best horses declined, her glory waned. The Spanish adventurers brought their horses to America, and what part they played in the conquest of Peru and Mexico forms one of the most picturesque features of those cruel days. These Spanish horses were the progenitors of the wild and half-wild breeds which later spread from Patagonia and the plains of the Plata on the south to the West Indies on the east, and the valleys of California on the north. The Spanish horses were carried to England to improve her breed of war horses, and were an important element in the rise of British power. And they went to Holland and France, and, wherever they went, they helped increase national power and national wealth."

At the Universal Exposition at St. Louis in 1904 the gaited saddle horse from Kentucky, Missouri, and other States was much in evidence, and thousands of critical observers from all parts of the world discovered that he was a horse of ceremony and action. He showed that he could trot under saddle, as well as pace, and this appealed strongly to the imagination of those brought up in the ceremonious school. Ceremony adds to the discipline, the efficiency of the army, and the gaited horse, General Castleman contends, is the ideal officer's mount. At one of the Louisville Horse Shows I was acting as a judge, with General Nelson A. Miles, and the then Commanding Officer of the U. S. Army was inclined to adopt the views of the President of the American Saddle Horse Breeders' Association. In our Civil War the cavalry of the Confederate Army was wonderfully effective, and the best horses employed in it were gathered from such riding States as Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Virginia. General Phil Sheridan, like General Grant, was an admirer of horses, but in his famous ride in the Valley of Virginia to Winchester, "twenty miles away," he did not use the kind of horse on which the artist placed him in a picture which gained popularity, because this draft-like horse would not have covered the ground in the specified time. General George A. Custer, another distinguished cavalry leader of the Civil War, and who met a tragic death on the plains, was partial to the type of saddle horse found in Kentucky,

WALNUT HALL (2.08¼), OWNED BY L. V. HARKNESS

but in peaceful days was an admirer and a breeder of the trotting horse. For some years previous to his death General Sheridan was President of the Washington Park Jockey Club, which owned the fashionable running track at Chicago, but an airing behind a fast trotter pleased him almost as much as it did General Grant or General Miles. Direct, who could be balanced to trot as well as pace, and who acquired a fast record at each gait, carries the foundation trotting blood of Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, and Seely's American Star, and his union with a mare descended from the old saddle stock of Tennessee, gave us Direct Hal, who won championship honors in harness as a pacer. There is a closer affinity between the high saddle type and the advanced harness type than some people seem to be aware of. Thus far Direct Hal has sired fast trotters and fast pacers, demonstrating the interchangeability of gait. As I have repeatedly said, environment has much to do with the character of the horse. He adapts himself to the things required of him. When the running stallion Messenger was landed in Philadelphia from England in 1780, horse racing was under ban in Pennsylvania, and other uses than producing runners had to be found for the gray son of Mambrino. The laws of 1820 not only suppressed racing in Pennsylvania, but imposed penalties for printing any advertisement of a race meeting. Messenger died in 1808, and the stern repression of racing in so many States forced his

descendants to activity in harness. It was fashion, molded by legal enactments, which placed Messenger at the foundation of the trotting structure of America. In 1802 New York passed an act to prevent horse racing, but in 1821 this act was so amended as to permit the "training, pacing, trotting, and running of horses upon regulated courses, and upon private property in the County of Queens." Races, however, were allowed only in the months of May and October, and the sheriff of the county was required to be on hand to supervise in the interest of morality these "trials of speed." Under the amended act the New York Trotting Club was formed in 1825 to improve the speed of road horses, and, located near Jamaica, L. I., it was our first trotting course. The trotting horse, however, did not obtain fashionable rank until rivalry for the ownership of the best road horse became earnest between Commodore C. Vanderbilt and Robert Bonner. These stalwart figures gave impetus to the evolution, whose progressive steps are marked by the achievements of Dexter, Goldsmith Maid, Rarus, St. Julien, Maud S., Sunol, Nancy Hanks, Alix, The Abbot, Cresceus, Major Delmar, and Lou Dillon. They made the pacer unfashionable on the road and track by refusing to buy him, and breeders and trainers vied with each other to produce trotters to meet the demands created by the wholesome strife between the Vanderbilt and Bonner clans. Roads and vehicles rapidly improved, and the resolute ex-

ample of men who made speed contribute to sentiment rather than to the gambling fever, clothed driving with ceremonial dignity, and the riding horse was forced into the back ground. Tracks for harness meetings multiplied and speculative greed caused lines to relax, and the pacer, no longer repressed, became as numerous and conspicuous as the trotter. In nearly all the States fundamental law is opposed to the speculative feature of racing, and, when excesses revolutionize public sentiment, there is a swift return to basic principles. The running horse is very popular in New York, and some other States at the time I write, but, if the future can be indexed by the past, there will be periods of reaction which will change the character of the horse. Environment plays a very important part in evolution. The elimination of trotting tracks will not utterly destroy the light-harness horse, because it is reasonable to suppose that good roads and speedways will not be lost to civilization, and they will furnish a theater for the display of the highest types in driving competition.

CHAPTER XXV

MARCUS DALY AND BITTER ROOT FARM

In the fall of 1889 Scott Quinton was at Bay District with a draft of horses from Bitter Root Farm, Hamilton, Montana. The previous year he had attended the L. J. Rose auction in New York, and astonished conservative people by paying for Marcus Daly $26,000 for the yearling colt, Mascot by Stamboul, out of Minnehaha. The fastest that Mascot ever trotted was 2.25¾, and, when Mr. Daly let him go, it was for one-tenth of his original purchase price. Only three trotters have come from his loins. In the Quinton training string were St. Patrick, who proved a failure; Lord Byron, by General Benton, out of May Day by Wissahickon, who trotted to a record of 2.17; Yolo Maid, who paced to a record of 2.12, and such fillies as Brown Silk and Nadjy. Brown Silk was a grandly bred mare of 15.2, by Baron Wilkes, dam Nannie Etticoat (dam of Red Silk, 2.10) by Bellwood; second dam Soprano, the producing daughter of Strathmore, and third dam Abbess, the producing daughter of Albion. She trotted to a record of 2.19¼, and is the dam of three in the list, including China Silk, 2.16¼. This mare clearly illustrates the potency of a chain of producing dams. Nadjy was a bay mare of 15.3 by Stamboul,

dam Lady Graves, the producing daughter of Nutwood; second dam Lady Babcock, the producing daughter of Whipple's Hambletonian, sire of the dam of Azote, 2.04¾. She trotted to a record of 2.26, and then became a brood mare. Whipple's Hambletonian was a chestnut horse, foaled in 1861, by Guy Miller (son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian), dam Martha Washington, by Burr's Washington, by Burr's Napoleon. As a yearling he was taken to California by S. B. Whipple, where the best trotter sired by him was Graves, 2.19. I saw this chestnut stallion at San Mateo when he was twenty-nine years old, and he was then a well-preserved horse, with a far-reaching reputation. Eleven of his sons are sires of speed, and twenty-two of his daughters are dams of trotters and pacers. Marcus Daly was a man of resolute purpose and not discouraged by early disappointments. Being a man of large means, as well as sound judgment, he was able to buy the best, and Bitter Root Farm became one of the great trotting nurseries of the country. In the group of stallions were Prodigal, 2.16 (son of Pancoast and Beatrice); Bow Bells, 2.19¼ (son of Electioneer and Beautiful Bells); Ponce de Leon, 2.13 (son of Pancoast and Elvira), and Milroi by Guy Wilkes, out of Manon, 2.21, by Nutwood. In the broodmare band were Fanny Witherspoon, 2.16¼ (by Almont, out of Lizzie Witherspoon by Gough's Wagner); Belle F., 2.15¼ (by Masterlode, out of Belle Hastings by Magna Charta); Rapidan, dam of

Lockheart, 2.08½; Electrix by Electioneer, out of Lady Russell, sister of Maud S.; Helen T., sister of Arion, 2.07¾; Franchise by Electioneer, out of Nutula, sister of Nutwood; Red Cherry, 2.14½ (by Red Wilkes, out of Madam Herr by Mambrino Patchen); Rachel, 2.08¼ (by Baron Wilkes, out of Willie Wilkes by George Wilkes); Elloree, 2.08½ (by Axtell, out of Flora McGregor by Robert McGregor); Extasy, 2.11½, by Baron Wilkes, out of Ethelwyn by Harold; Emily, 2.11 (by Prince Regent, 2.16½, out of Barbara by Kentucky Prince); Rosy Morn (dam of Boreal, 2.15¾), by Alcantara, out of Noontide, 2.20½, by Harold, and Welcome Bunker by Mambrino King, out of Lady Bunker, dam of Guy Wilkes. The death of Marcus Daly led to the dispersal of the famous breeding stud, and the sale was the feature of the auction, which followed the November, 1901, horse show in Madison Square Garden.

Marcus Daly helped Montana before the world by demonstrating that its grass and climate were favorable to the growth of the highest types of domestic animals, and that the lung expansion which attended growth in open pastures was such as to sustain inherited speed. Before the establishment of Bitter Root Farm, the popular impression was that Montana might grow indifferent cattle, but not race horses of high class. When a clear-sighted man who has given years of thought and thousands of dollars to the collection of a stud representing the highest de-

grees of excellence, suddenly passes from the scene of earthly activity, it is in one sense a public misfortune to disband the stallions and brood mares. The upward trend, the evolution of form upon which speed depends is suddenly arrested, and it is necessary to find a new man with inclination, means, and brains to engage in a similar enterprise. The new man cannot have the experience of the old one and progress is not as rapid as it would have been with the original stud kept intact. The dispersion of well-bred animals, however, stimulates a wider interest in breeding problems, because each purchaser of one or more of them has ambitious plans of his own, and may in time establish a stud of magnitude.

When Mr. Daly selected Fanny Witherspoon as a brood-mare type, he evidently was not unmindful of the drift of my contentions. She stood 16.1, and was by Almont, out of Lizzie Witherspoon by Gough's Wagner, a son of the four-mile race horse Wagner. In the stable of Commodore N. W. Kittson she trotted some very hard races, winning 52 heats in 2.30 or better, and obtaining a record of 2.16¼, and trotting to a two-mile record of 4.43. In the days when I pointed to Fanny Witherspoon as an example of the speed-sustaining character of running blood in a trotting pedigree, I was the target of all the critics, big and little, who dogmatically proclaimed that every additional drop of thoroughbred blood infused into the trotting structure would weaken, if not destroy, that structure.

I early grasped the truth that the majority of old-time trotters, those excluded from the speed standard of to-day, were largely the outgrowth of chance, were bred in aimless fashion, and lacked the individual excellence to establish a progressive family. I also realized that as Messenger, a thoroughbred from England, had stamped Hambletonian with individuality and remarkable potency, an occasional return to the thoroughbred, the purest of all bloods, would strengthen the fiber of the light-harness horse. The thoroughbred could not be classed as entirely alien blood, and therefore would not prove as antagonistic to harness action as some of my critics averred. The strong chest development of the thoroughbred race horse affords greater room for the work of the vital organs, and this contributes to nerve force and staying power. The quality of the bone is better, giving strength with lightness and increasing speed capacity. Every superfluous pound adds to the handicap of the horse in a contest for the highest honors of the track. The machine which is clean, muscular, and well-balanced is the one relied upon to accomplish the best results. A big and heavy head may destroy poise with as much certainty as big and clumsy feet. The trotting gait may be looked upon as an acquired heredity, but, through persistent use, it is engrafted upon the type, and is transmitted with regularity. When you introduce a thoroughbred strain into a trotting pedigree, you should choose one not only adapted to the type, but

one closely or remotely related. In doing this you will avoid the charge of introducing a violent disturbing factor in the shape of alien blood. As the fountain head of our greatest trotting family, Hambletonian, was a thoroughbred, it cannot be truly said that the engrafting of more thoroughbred strains upon this structure is an alien step in the direction of dangerous antagonisms. The thoroughbred blood certainly has done away with the old crooked or sickle-shaped hind leg, which is radically opposed to extreme flights of speed. The wide nostril of the thoroughbred when engrafted upon the harness horse adds to the freedom of respiration and thus increases vital powers. The spine, enlarged and strengthened by ages of exertion under the saddle, is indicative of a large spinal cord, which greatly favors the distribution of nervous energy. The introduction of this quality of the thoroughbred will hardly strengthen to a permanent degree a tendency to reversion in the trotting structure.

Fanny Witherspoon, bred to Prodigal, 2.16 (son of Pancoast and Beatrice), produced Practical, a bay filly, who trotted to a three-year-old record of 2.19¼, and Wilderness, a bay colt who trotted to a record of 2.18½. This is a good record for a mare that was severely campaigned, and that, according to some of the critics, was offbred.

Rosy Morn was another great mare in the Daly collection. Her sire, Alcantara, trotted in a race to a four-year-old record of 2.23, and was by George

Wilkes, out of Alma Mater by Mambrino Patchen, she out of Estella, thoroughbred daughter of imp. Australian, and she out of Fanny G. by imp. Margrave. The thoroughbred strains are among the best in the studbook, and, as I made many a stout fight for Alma Mater in the old days of experimental strength, I was glad to see her obtain the high rank that she holds among producing matrons. Dr. A. S. Talbert, who bred her, and who drove her in the streets of Lexington, modestly hoped for success, but scarcely dreamed of the crown which came to her. Alma Mater has eight trotters in the list, and one of these, Alcantara, is the sire of 110 trotters and 48 pacers. I was at Lexington when W. S. Hobart paid $15,000 for Alma Mater, and transferred her to his farm in California. He bred her to Electioneer, but, when I renewed my acquaintance with her on the Pacific Coast, she was not in foal to this greatest of California stallions. The dam of Rosy Morn also carried the best of thoroughbred strains. She was Noontide, 2.20½, the producing daughter of Harold, dam Midnight, dam of Jay-eye-see, 2.10, by Pilot Jr.; second dam Twilight, thoroughbred daughter of Lexington; third dam Daylight by imp. Glencoe, whose blood is almost priceless in England, and fourth dam Darkness by Wagner, the competitor of Grey Eagle in the famous race of four-mile heats. Rosy Morn is the dam of two trotters, Boreal (3), 2.15¾, and The Curfew, 2.27¼, and of two pacers,

Beauseant, 2.06½, and Matin Bells, 2.06½. She is the dam of four sires, one of which is Boreal, sire of Boralma, 2.07, and another is Austral, the untrained brother of Boreal. If Marcus Daly had lived and watched over Rosy Morn at Bitter Root Farm, his highest expectations of her as a speed-producer would have been realized.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TROTTING HORSE IN TENNESSEE

PONCE DE LEON, Bow Bells, and Rosy Morn formerly were members of the celebrated Hermitage Stud at Nashville, Tenn. The farms owned by V. L. Kirkman, John Thompson, and May Overton afforded a range of 2000 acres along the Franklin Pike, south of Nashville, in what was known as the heart of the Blue Grass region of Tennessee. This section had for many years been recognized as the birthplace of successful running horses, and there was no reason why the trotting horse should not be grown there. I recall a visit to Nashville in the fall of 1888, one year after the Hermitage Stud had been organized. The State Fair was in progress at Westside Park, and, with General W. H. Jackson, I was drafted into service as a judge of horses. We distributed the ribbons to the great gratification of the few and to the serious disappointment of the majority of exhibitors. We lunched in the Club House with the President, G. M. Fogg, and I reproduce the report of the conversation:

"General Jackson remarked that the best successes at Belle Meade had come from mares which had not been raced off their legs. The General inclines to the Hamlin theory. He does not believe that

you can perpetuate vigorous performers by using generation after generation in the stud nerve-racked and vitality-sapped mares. His preference is mares rich in winning strains, but which have never been raced. The victories of Proctor Knott at Monmouth Park and Sheepshead Bay caused great rejoicing at Belle Meade. With regard to Tallapoosa, dam of the Futurity winner, the General said that she was about the least impressive looking mare on the farm. He did not value her highly, but Proctor Knott was evidence that she had nicked perfectly with Luke Blackburn. The great problem of the breeder is to discover the golden nick for his stallions, and the fruits of success are gathered by sticking to this nick. General Jackson is of the opinion that breeders of the trotter will frequently have to return to the thoroughbred for an improvement of the arterial system. The lung and circulation capacity of the thoroughbred horse is superior to that of any other animal, and this capacity is essential to the sustainment of action when heats are divided. The mule is presumed to be iron-clad against heat and fatigue, and yet the late General Harding demonstrated at Belle Meade that the thoroughbred horse was less affected by heat than the mule. He worked the mule to one plow and the thoroughbred to another and drove them alternate rows in fields of corn so high as to shut out the breeze, and in every instance the mule hoisted the sign of distress long before the horse. The superior arterial system of the horse brought him victorious through the test."

In one of the trotting races on the track there was an interference, and a negro driver in the employ of President Fogg lodged a complaint against

a white driver from Kentucky. I was the presiding judge, and had ordered the drivers to come to the stand. The white man hotly disputed the word of the negro, and drew back to strike him. I held up my hand and quietly, but firmly, said: "Stand aside, or I will take your livelihood away by ruling you off the tracks of the National Trotting Association." As I finished, I heard a commotion in the line of the grand stand, and, looking in that direction, saw General Jackson leaping over the low fence, followed by some fifty or more angry men. The General rushed up into the judges' stand and hotly exclaimed: "As a citizen of this State I will not permit a white man from Kentucky to assault a black man for no other reason than that he is black. It is unjust and an outrage that I and my friends will punish." The General stood with hands clenched and cheeks as blazing as his red hair, and the white driver cowered before the mob. Looking the leader of the mob in the eyes, I said: "General Jackson, I am amazed at your impetuosity. I have already warned this driver that expulsion stares him in the face, and I must ask you and your friends to withdraw."

The next morning I received a note from General Jackson in which he apologized for losing his temper. He had been a slave-holder, and believed in keeping the negro in a position of servitude, but would not remain silent when he thought that the former slave was being unjustly dealt with.

I make another extract from my diary:

"I drove Sunday afternoon out the Franklin Pike with President Fogg and Directors A. H. Robinson and Thos. W. Wrenne. The sun was bright and the air balmy. As we passed Fort Negley and saw a throng of holiday seekers strolling among the breastworks, which twenty-odd years of peace had not effaced, the thoughts reverted to the stormy days when the cannon of Hood fiercely answered the cannon of Thomas. Down in the valley, close by the road, a number of trees were pointed out to me which bore the heavy scars of war. Ten- and twenty-pound balls had crashed among them and literally maimed them for life. In the shade of these trees calves slept, colts frolicked, and children played, unmindful of the evidences of a strife which once engaged the earnest attention of the civilized world. The new Nashville is totally unlike the old Nashville. Out of the red fires of conflict came a city with broader aims, quickened energies, and higher courage. The carriage stopped in front of the main stable of the Hermitage Stud, and Mr. Thompson was there to show us the horses. I had heard of the filly which Elvira had by her side and I was anxious to see it. It is a dark chestnut by Wedgewood, and a good one. Elvira, although stone blind, is a good mother, and she strongly resembles her sister, Beatrice, dam of Patron. The yearling colt by Pancoast, out of Elvira, is called Ponce de Leon, and he has been in hard luck. He came very near dying in March of pink eye. He is a powerfully built colt, and is a great lot trotter."

Some wise people have assured us that young lot trotters never develop into greatness, and yet Ponce de Leon has a record of 2.13, is a winner of the

highest honors in horse-show competition, and is the sire of fifteen trotters, including Edwin B., 2.12¼; Percy, 2.13, and Preston, 2.13¼. He also is a sire of pacers. Ponce de Leon was a conspicuous member of the Dreamwold Stud of Thos. W. Lawson. Elvira was a black mare of 15.2, foaled in 1880, and bred at Glenview by J. C. McFerran. Her sire was Cuyler by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and her dam was Mary Mambrino by Mambrino Patchen; second dam Belle Wagner by Embry's Wagner, son of the great race horse Wagner; third dam Lady Belle by Bellfounder Jr.; fourth dam Multiflora by Monmouth Eclipse, and fifth dam by Koskiusko. I remember her races as a three-year-old and a four-year-old, and can see to this day the gratified smile on the face of her breeder and owner, James C. McFerran, the rough diamond who founded Glenview, the great breeding farm on the outskirts of Louisville. Elvira died at Hermitage in the summer of 1889, leaving but two foals, Ponce de Leon, 2.13, and Queensware, 2.25. If she had lived, she probably would have taken rank with her sister Beatrice, dam of the two trotters, Patron, 2.14¼, and Prodigal, 2.16; and of the four sires, Patronage, sire of Alix, 2.03¾; Patron, sire of 39 trotters (including Caspian, 2.07¼; Caracalla, 2.10; Miss Della Fox, 2.10¼, and Bernalda, 2.10¾); Prodigal, sire of 37 trotters (among them John Nolan, 2.08; Free Giver, 2.11¼; Great Spirit, 2.11¾, and Improvidence, 2.12), and Pangloss, sire of Niece, 2.20¾. Two of the daughters of Beatrice

are dams of speed, making her one of the greatest of producing mares. The thoroughbred foundation evidently gave her nerve force and breeding-on capacity.

The Hermitage mile track was an excellent one, and on the far side of it was the charming country home of V. L. Kirkman, named Oak Hill. In the autumn the scarlet-fringed leaves of oak trees were conspicuous among the beach and elms and added to the glory of the woods. The first time I saw Kirkman was when the pickets on the banks of the Cumberland made him a prisoner, and brought him to headquarters in Clarksville. He was a rosy-cheeked boy, fired with the ardor of the South, and, after the Civil War, developed into a handsome, athletic man, and was quite a favorite at Long Branch, Saratoga, and other Northern resorts. He was a great admirer of the blood horse, and it is sad to think of him passing from robust manhood into a stage of decay before he was really old, as we count birthdays.

Rosy Morn was early put to breeding at Hermitage Stud, because of her blood lines. She was given no opportunity to take a record. Bow Bells by Electioneer, out of Beautiful Bells, had been purchased at Palo Alto, and, as a three-year-old, he was bred to the three-year-old filly, Rosy Morn.

Wedgewood was the premier stallion, and he was a handsome brown of 15.2½, by Belmont (son of Alexander's Abdallah), dam Woodbine by Wood-

ford, thoroughbred son of Koskiusko; second dam the Singleton mare, who possessed great individuality. The memorable turf campaign of Wedgewood was in 1880, when he defeated such trotters as Katie Middleton, Deck Wright, Kentucky Wilkes, Patchen, Iron Age, Knox Boy, Driver, and Sheridan, and retired from the track with a record of 2.19. Like Woodford Mambrino, the other son of Woodbine, he was a very determined trotter. Favonia, who was out of Fadette by Alexander's Abdallah, she out of Lightsome, thoroughbred daughter of imp. Glencoe, was one of the greatest of the twenty-one trotters from the loins of Wedgewood. Her record of 2.15 was made to high-wheel sulky in a bruising campaign. Lightsome was the dam of the famous race horses, Nevada and Salina, thus demonstrating the vitality of her line. She disproved the truth of the old theory of the Arabs, that the mare is simply a vase in which the seeds sprout, and that she exercises no influence over the character of the fruit. Dame Wood, a daughter of Wedgewood, bred to Ashland Wilkes, who traced through his dam to the high-class thoroughbred, imp. Knight of St. George, produced John R. Gentry, a wonderfully handsome horse with a pacing record of 2.00½. The blood of Wedgewood is breeding on through eighteen sons which are sires, and sixteen daughters which are dams, of speed.

The light-harness foundation in Tennessee, a saddle-horse State, was laid by such stallions as Enfield,

son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian and Julia Machree by Seely's American Star; Bostick's Almont Jr. by Almont, dam by Edwin Forrest; Blackwood Jr. by Blackwood, dam Lizzie Anderson by Clark Chief; McCurdy's Hambletonian by Harold, dam Lulu by Dorsey's Golddust, and Tennessee Wilkes by George Wilkes. Enfield was the brother in blood of Aberdeen, and he was taken to Tennessee by W. and V. L. Polk of Columbia, where he spent nearly all of his life. His potency was asserted more through his daughters than his sons, twenty-nine of these being recognized as producers. Belle Archer, 2.12¾; Preston, 2.13¼, and Reference, 2.18, were out of daughters of Enfield. McCurdy's Hambletonian trotted to a five-year-old record of 2.26½, and is a sire of trotters and pacers, as well as of the sires and dams of speed. His best producing sons are McEwen, 2.18¼, and Red Fern, 2.27¾. The fastest of the trotters by McEwen are Merman, 2.12¼; Penelope, 2.12¾, and Musqueton, 2.14. The fastest of his pacers are Rudy Kip, 2.04½; Miss Jennings, 2.08¼; Cadet, 2.09½, and Hal McEwen, 2.10¼. Mazette, 2.04¼, and Hal Chaffin, 2.05¼, at the pace, are out of daughters of McEwen. May Fern, 2.11¼, and Summer Fern, 2.13¾, are the fastest of the trotters by Red Fern. Laura, the dam of Summer Fern, is by the sire of Red Fern, thus making her strongly inbred.

Tennessee Wilkes trotted to a record of 2.27, and he sired more pacers than trotters. That probably

was for the reason that his owner, Major Campbell Brown, of Springhill, was partial to the pacer, and let him spend nuptial hours with mares of pacing descent. Campbell Brown was a cultivated gentleman, of highly nervous organization, and I shall always remember the last night I spent in his house. Mr. Robert Bonner, who was with me, wanted to take an early train for Nashville, and, after a long night in discussing the horse, and affairs of the Church, we were up before dawn and caught the train which was kindly stopped for us. When the financial depression struck Tennessee, as well as other sections of the country, the fortunes of many breeders were impaired, and Campbell Brown died a violent death. Mr. A. H. Robinson is one of the few of the group of trotting-horse breeders that I used to meet at West Side and Cumberland Parks, who is still in the business. The Hermitage Stud has passed away, and so have the breeding establishments of Fogg, Reynolds, and Douglass. The grass of Tennessee is sweet, but not so nutritious as that of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and this added something to the handicap. The trees blossom and the birds nest earlier in Tennessee than in Kentucky, and spring there is full of fragrance and hope, but the ride from Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and New York to Nashville is longer than to Lexington, and horse lovers hesitate to take it when the attractions are somewhat weak. If the trotting-horse breeders of Tennessee had continued as they began when

Cumberland Park was built, Nashville might have rivaled Lexington as a breeding center; but, well, why sigh over the misfortunes, or wasted opportunities of the past?

Alice West, a black mare foaled in 1873, by Almont, dam Young Kate by McDonald's Mambrino Chief, came northward from Columbia, Tenn., as a four-year-old, and defeated such horses as Kentucky Wilkes, Romance, Sir Walter, and Hogarth, and I shall never forget how happy her owner, George T. Allman was. E. F. Geers was the trainer and driver, and she helped to draw attention to his patience and skill. She obtained a record of 2.26. Blackwood Jr., foaled in 1871, by Blackwood, dam Belle Sheridan by Blood's Black Hawk, came to New York in 1875, in the training stable of A. J. McKimmin, and defeated such four-year-olds as Hambletonian Mambrino and Alice Medium, and was quite a star as a five-year-old in Centennial contests. At Hartford he defeated Dame Trot and Rosewood, and at Philadelphia he won the stallion cup from Governor Sprague and Sam Purdy, and trotted to a record of 2.23. In the race for five-year-olds at Philadelphia, he was second to Governor Sprague, and behind him were Elsie Good and Lady Mills. The best time was 2.24½. Blackwood Jr. did not trot up to expectations in this race, and McKimmin was blamed for his poor performance. His record of 2.22½ was made in the spring of 1876. Blackwood Jr. was somewhat rough gaited, a fault

probably due to the training school, but he was a handsome horse and game. He and Alice West thus at an early day attracted attention to Tennessee as the home of the trotter. As a sire Blackwood Jr. was not a brilliant success. His daughters have done more to preserve his memory than his sons.

CHAPTER XXVII

HARRISON DURKEE AND RICHARD WEST

HARRISON DURKEE, who had made a fortune in Wall Street, owned a tract of land near Flushing, L. I., which he decided to convert into a breeding farm. One of his early investments in horses was Dictator, the brother of Dexter. He bought him in 1863, when he was still by the side of his dam, and was very proud of him, although he could not be induced to put a record on him.

Blackwood trotted in 1869, as a three-year-old, in 2.31, and so many stories were told of his wonderful speed that he became a sensational horse of the country. As a four-year-old Blackwood was in training on the Edge Hill Farm track, owned by Colonel Richard West of Georgetown, Ky., and every breeze that blew from the Blue Grass belt to the Atlantic seaboard was freighted with his name. He was credited with fabulous speed, but the public was hungry for details as to his breeding. He stood 15.2 and was powerfully built.

Early in 1864 D. Swigert saw in the pasture of Alexander Thomas in Scott County, Ky., a mare by Mambrino Chief, to which he took a fancy. He paid $150 for her, brought her home and drove her

for two years to his buggy. He bred her to Alexander's Abdallah, sire of Goldsmith Maid, but she did not prove fertile. He described her in a letter written at Spring Station, February 1, 1872, as "rather bad-tempered, and has but one eye." In the spring of 1865 he bred her to Alexander's Norman. As her remaining eye was getting bad, and, fearing that she would continue sterile, he concluded to get rid of her.

"I took her," he wrote, "with another Mambrino Chief mare I owned, with large hocks, called Dove Mambrino, and offered both on November County Court day in Lexington at public outcry. Mr. D. Harris bought Fanny, Blackwood's dam, at auction for $110. Blackwood was foaled the following spring, his mother being entirely blind, and I think she died soon after from a fall. The dam of Fanny was a dun, or yellow mare, of unknown blood, and was brought from Indiana, I understood. If this dun mare was by Commodore, I never knew it, as I was very much interested when I bought her from Mr. Thomas. He said it was impossible to pedigree her, as she was not raised in this vicinity. The dun mare was a fine roadster in those days. Fanny had only fair trotting action as a buggy mare. She was a lengthy mare, with broad hips, dark bay, or brown, in color."

Blackwood was foaled the property of Andrew Steele, of Scott County, Ky. Mr. Steele was a lightly-formed, emotionless man, and a strict Methodist. When Blackwood began to show speed his

church friends objected to his keeping a fast horse, but he managed to silence them. Blackwood was trained at Edge Hill Farm, under the direction of Colonel West. Mr. Steele, who usually was as cool as an icicle, drove over one fine morning with some of his Methodist friends to see the horse take his work. The black wonder trotted a half-mile in 1.08, and Colonel West was jubilant. He looked for Mr. Steele to show some emotion, but the little man remained silent, and finally the Colonel asked:

"What do you think of that for a four-year-old?"

"Oh, tolerably good," drawled the owner of the stallion, "but he didn't go as fast as I thought he would."

"Tolerably good!" shouted Colonel West in a burst of impatience. "Why, you are a queer man not to be satisfied with a four-year-old, when he shows you a half-mile at the rate of a mile in 2.16."

Dexter's record at that time was at the top, and it was 2.17¼.

Mr. Durkee purchased Blackwood, paying a very large price for him, and when the dark thunderbolt arrived at Spring Hill there were scores of visitors anxious to study his conformation. There was much mysterious talk about starting the horse against the 2.17¼ of Dexter, but it came to nothing. The best mile that Blackwood was driven, while owned by Mr. Durkee, was 2.23½, on his half-mile track. Blackwood died in 1891, leaving nine trotters, the best of which was Proteine, 2.18. Ten of his sons

and twenty-four of his daughters are producers of standard speed.

A man of splendid type was Richard West, and he numbered among his friends some of the most influential gentlemen of the country. His well-trained negro servant, when guests of prominence took seats on the cool piazza of Edge Hill, softly stole down to the moist bed where mint grew, and when he reappeared it was with a silver bowl filled with cracked ice and a cup of lump sugar, which he placed on a little table within reach. Then a rosier glow was in the atmosphere, and the hours were far from heavy.

One of the brood mares owned by Colonel West was Dolly, dam of Thorndale, Director, and Onward. Other mares that found shelter in his stables were Lula, May Queen, and Midnight, dam of Jay-eye-see. Almont was at the head of his stud until he sold him to General W. T. Withers, and then he leased Dictator from Mr. Durkee.

I recall an autumn morning at Edge Hill when Colonel West showed the New York party, which had traveled to Kentucky in a private car, three horses which subsequently attracted no little public attention. One was Santa Claus, who then was known as Count Kilrush. John W. Conley bought him, took him to California, and sold him to P. A. Finnegan, and later the stallion came East in the stable of Orrin A. Hickok, and created quite a stir, trotting to a record of 2.17½. Lucy Cuyler, a bay mare, foaled in 1874, was the second one speeded on the track, and she aroused genuine en-

thusiasm. She passed from Edge Hill into the stable of Robert Bonner, and became a brood mare at the Tarrytown Farm. Mr. Bonner drove her to wagon on his track in 2.15½, and his youngest son, Frederick Bonner, drove her a half mile to top wagon at Fleetwood Park in 1.05—two very remarkable performances. Governor Leland Stanford was anxious at one time to secure Lucy Cuyler for breeding purposes at Palo Alto, and he asked me to strike up a trade for her with Mr. Bonner. I did the best I could, but was met with the firm reply that the mare was not for sale.

The third one to arouse attention at Edge Hill was Director, foaled in 1877, and by Dictator, out of Dolly. In October, 1880, this black horse trotted at Louisville to a record of 2.30, and then was taken to California by John W. Conley. As a four-year-old there was talk of matching him against the fast three-year-old mare, Sweetheart, owned by J. W. Mackay, for $10,000 a side, but, after a great deal of newspaper controversy, the match fell through. In the summer of 1883 Director came East in the stable of John A. Goldsmith, and was one of the stars of the Grand Circuit, defeating such horses as Wilson, Tony Newell, Overman, Clemmie G., and Fanny Witherspoon. Two other sons of Director were circuit stars that summer—Jay-eye-see and Phallas.

Mr. Durkee was one of the first breeders to emphasize the importance of producing mares in the stud. The dams of Lula, May Queen, Rosalind,

Mohawk Jr., Mambrino Bertie, and Bella were purchased at long figures by him. Kate Crockett, dam of Lula, 2.15, was seventeen years old when she became his property. She died January 18, 1876, when twenty-two years old, the result of an accident. Lula, bred to George Wilkes, produced Lula Wilkes, and she, bred to Electioneer, produced Advertiser, 2.15¼, sire of the champion yearling trotter, Abdell, 2.23.

A short time before Mr. Durkee died he wrote me a note, saying that time hung heavily on him, and asking me to come and see him. I found him so weak that he could not walk, but his eyes were bright, and the conversation quickly drifted to the pleasant hours spent at Spring Hill. He talked so eagerly of the horses as to make me forget for the moment that the shadow of death was upon him. The snow lay white on Fifth Avenue and the Park beyond, and he proposed a ride. Muffled in furs he was carried to the sleigh, and the crisp air, as we drove slowly through Central Park, fairly alive with prancing horses and jingling bells, brought color to his cheeks.

He enjoyed the ride, but was quite weary on his return to the house, and soon after this he entered into absolute rest. His breeding establishment was sold, and the farm at Flushing, which had been his pride, dropped back into an atmosphere of dullness and obscurity.

CHAPTER XXVIII

J. MALCOLM FORBES AND FORBES FARM

IN the latter part of November, 1891, I ran up from New York to Pittsfield with Mr. Robert Bonner to visit Allen Farm. During a carriage drive across the beautiful Berkshire Hills Mr. Bonner suddenly laid his hand on the arm of Wm. Russell Allen and said: "If I were as young as you and had gone to the expense that you have done in establishing a great breeding plant, there is one horse I would own regardless of cost."

Everybody at that time was talking about the wonderful performance of a two-year-old colt by Electioneer, who had trotted at Stockton, November 10, to high-wheel sulky to a record of 2.10¾, and Mr. Allen remarked, "You mean Arion."

"Yes," replied Mr. Bonner. "His performance is so far ahead of any other of its kind as to place him in a class by himself. It has been my policy to buy the best. They are the cheapest in the end. Pride of ownership is gratified by owning, not the fastest and best trotter of Denver, San Francisco, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Boston, Philadelphia, or New York, but the undisputed champion trotter of the world. The chief star in the constellation is the one to which all eyes turn."

"I have thought a good deal of Arion," said Mr. Allen, "but I fear that price will not tempt Governor Stanford. If I should make an offer for the colt, what do you think should be my limit?"

Quick and sharp was the answer: "If I had to pay $150,000 for him, I should transfer him to Allen Farm. This is the reported price paid for Ormonde, when Mr. McDonough placed him at the head of his modest breeding establishment in California. Arion should prove as valuable to you as Ormonde to McDonough. You can spend, as I have found out by experience, more than $150,000 in purchasing prospects which never rise to the top. This is why I say that the very best, regardless of cost, is the cheapest in the end."

It was evident that the earnest words of Mr. Bonner had impressed Mr. Allen, but, while the proprietor of Allen Farm hesitated, another Massachusetts breeder promptly acted. Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes wrote to Leland Stanford, who then represented California in the United States Senate, asking him to put a price on Arion. The curt reply from Washington was that it would be useless to price the colt, because there was no desire to sell, and that no one would pay the price, if one should be made. Mr. Forbes was not silenced. He closed his second letter with the words:

"I asked you what price you would put on Arion. Please reply."

WILLIAM RUSSELL ALLEN

The answer was that the colt would not be sold for less than $125,000. Mr. Forbes went immediately to Washington and claimed the colt, with the proviso that he should be allowed to go to California and look Arion over before paying the money. This reasonable privilege was accorded by Senator Stanford, and Mr. Forbes took the train for San Francisco, carefully examined Arion at Palo Alto, and made out a check for $125,000 to the order of Leland Stanford. The sensational sale was published throughout the world, and there was overwhelming desire to study the conformation of Arion when he was transferred from Palo Alto to Forbes Farm. His stud fee for 1892 was fixed at $2500, and it was eagerly paid, Mr. Allen being one of the first to engage a mare to the young stallion. This was Elista, a daughter of Green Mountain Maid, dam of Electioneer, sire of Arion.

It was at the Lexington meeting in October, 1891, that a quiet-appearing gentleman opened negotiations for the purchase of Nancy Hanks, a bay mare then five years old, by Happy Medium, dam Nancy Lee by Dictator, and who had trotted, September 30 that year, to a record of 2.09. Sunol, who was of the same age, was then owned by Robert Bonner, and the previous season, when each was four years old, there had been much discussion in the public prints about the relative speed of the two mares. It was well known that Mr. Bonner never matched his horses, but, as Sunol's racing qualities were controlled

by Senator Stanford, I had authority and felt at liberty to make a proposition. It was to trot Sunol against Nancy Hanks for not less than $10,000 a side, winner to take all. This silenced the Nancy Hanks boomers, but my interest in the daughter of Happy Medium and Nancy Lee did not abate. After Nancy Hanks had trotted in 2.09 as a five-year-old, Sunol reduced the five-year-old record to 2.08¼. The sale of Nancy Hanks at Lexington to J. Malcolm Forbes was one of the sensational topics of the meeting, and, when her purchaser, Mr. Forbes, was pointed out to strangers, there was much rubbing of eyes. It was difficult to believe that the quiet, scholarly-looking man was a trotting-horse enthusiast. In this respect he was the antithesis of many other prominent owners of trotters. The price paid for Nancy Hanks was a long one, and I was gratified to see her march steadily to the throne. During the season of 1892, drawing a bicycle sulky, she reduced the record to 2.07¼, to 2.05¼, and to 2.04. The latter performance was made at Terre Haute, September 28, 1892. I was in Boston at the time and had made an engagement to meet Mr. Forbes at his farm early in the morning of September 29. Mr. C. J. Hamlin went to Readville with me, and from there we drove to Canton. The sun, which was rising above the crest of Blue Hill, was converting thousands of dewdrops into diamonds, when Mr. Forbes stepped from the office of the farm and bade us welcome. His manner was so serene that we could

not resist asking if he had received a telegram from Doble. He said no, and added: "Why do you ask?"

Mr. Hamlin replied: "Is it possible that you are ignorant of what all the world is now talking, the great achievement of Nancy Hanks?"

Mr. Forbes simply removed the yachting cap which shaded his face, and looked at us with questioning eyes.

"Nancy Hanks trotted in 2.04 at Terre Haute yesterday," I remarked.

"You bring me good news," said Mr. Forbes, and he calmly led the way to the office, and placed before us a biscuit and a glass of rare old sherry.

Mr. Hamlin was amazed at the lack of enthusiasm shown by an owner whose mare had won the championship crown of the world, and exclaimed: "You do not seem to warm up much over the news."

The reply was calmly courteous: "I am gratified, but you surely do not expect me to turn a somersault."

Mr. Forbes evidently had great control of his feelings and this probably kept his judgment from going astray. I have before me the catalogue in which I made memoranda as we strolled over the farm. In this farm, at the base of Blue Hill three miles from Readville, there were 130 acres. The buildings were painted orange. We saw Arion jog on the three-quarter mile track, and I quote the note which refers to him:

"Arion, 15.1; fine head, good countenance; quality, rangy, blood-like, and light on his feet. Wears quarter boots."

Scott McCoy was the man in charge. One of the brood mares was Nellie May by Electioneer, dam Lady Ellen, the producing daughter of Carr's Mambrino; second dam Ida May Jr. by Owen Dale; third dam Ida May by Belmont (California), and fourth dam by Red Buck by Bertrand. Another brood mare was Titania by Electioneer, dam Ella by Sultan; second dam Eileen Ogle by Norfolk, thoroughbred son of Lexington. Nearly every mare reserved for breeding ran directly to the thoroughbred foundation, showing plainly the drift of the mind of Mr. Forbes. The celebrated gray gelding, Jack, 2.12¼, by Pilot Medium, out of Carrie Russell by Magna Charta, was in the catalogue, but, in the handwriting of Mr. Forbes, he was marked "Sold." Doubtless it was the memory of Jack which later suggested the purchase of Peter the Great, another son of Pilot Medium, for use at Forbes Farm. The office, in which we sipped sherry and discussed breeding, was large and bright, and pictures of yachts and horses adorned its walls. Mr. Forbes then owned the Puritan, the successful defender of the America's Cup in 1885, against the challenge of the Genesta. Later, he sold this fast boat, and purchased the Volunteer. From his youth up he took delight in racing boats, and his influence in yachting circles was as wholesome as in trotting affairs.

J. MALCOLM FORBES

J. MALCOLM FORBES AND FORBES FARM

John Malcolm Forbes was born in Milton, Mass., February 2, 1847, and he was a partner in the well-known firm of J. M. Forbes & Co., founded by his father. He was a man of large affairs in every sense of the word, and his influence added to the prestige of the trotting turf. A gap was created in the ranks of the clean and loyal sportsmen of America when he died at his home in Milton, February 19, 1904.

Mr. Forbes once said to me that the man who paid a very long price for a stallion imposed something of a handicap upon himself. People expected more of the horse than he could accomplish in the stud, and were disposed to criticise him when he did not rise to their sanguine expectations. Arion has proved himself a sire of extreme speed, and had less money been paid for him the critics would have been more tolerant, because an impossible standard would not have been erected for his measurement.

I find scores of letters from Mr. Forbes in my filebook, and I shall reproduce two of these to show the bent of his mind. Under date of January 31, 1899, he wrote:

"DEAR MR. BUSBEY: I have yours of the 30th, and I think that I saw in your paper an account of my taking an interest in French coachers and hackneys. I wish to disclaim taking the slightest interest in the latter. I have never known a good horseman to say a good word for the hackney. There are many horsey men who talk and think differently,

but the real judge of a horse won't have them at any price. My experiment is on a very limited scale, as I have only two French coach fillies. Whether I have more depends on how I like these. I intend to race Bingen, but he has got to get within Directum's class before we talk of Alix. I bought Peter the Great the other day, and he will arrive at the farm to-morrow. I guess he is quite a good colt.

"Yours truly,

"J. MALCOLM FORBES."

When Peter the Great occupied a box stall at Forbes Farm, three of the fastest stallions in the country then found shelter there—Bingen, 2.06¼, Peter the Great, 2.07¼, and Arion, 2.07¾. It was a grand trio. When Bingen was a competitor in classes at the Boston Horse Show I was one of the judges who affixed the blue to his headstall and lifted him into championship honors. Mr. Forbes was gratified, but did not say much. Some of the critics found fault with the official decisions, but it was not long before they were compelled to confess error of judgment. Under date of January 30, 1901, Mr. Forbes wrote me:

"I see that some of the papers are trying to put the professional judge question to the front. In theory it will be all right, but in practice you could not get the men who are honest, and at the same time capable. You and I know what pressure would be brought and how the professional judges, traveling through the circuit, and living with the drivers and the pool-sellers, would find it almost impossible

to act independently. Under the present system, though we have seen bad blunders in judgment, but through the circuit at least, I believe that the stand has been very generally honored. At any rate, under the present system, the standard on the trotting tracks has improved very much in the past twenty years, and I think we had better let well enough alone. One can stand losing a race on its merits, but, as soon as I feel that the judges and the starter are working in favor of any interest, rather than fair play, I shall stop racing."

CHAPTER XXIX

BREEDING FARMS IN THE BERKSHIRES

I KNEW Charles H. Kerner for more than a third of a century, and from first to last he was an enthusiastic lover of the trotting horse. He was a member of visiting delegations to Kentucky when trotting was in its infancy there, and he struggled manfully to live the pace set by companions of greater physical endowment than himself. He was one of the privileged group at Stony Ford when that breeding establishment commanded national attention, and he often stood with uplifted glass in the smoking-room and saw the Old Year pass, and felt the first beat of the pulse of the New Year. He was a regular road rider, and seldom missed an afternoon call at Gabe Case's or John Barry's, when in town, and he felt certain that George B. Alley, Shepherd F. Knapp, David Bonner, Lawrence Kip, and Albert C. Hall would be there. He kept his secrets so well that he often surprised us, when driving through the country, by asking us to stop while he climbed over a fence to inspect a brood mare or colt grazing in the pasture, and which he was forced to admit was his property. When in jovial mood, Alley Bonner would turn to him and say: "Charley, here is a

lane leading God knows where, but I have no doubt that at the end of it we will find a horse of some description owned by you."

A summer at Great Barrington in the Berkshires so pleased him that he purchased a tract of land there and converted it into a stock farm. Then he gathered his trotters from the four corners of the land, and all the stalls were quickly filled. He saw Alcantara trot as a four-year-old in Kentucky, and admired him. When this son of George Wilkes and Alma Mater was transferred from Lexington to Lee by Elizur Smith, he paid frequent visits to him, and his admiration for the horse increased. He purchased the chestnut colt Leonatus by Alcantara, dam Serene by Nutwood; second dam Silence by Alexander's Abdallah, and third dam Woodbine, dam of Woodford Mambrino and Wedgewood, and then buttonholed you and wanted to know how you could beat his blood lines. Leonatus grew into an impressive horse of 16 hands, and I often think of an afternoon in the summer of 1895 when Mr. Kerner burst into my office to tell me of the contest in which the six-year-old stallion took a record of 2.17¼ in the fifth heat of a winning race. Mr. Kerner's eyes blazed as the words dropped rapidly from his lips, and each point was emphasized by a slap on the shoulder or the knee. When he rose to go he trembled like a leaf shaken by the wind, and it was evident that the wave of excitement had weakened him. I sat in the box of Colonel Lawrence Kip, at the

November Horse Show in Madison Square Garden the same year, with Mr. Kerner, and other friends. Leonatus was one of the horses being judged in the stallion class, and his owner was so nervous that we began to chaff him.

"What is the matter with those judges," he exclaimed. "They are slower than cold molasses. I made up my mind long ago. There is but one thing to do, and it should be done quickly."

"Probably they do not see things as you see them, Charley," remarked Mr. Backman. "Give them more time. Can't you wait?"

"Wait! Oh, yes, I can wait, but if they do not get a move on them I and everybody else will be dead before the prizes are awarded."

A moment after this Leonatus was led out from the line and the blue rosette affixed to his headstall. Mr. Kerner sprang to his feet and wildly shouted:

"What did I tell you, boys? You can't beat him! Those judges know a horse when they see him."

It was a happy moment for Charles H. Kerner, and he left us with the elastic step of boyhood. In October, 1897, Mr. Kerner was one of the New York delegation at Lexington when Rilma won the Transylvania. Bush was a competitor, and her owner walked on air, as it were, after she had won the third heat in 2.09½. He nursed hopes of victory, but was doomed to disappointment, and took the train for home the next day. Bush was a very game trotter by Alcyone, out of Lady Garfield by Young

Jupiter, and Mr. Kerner was exceedingly fond of her. Although small, she was able to carry her speed through contests of divided heats. Her first foal, a black colt born 1904, is by King Edward, son of Leonatus and Grey Dawn, a mare that aroused Mr. Kerner to enthusiastic speech. Grey Dawn was bred by Robert Bonner, and her sire was Startle (son of Hambletonian and Lizzie Walker by Seely's American Star), and her dam was Daybreak by Harold (sire of Maud S.), and her second dam was Midnight, the dam of Jay-eye-see. As Alcyone, sire of Bush, and Alcantara, sire of Leonatus, were brothers, the blood lines of the black colt are among the richest in the Trotting Register. I draw attention to him merely for the purpose of illustrating the Kerner idea of breeding. The name of the farm was Forkhurst, and the view from the crown occupied by the residence is one of the finest in the Berkshires. Mr. Kerner was in poor health for several years preceding his death, and his face ceased to be seen in public places. The curtain was rung down for him in June, 1904.

It is but a short drive from Great Barrington to Lee, and it was at the latter place that Elizur Smith established Highlawn Stock Farm, long before Mr. Kerner began to erect buildings at Forkhurst. Mr. Smith was partial to the blood of George Wilkes, and he went to Kentucky and purchased two sons of this stallion, Alcantara, foaled in 1876, and his full brother Alcyone, foaled in 1877. The dam was

Alma Mater by Mambrino Patchen, second dam Estella, thoroughbred daughter of imp. Australian. Alcantara trotted to a four-year-old record of 2.23 at Louisville, and Alcyone, who was a smaller, but better built, horse than his brother, retired with a record of 2.27, although he had shown much faster than this in his work. Mares of producing capacity were selected for union with these horses, and it was not long before visitors from all parts of the country were attracted to Highlawn. Mr. Smith was a thoughtful, unobtrusive man, and the details of the management of the farm were left to his agent, J. G. Davis. I quote from a letter written to me by Mr. Davis February 3, 1886:

"Our stock each year will be handled at home the first part of the season and sent to Springfield to put on the finish. No one has more quality in their mares. We are not wedded to any particular strain. Have selected from the producing strains of the best families. We have paid particular attention to their nerve force, believing that the foal takes its gait from the sire, and its energy or will power from the dam. No mare can remain here unless she has individual merit, and speed has cropped out often on the maternal side of her ancestors. You know the history of our stallions. Some people could not imagine why we wanted two brothers. The fact of owning one was the reason for owning the other. Should one die we have the other. Highlawn, with its outside pasturing, now contains about 1000 acres, and 700 acres are in a high state of cultivation. The farm is divided into numerous small

lots so that too many valuable mares will not be turned together."

The practical horseman crops out in every line of this letter. The sneers leveled at Alma Mater, because her second dam was thoroughbred, did not cloud her career. In November, 1884, Mr. P. S. Talbert wrote to me from Inwood Breeding and Training Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky.:

"Alcantara could undoubtedly trot in 2.17 as a four-year-old, and probably would have taken a record as fast as that had it not been for his accident. Only a few days before hurting himself he trotted a half mile in 1.06, last quarter in 32 seconds, and everyone knows he was a stayer. Alcyone trotted this year, after a season in the stud, and with only six weeks' preparation, a mile in 2.22¼. Notwithstanding her running foolishness I guess Wallace and the rest of the opponents of thoroughbred blood in the trotter would like to have a few like Alma Mater. My father was one of the first to advocate the thoroughbred as a foundation. The first two animals he bred were Avondale, sold as a yearling for $3000, and Mary Mambrino, dam of Elvira, 2.18½. The performances of Maud S., Jay-eye-see, Elvira, Silverone, and others show that he was right."

Mary Mambrino was by Mambrino Patchen, out of Belle Wagner, thoroughbred daughter of Embry's Wagner, by the four-mile race horse Wagner.

I have another letter before me, written by P. S. Talbert, December 11, 1885, from which I quote:

"In looking over some old papers I came across a copy of a letter written by my father six or seven years ago, an extract from which may be of interest to you. He had been ridiculed for buying a filly from a thoroughbred mare and expecting to raise trotters from her. The following is his answer: 'I bought her (Alma Mater) at the time and because the Australians were showing more speed and bottom at the running gait than any other. It is perfectly competent for a pacing mare to transmit speed at a changed gait, but for a running-bred mare to produce speed at the trotting gait—well, that is simply ridiculous, according to many who ought to know better.' Where are the critics now, since the once despised 'running-bred weed' has become famous? In your article on first decision (at the National Horse Show) over Mambrino King you give last year's records of the produce of Alma Mater. One or two changes should be made. Almeta has lowered her record to 2.32¼, and I am reliably informed that she has trotted in a race in 2.24¼. Alline has trotted, timed by half a dozen competent timers, in 2.26½. Alcyone has thirteen foals three years old this year, only four of which, so far as I know, have been trained, namely, Silverone, 2.24¼, timed against Patron in a race in 2.20, and trotted a last half on the outside of Washington Park track (Chicago) in 1.06¼; Iona, 2.38½, timed in Gasconade Stake, St. Louis, in 2.24½; Dark Night, 2.39¼, timed in Kentucky Stake in 2.30, and Allehayone, record over a half-mile track 2.42½. Three three-year-olds to trot publicly in 2.30, out of a total of thirteen, is a pretty large percentage. Unless my memory fails me, Alcyone has been shown for roadster and trotting stallion about twenty times, suffering defeat only at the

hands of Nutwood, a decision that called forth a good deal of unfavorable criticism. He has defeated all the well-known Kentucky show stallions."

Time has demonstrated that Alcyone, all things considered, was one of the very greatest of trotting stallions. His blood is breeding on with remarkable force.

Under date of August 23, 1887, Mr. Wm. H. Fearing wrote me from Newminster Stud, Jobstown, N. J.:

"I am sorry to announce the death of my mare Estella by Australian. She died at Woodburn August 20, from blood poisoning, and was in foal at that time by Harold, sire of Maud S. The mare leaves a yearling filly (Ora Mater) by Belmont and a suckling colt, three months old also by Belmont."

Australian was a richly-bred horse and a noted sire of race horses. Fanny G., the dam of Estella, was by imp. Margrave, out of Lancess by Lance, son of the great four-mile race horse, American Eclipse. The running blood in Alma Mater was of the most vigorous kind, and her success in producing trotters and the progenitors of trotters strengthens the opinion that speed can be utilized at either gait. If A. S. Talbert, who bred Alcyone, or Elizur Smith, whose property he died, had witnessed the triumphs of Sweet Marie in the Grand Circuit of 1904-1906, and especially her victory in the bitterly contested

Transylvania at Lexington, his face would have flushed with pride. The once derided Alma Mater outranks thousands of intensely trotting-bred mares, and her rank as a transmitter of resolute speed steadily grows. When Elizur Smith died there was no one to carry on the breeding stud at Highlawn, and a dispersal sale was held. At this sale Alcantara was purchased by A. A. Bonner, and his court, by arrangement with Mr. Backman, was transferred to Stony Ford. Alcantara died in October, 1906.

One of the early Berkshire breeders was Pickering Clark of Pittsfield. A sample brood mare owned by him was Cream by Messenger Duroc, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lady Barnum by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, son of Abdallah; second dam Dolly by Spaulding's Abdallah, son of Abdallah; third dam by Rob Roy, son of Mambrino by Messenger, and fourth dam by Messenger Duroc, son of Duroc. Although this mare traced directly in every line to imp. Messenger, she accomplished nothing. The best of the brood mares owned by Mr. Clark was Gretchen by Chosroes, son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lady Fallis by Seely's American Star. She is the dam of three with trotting records, the best of which is Clingstone, 2.14, who once was known as the " demon " of the track. He had a great flight of speed and he carried this speed with determination. Rysdyk, the sire of Clingstone, was by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Lady Duke, thoroughbred daughter of Lexington. The unprejudiced saw in

Clingstone another illustration of the value of speed-sustaining blood in the trotter.

Other breeding establishments at Pittsfield were those of Walter Cutting, W. F. Milton, and William Pollock, but all of the Berkshire breeding farms were dwarfed by the venture of Wm. Russell Allen. This gentleman spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on Allen Farm, and he gathered his stallions and brood mares from the cream of such renowned establishments as Stony Ford, Woodburn, Indian Hill, Palo Alto, and San Mateo Stock Farm. His special aim was to secure the immediate descendants of such great brood mares as Green Mountain Maid, Miss Russell, Clara, Belle, Beautiful Bells, Vara, Waterwitch, Primrose, Fleetwing, Woodbine, Sable, and Young Portia, and price did not stop him. The cluster of gems was awe-inspiring, and visitors from all parts of the civilized world took the trains for Pittsfield and passed through the massive arch of syenite granite which guards the approach to the stables at Allen Farm. I recall an excursion there which was the talk of the neighborhood. Mr. Allen requested me to charter a private car, stock it, and bring in it a prominent delegation from New York. The June rose was in bloom and the Berkshire hills, always charming, never looked more beautiful. A big six-horse coach met us at the railway station and took us to the farm, where three hours were given to the horses, and then we drove to the top of a mountain, over a road especially built for the occasion,

and lunched under canvas. The dishes were prepared by Delmonico, and the wines were of the choicest vintage. The entertainment was as novel as unexpected, and the reputation of Allen Farm for elegant hospitality was thoroughly established. At that time the laurels gained by Kremlin in his battle with Stamboul for the stallion crown were fresh, and the horse was driven an eighth on the private track in $14\frac{3}{4}$ seconds, a wonderful flight of speed for so early in the season. Every visitor held his watch, and was enthusiastic over the performance.

Among modest breeders at Great Barrington were Parley A. Russell and Wm. L. Brown. Although the winters are cold in the Berkshires, the weather does not violently fluctuate, and the sweet grass of summer, with the climb from valley to crest of hill, is conducive to muscular growth. The horses reared in the pure and invigorating atmosphere have constitution, and are up to the requirements of severe speed tests. The homes of luxury and fashion adorn the hills around Great Barrington, Lee, Stockbridge, Lenox, and Pittsfield, and the current of refined life flows vigorously from season to season. It was not always thus. A third of a century ago an intellectual and scholarly gentleman of leisure, Charles Astor Bristed, of fragrant memory, sent me a series of letters descriptive of the glories of the Berkshires, and after their publication the golden tide began to rise at Lenox.

CHAPTER XXX

HENRY N. SMITH AND OTHER BREEDERS

THE first time I exchanged words with Henry N. Smith was in the sixties, and at Fashion Course. I had driven over to the track with Wm. Rutter to hold a watch on the stallion Garibaldi by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, out of a black mare called Topsy. Mr. Rutter's son, William, rode the handsome horse, and we timed him along the back stretch a fast quarter for that day. Mr. Smith looked at my watch and exclaimed: "I will bet $1000 that he cannot trot the last quarter as fast as that." This was taken as a reflection on the correctness of the timing, and the reply was far from pacific. Before we left the track we learned that the first quarter pole had been moved some yards nearer the half-mile pole than was regular, the object being on the part of a dealer to show a customer a fast fractional performance. I sometimes wondered, had a wager been made and lost on account of this glaring deception, if Mr. Smith would have claimed the money. In the Stock Exchange Henry N. Smith was a quick and bold trader, and for a while everything seemed to go his way. He piled up millions, and was ambitious to own the fastest trotters in the world. He bought

such mares as Goldsmith Maid, Lady Thorn, and Lucy, concealing ownership for a time and trotting them against each other until I began to sharply criticise him in print, and then there was a change for the better. Fashion Stud Farm, near Trenton, N. J., was perfectly appointed, and there were gay gatherings in the mansion. Mr. Smith bred performer to performer, and the union of General Knox, Lady Thorn, and Goldsmith Maid, and of Jay Gould and Lucy furnish gratifying results. The soil of Fashion Stud Farm was sandy, and it was difficult to grow nutritious grass there. When convinced of this, Mr. Smith transferred a large number of his best stallions and brood mares to Walnut Grove Farm near Lexington, Ky. Colonel R. P. Todhunter was in charge of the Blue Grass division. I was in Mr. Smith's New York office one morning, and he directed my attention to a large railroad map which hung on the wall: "You can see for yourself that these lines are handicapped by non-productive country. Their value is forced. I am picking the sand from the foundations and a crash is inevitable." I think that Mr. Smith was sincere in what he said, but the crash did not come. He was forced to retreat, and his fortune was greatly impaired. He recovered some of his losses, and placed one million dollars in the name of his wife, as Mrs. Smith told me herself, to guard against another rainy day. The trust was not faithfully observed, Mr. Smith borrowing from the fund and losing it in speculation. The

last time I saw Smith was at Fashion Stud Farm, after the death of his wife. He had been thrown by an unruly horse from the saddle against a tree, and several bones were fractured. Smith had rigged pulleys which he could work and change his position from time to time in bed, and was really cheerful for one so badly crippled. He did not get out for months, and then was not the chipper figure of old. The long mental strain told upon him, and his last days were spent in an asylum at Stamford. Even kings of finance have their ups and downs and are called upon to go out of the world more helpless and forlorn than when they entered it.

John B. Dutcher commenced breeding trotters at Pawling, N. Y., in 1891, and he was quite enthusiastic for a time, but grew tired, and closed out the establishment. His farm was well appointed, and I remember pleasant days there, especially one when a large party ran up in a private car from New York and lent a rosy complexion to the atmosphere. The committee in charge of the entertainment was composed of David S. Hammond and myself, and the champagne was cooled in large washtubs. Mr. Dutcher was born in Dover, Dutchess County, N. Y., February 13, 1830, and he was a sturdy lieutenant of Commodore Vanderbilt and Wm. H. Vanderbilt. He was a member of the Assembly and the State Senate at Albany, and entered the directory of the New York & Harlem Railroad in 1864, and became the manager of the Live Stock Transportation De-

partment of the New York Central system in 1865. He is a member of the Chamber of Commerce and the Produce Exchange, and a director in numerous banks and corporations. He was a forceful man, who reflected credit on the trotting-horse breeding industry, and I was sorry to see him drop from the active line.

Patchen Farm, J. W. Day, was at Waterloo, N. Y., and the stallions were Seneca Patchen, Sunrise Patchen, Bartholdi Patchen, and Kaiser. The latter, by George Wilkes, dam Fair Lady by Dictator, was formerly owned by General W. S. Tilton of Maine, whose career as a breeder was entertaining to himself, if not profitable. Dr. Day is not as active in trotting circles as he was, still he is now and then seen in a sulky driving one of his own horses in a race.

Genesee Valley Farm, the venture of Judson H. Clark, was at Elmira, N. Y., and his three stallions were Lord Wellington, brother of Sunol, 2.08¼; Young Fullerton, 2.20¾, and Pocahontas Boy, the sire of the fast pacing mare, Buffalo Girl, 2.12½. Mr. Clark often went down the Grand Circuit line and he found much recreation in breeding.

Tuscarora Farm, at Doubs, Maryland, was the venture of C. M. de Garmendia, a young gentleman bubbling over with enthusiasm for horses of speed. His stallions were Sea King by Lord Russell, out of Fairy Belle by Belmont; Monocacy by King Wilkes, out of Vivandiere by Volunteer, and Tuscarora by

Sea King, out of Duenna by Woodford Mambrino. Mr. de Garmendia trained his trotters, and became quite an expert driver of them in races. He preferred the robust life of the track to the dull refinements of the drawing-room.

CHAPTER XXXI

EVOLUTION—ENVIRONMENT AND NUTRITION

MAMBRINO was a gray horse, bred by John Atkinson of Scholes, near Leeds, England, and foaled in 1768. He was by Engineer (son of Sampson), dam by Old Cade; second dam by the Duke of Bolton's gray horse, Little John, son of Old Partner. He passed from Mr. Atkinson to Lord Grosvenor, and won his first race at Newmarket in 1773, beating the Duke of Kingston's Croney by Careless, two miles, 105 yards. He also defeated, at Newmarket in 1773, the good race horse, Florizel by Herod. He raced up to 1779, when he fell lame while running in the Craven Stakes, and was retired to the stud. He was a horse of substance and lofty style, and is at the foundation of some of the finest coach horses produced in England. Mambrina, chestnut mare foaled in 1785, and by Mambrino, dam sister to Naylor's Sally, was imported into South Carolina in 1787, and among her produce was Eliza by imp. Bedford. Bred to Sir Archy, Eliza produced Bertrand and Pacific, celebrated in the stud. Gray Eagle, who ran four-mile heats, and whose blood is a factor in trotting pedigrees, was by Bertrand.

Messenger, a gray horse foaled in 1780, by Mambrino, dam by Turf; second dam sister to Figurante

by Regulus, son of Godolphin Arabian, started four times in England, won eight races, and received forfeit twice. He was imported into America in 1788, one year after Mambrina, and, as racing was then under a cloud, was bred to all sorts of mares and founded a great trotting family. Lewis G. Morris owned a thoroughbred daughter of imp. Sourcrout, and her nuptial with Messenger resulted in a gray horse foaled in 1806 and named Mambrino. John Tredwell of Long Island bred a chestnut mare to the Morris horse, Mambrino by Messenger, and the outcome was a bay horse called Abdallah, foaled in 1823.

Mr. David Bonner has preserved a paper, now yellow with the breath of time, from which I extract:

"Mr. Rysdyk, who knew Abdallah through and through, says he was about the finest horse that he ever saw—that he was loaded down with good points. In describing him Mr. Rysdyk said: 'He was powerful in the back, loins, and quarters, with the most beautiful width of back that I ever saw in my life. His motion was exceedingly springy, vigorous, and elastic, and he had the quickest knee action that I ever saw in any horse.' Abdallah was taken to Kentucky in 1839, where he remained for several years, and left a fine strain of Messenger blood. But his colts on Long Island beginning to show well as trotters, William Simonson and John Buckley went to Kentucky, bought him, and brought him back to New York. He subsequently went to

Chester, Orange County, and stood there from April, 1846, to April, 1849. The fate of this fine horse was melancholy. In the spring of 1854 William Simonson (his owner) let a farmer take him to make a season near Fire-place, a remote hamlet on Long Island, where his value was wholly unknown. Mr. Simonson gave Abdallah to the farmer out and out, with the proviso that he should take care, good care, of him as long as he lived, the old horse then being twenty-nine years of age. But the farmer, supposing Abdallah to be too old for further service, sold him to a fisherman for $35. The fisherman attempted to drive him to his wagon; the old horse resented the degradation, smashed the fish wagon to atoms, and so frightened the fisherman that he never dared to attempt anything further with him; he turned him out to run upon the beach, where there was not herbage enough to afford sustenance for a goat. Mr. Simonson, hearing of this barbarism, hastened to Abdallah's rescue, but, when he arrived in the fisherman's neighborhood, he found the old horse dying of starvation, and, waiting till he expired, Mr. S. buried him in the sand of the beach. This occurred in November, 1854."

The Charles Kent mare by imp. Bellfounder, out of One Eye by imp. Messenger, was bred to Abdallah, and the fruit was Rysdyk's Hambletonian, born in 1849, and who is now recognized as the greatest of trotting progenitors. Mambrino Paymaster, sire of Mambrino Chief, another great trotting progenitor, was from the loins of Abdallah. The thoroughbred who sired Abdallah has but few representatives on the running turf. Miller's Damsel,

dam of the famous race horse American Eclipse, was a daughter of imp. Messenger. As Messenger was a runner, from running ancestors, why was he so potent in founding a family of trotters? This question has been hotly debated for years, and, as a matter of course, opinions differ. The Weismann theory of absolute continuity will not do. "No evolutionist," says Romaine, "would at any time have propounded the view that one generation depends for *all* its characters on those acquired by its *immediate* ancestors, for this would merely be to unsay the theory of evolution itself, as well as to deny the patent facts of heredity, as shown, for example, in atavism." Speed is largely a matter of form and nervous energy, and the conformation and temperament of Messenger were such as to favor the utilization of speed at any well-recognized speed gait. Environment exercised some control. If racing had not been practically dead in the North when Messenger landed in America, his progeny would have been trained or developed to run on the track, instead of utilized in harness, and we would have witnessed a continuity of running growth, in place of the steady advancement of trotting growth. It is true that trotting is in a measure an acquired character, but in the case of Messenger we cannot wholly separate it from congenital roots. Through generations of cultivation and use the character is intensified, and the present highest exponent of the cumulative force is Lou Dillon. The persistent efforts of a century

were required to reduce the trotting record from three minutes and less to two minutes. The evolution from Messenger, who died in 1808, age twenty-eight years, was slow but sure. The germ in the course of time became a living form. The acquired character was merged into the congenital, and now the great trotter, the winner of future prizes, is born, not manufactured.

Darwin holds that climate has an effect upon the horse, altering to some extent the character of the ancestral stock. In India Scotch setters will not breed true to their type, owing to radical change of climate. The ocean separates the birthplace of Messenger from his grave, and I fully believe that the character of his progeny was modified by climate and food. The climatic outcross in his case was more pronounced than that which attended the transfer of George Wilkes from New York to Kentucky; and it is a thrice-told tale that the progeny of Wilkes, born under Blue Grass skies, was far better, as a rule, than that of New York. Nutrition also has a modifying influence. The Brazilian parrot changes the green in its feathers to red or yellow, if fed on the fat of certain fishes. A diet of hempseed will cause the bullfinch to turn black, and you can redden the plumage of the canary by feeding it on cayenne pepper. Experience confirms the opinion that structure, as well as temperament, is influenced by food and change of climate.

Jessie Kirk was a brown mare, foaled in Kentucky,

BELLINI, 2.13¼, OWNED BY W. B. DICKERMAN

and by Clark Chief (son of Mambrino Chief), dam Old Lady by Captain Walker by Tecumseh; second dam by Parish's Pilot, and third dam by Brown Pilot, by Copper Bottom, by Brutus. She was purchased by Robert Bonner and brought to Westchester County, N. Y., and bred to Startle. The result was Majolica, born in 1876. He was so small that he was gelded and sold to Nathan Straus, in whose stable he trotted to a record of 2.15. Westchester, the brother of Majolica, was born in April, 1881, and his breeder experimented on him with food. I have before me the memorandum in the handwriting of Mr. Bonner:

"October, began to feed 12 quarts of oats a day to the mare, and take her in at night. Didn't wean until January 10, 1882. After weaning, gave colt 6 quarts ground oats and 2 quarts of bran daily. When 13 months old, weight, 925 pounds; 15 months, 970 pounds; 17 months, 1025 pounds; 18 months, 1060 pounds. On the same day Startle weighed 1000 pounds, Eldridge, 1015 pounds, and Nutbourne, 1045 pounds. Broken as a yearling, and the second time Johnny Murphy drove him trotted a quarter in 44 seconds. The remarkable fact is that his full brother, six years old, that trotted in 2.22¼, is only 15 hands high."

Through nutrition this colt, who was named Westchester, was larger and heavier than his sire when a year and a half old, and was a mammoth by the side of his eldest brother. His form, as well

as temperament, was influenced by food; and he never developed anything like the speed of Majolica. He was sluggish in feeling and action, and Mr. Bonner confessed to me that over-food stimulation was worse than under stimulation. The conviction grows in me that variation is the outcome of nutrition and change in the external conditions of life.

CHAPTER XXXII

M'FERRAN, WITHERS, AND WILSON

GLENVIEW, in the days of J. C. McFerran, was a farm of 881 acres within a few miles of Louisville. The land was fertile and well-watered, and the buildings substantial and commodious. The leading stallions were Nutwood, Pancoast, and Cuyler, and among the 100 brood mares were Mary Mambrino by Mambrino Patchen, Lady Abdallah by Alexander's Abdallah, Bonny Doon by Aberdeen, and Reina Victoria, dam of Princeton, 2.19¾. The latter sold at auction for $7025. Mary Mambrino produced Elvira, four-year-old record 2.18½ (dam of Ponce de Leon, 2.13), and Beatrice, dam of Patron, 2.14¼; Prodigal, 2.16, and Patronage, sire of Alix, 2.03¾. Algath by Cuyler, out of Haroldine by Harold, trotted to a four-year-old record of 2.23, and Day Dream by Cuyler, out of Lucia by Hambletonian, she out of Trusty by imp. Trustee, trotted to a four-year-old record of 2.21¾. In 1883 Mr. William Rockefeller tried to buy Day Dream through me. I quote from a letter of Mr. McFerran, November 24, 1883:

" Colonel West wrote me to ask for a friend the lowest price for Day Dream. I replied that I would take $10,000 for her. The truth is I did not want

Kate Sprague, and preferred to sell my mare for cash at this price rather than make the trade on the basis Mr. Rockefeller proposed. Subsequently Colonel West wrote me that Rockefeller was the friend who wanted the mare. While he was talking with you about trading, he must have written Colonel West to get the lowest price for cash. Of course I did not know who Colonel West's friend was when he wrote me, and now, unless Mr. Rockefeller will give me $10,000 and Kate Sprague, do not make the trade with him."

The straightforward character of the man is revealed by this letter.

December 8, 1882, Mr. McFerran wrote to me:

"I notice in the last issue of your paper an article in which ex-Governor Stanford says that he would like to have seen his young mare Wildflower in a race against Eva, Alroy, and Algath, or any other three-year-old, and, if such a race could be gotten up, he would keep his stable here two weeks longer and start Wildflower in it. Now, this seems just a little thin, as a purse was made up by the Gentlemen's Driving Association for all three-year-olds to trot on the 25th of October last for $2000. Algath was entered and an express car was held here on the sidetrack four days waiting for orders to ship. Algath's clothes were packed in her trunk, sulky boxed and ready to go, when the President of the Association wired me not to ship, as the race was off, on account of two of the parties backing out. She is now turned out for the winter, therefore, it is impossible for me to accept the offer of the Gov-

ernor to trot her against Wildflower. If she lives and winters well, I think she will be able to lower the best four-year-old record that has ever been made. This is not thrown out as a challenge, as I am not in that business. I merely want to let folks know that Algath is not afraid of the best ones."

James C. McFerran was a good and clean sportsman. If the race had been made, the competitors of McFerran would have been Leland Stanford, John W. Mackay, and Benj. F. Tracy.

In October, 1885, James C. McFerran died and then came the dispersal of the famous stud. If the master had lived, his breeding triumphs would have been many, because he had just got in position to turn out trotters by the score.

Mr. John E. Green purchased Glenview Farm, and for several years kept up its reputation for good horses and refined hospitality. His leading stallion was Egotist by Electioneer, dam Sprite by Belmont; second dam Waterwitch by Pilot Jr. Egotist trotted to a record of 2.22½, and, as a speed producer, became the sharp rival of his brother, Sphinx, 2.20½. Electrite, the third brother, also trotted to a record and rapidly built up a reputation as a speed sire. The Waterwitch family is highly valued by the thoughtful. One of the brood mares owned by Mr. Green was Mystic by Nutwood, dam Emma Arteburn by Mambrino Patchen; second dam Jennie Johnson by Sweet Owen, son of Grey Eagle. He sent her to California and bred her to Guy Wilkes,

and the result was the very handsome and resolute trotting stallion Fred Kohl, 2.07¾. Mr. Green retired from Glenview, on the eve of pronounced success, to engage in other business.

At the close of the Civil War General Wm. T. Withers, who had worn the Gray with honor, decided to make his home at Lexington, Ky., and, as he knew how the horse supply had been reduced by four years of strife, he thought it a good business proposition to engage in breeding. He purchased land in the outskirts of Lexington and quickly made it famous as Fairlawn Stock Farm. His principal stallions were Almont, Happy Medium, Aberdeen, C. M. Clay Jr., and Ethan Allen 473. Three of these are renowned speed-producers. The best of Almont's thirty-five trotters were Fanny Witherspoon, 2.16¼; Piedmont, 2.17¼, and Aldine, 2.19¼. His two pacers were Westmont, 2.13¾, and Puritan, 2.16. Ninety-six of the sons of Almont are producing sires and eighty-three of his daughters are producing dams. December 15, 1882, General Withers wrote to me:

"I enclose certificates of driver, and the two judges and timers yet living, who I learn from Major Campbell Brown are reputable men, of the trot to beat 2.40 for a stake of $50, over the Nashville track in the summer of 1875, which Almont Jr. (Bostick's) won in 2.29 on first trial. You will see the performance was a regular race. Bostick, who then owned the horse, did not trot to make a record below 2.30, as he expected, and did trot the horse afterwards. It stands on a different footing from

trials to give a record, as Bostick really did not want the horse handicapped with a 2.30 record. He now has no interest whatever in the stallion, but, when here some six weeks ago, told me of the performance, and, in justice to Almont, I wrote down to get the certificates."

The first prominent trotter by Bostick's Almont was Annie W., 2.20. From the loins of this stallion came nineteen trotters, three pacers, fourteen sires, and seventeen dams. I quote from a letter, written to me by General Withers, July 5, 1884:

"Almont died from an attack of spasmodic colic on the morning of July 4, about nine o'clock. He looked better and was in better order when he was attacked than ever before at this season of the year since I owned him. On the morning of July 3 he was turned out by his groom before sunrise to take his regular exercise, as the weather was warm, and when taken up he was perspiring freely. A bucket of cold water, fresh from the cistern, was given him while in this heated condition, and this, no doubt, brought on the attack of colic. The usual rule was to water and feed him early in the morning and not turn him out for exercise until about eight o'clock. He died in about twenty-four hours after he was attacked. The pecuniary loss is great, but this does not concern me. I and all my family were greatly attached to Almont, and his sudden and untimely death excited our sympathies. He was buried in front of his stable by the side of his former stable companion, C. M. Clay Jr., and his stall has been draped in mourning."

The Almont family is one of great power and potency. General Withers closed his letter with a personal remark:

"My general health seems fully restored, though I still suffer from an old Mexican War wound, and have to use crutches in walking."

Happy Medium also founded a great family, one of his daughters being Nancy Hanks, 2.04, ex-queen of the trotting turf. The fastest trotter by Aberdeen was Kentucky Union, 2.07¼. Onward Silver, 2.05¼, is out of one of his daughters. General Withers was a liberal advertiser, and he was the first of large breeders to issue a catalogue fully describing each animal and naming the price at which it would be sold. Horses were sold by correspondence from Fairlawn, literally from Maine to Texas, and the business was remunerative. With the passing of General Withers Fairlawn passed. In October, 1904, I walked under the locust trees and was made sad by the dilapidated stables and other evidences of departed glory.

W. H. Wilson came to Lexington as a breeder in 1873, bringing George Wilkes and Honest Allen under a partnership arrangement with Z. E. and Wm. L. Simmons. He established the farm called Ashland Park, and was one of the original members of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeding Association. In letters that he wrote to breeders throughout the Blue Grass district, soliciting their support, he

KENTUCKY TODD (2.11¾), WINNER KENTUCKY FUTURITY (2) IN 1906
OWNED BY MISS K. L. WILKS

predicted that it would become the greatest trotting association in America. He was at one time its President, and for many years was a director. Later he moved to Cynthiana, where he established Abdallah Park. When Smuggler was retired from the track, Mr. Wilson leased him from Colonel H. S. Russell, and made him a star attraction at Abdallah Park. Mr. Wilson went to California in March, 1886, and this short dispatch from San Gabriel tells the result:

"Have accepted Sultan after examining him and his get."

A letter is before me, dated Cincinnati, March 21, 1886:

"Sultan was shown to admirers here, and many remarked that he looked like a thoroughbred. When he is eyed by the Kentuckians, we can tell better about that. To-night he goes to Cynthiana, and, on Mr. P. S. Talbert's arrival from California, I shall place him in his charge until August 1.

"W. H. WILSON."

Eva, Sweetheart, and Stamboul were sired by Sultan. Mr. Wilson was a man of ideas and executive capacity, and his energy compelled recognition. He was active on the floor of the congress of the National Trotting Association, and was a member of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. The stallion in

which he finally reposed confidence was Simmons by George Wilkes, and he is the sire of 95 trotters, 24 pacers, and 32 sires and 21 dams. This is a brilliant record of achievement. The greatest breeding triumph of Mr. Wilson was McKinney, 2.11¼, sold in October, 1904, to William Simpson for $50,000. Rosa Sprague by Governor Sprague, out of Rose Kenney by Mambrino Messenger, was sent by Mr. Wilson to Alcyone, and the outcome was a bay colt born in 1887, who developed into a trotter and a phenomenal sire of speed. Lady de Jarnette, 2.28, was a great pleasure to Mr. Wilson, he having exhibited her all over the country, winning innumerable prizes with her. Mr. Wilson died July 14, 1892, and one of the brood mares that passed under the hammer at the closing-out sale of his stock was the dam of Simocolon.

CHAPTER XXXIII

JEWETT FARM

For a number of years the rival of Village Farm in Erie County, New York, was Jewett Stock Farm at East Aurora. The Hamlin buildings were modest when compared with the elaborate buildings of Jewett. The latter cost a great deal of money and presented an imposing appearance. There are 400 acres in the place, and the breeding foundations were laid in 1878. The Casenovia Creek flows along the eastern border of the farm. A pet driving mare, cream-colored, that the father of Henry C. Jewett drove on the road, was the spark from which grew the flame. A costly improvement on the farm was a covered mile track, which allowed training operations to go on without regard to the state of the weather. Henry C. Jewett, although associated with his brother and his father, was from the start the directing spirit of the establishment. One of his fads was the blood of Henry Clay, the black horse foaled in 1837, and by Andrew Jackson (son of Young Bashaw by Grand Bashaw), dam the Surrey mare, a trotter from Canada. In 1882 Black Henry was regarded as the best living son of Henry Clay, and he was a black of 15.2, with good action. Sailor by Young Ashland, son of Henry Clay, was a horse

of 16 hands. Rushmore, a black horse of 16 hands weighing 1200 pounds, was by Henry Clay, but the majority of visitors to Jewett Farm preferred Black Henry, because he had more quality. The attempt to corner the Clay blood proved quite expensive to Mr. Jewett, and the breeding results were far from satisfactory. From a letter, written me in the spring of 1882 by Henry C. Jewett, I quote:

"We have a colt, born May 19, that is a grand one. Color, dark brown, no white; size, large, great bone and muscular development, perfect in every way, with as fine and pure Clay action as was ever seen. Sired by Black Henry, son of Henry Clay; dam Jennie Clay, daughter of Henry Clay. Both parents possess great vigor and vitality, and are perfectly sound. We consider ourselves extremely fortunate in getting such a perfect foal to preserve the blood of old Henry Clay."

This deeply inbred colt, so promising at birth, never made an impression in breeding annals. The critics began to find fault with the Clay experiment, and, under date of December 25, 1882, Mr. Jewett wrote me:

"Concerning the writings of Randolph Huntington in your paper, I have never known what he wrote, or intended to write, until after it appeared in print, and will say that many times I have been ashamed of what I have seen in the paper. I do not think I should be held responsible in any way for Huntington's writings. I allowed him to write the first ad-

vertisement for us, supposing it would be a proper one, and was astonished when I saw over our signatures that part of the advertisement which claimed Dexter as a Clay. I know nothing whatever about that question, and should not have been put in such a position. For many reasons I have said nothing, but I want you to understand the matter. Huntington also placed us before the public in such a way as to make it appear we were all Clay, which you must know is not so. I believe in the Clay cross, but I also believe thoroughly in the merits of other families—Hambletonian, Mambrino Chief, etc. No intelligent breeder can take any other position."

The fiction that Dexter was a Clay, instead of a Hambletonian, was repeated with spiteful perseverance twenty-odd years ago, but only the weak-minded or poorly informed take any stock in the story now. Sherman and Coronet, sons of George Wilkes, were added to the Jewett Farm stallions, and then came Homer and Jerome Eddy, and the Clay bubble collapsed. Mr. Hamlin seldom lost an opportunity to fire a shot at Jewett Farm, and I have before me a letter written by Henry C. Jewett, March 31, 1888:

"I enclose my reply to Mr. Hamlin. I dislike this whole affair very much, and I hope the discussion will not be allowed to degenerate. I shall have mainly to rely on you to control that. I flatter myself that I have some reputation left. I have not so much to gain as I have to lose. I shall appreciate highly any efforts you may make to confine this controversy within respectable limits."

Sherman accomplished more in the stud than Coronet, and Jerome Eddy distanced both. The latter was the particular thorn in the side of Mr. Hamlin. In January, 1891, I received a personal letter from Mr. Jewett, from which I extract:

"You speak of Jerome Eddy, and add that the Volunteer blood is slow to mature, inferring, or leading the public to believe, that the get of Jerome Eddy would follow Volunteer in this matter. We write you, as a friend, to correct any such ideas, if you have formed them, and to keep you from getting into one of the worst holes that you could possibly get into. We have never handled any of Jerome Eddy's get young. We are just commencing to do so. We had a few of them led last year, and last fall, while in Kentucky, we hired a first-class colt trainer, and commenced in November to handle our colts. Our colt trainer, Mr. McVey, says that he thinks Jerome Eddy will prove to be one of the great sires of early speed in this country. Please look carefully over the blood lines of Jerome Eddy and see how much Volunteer blood there would be in colts sired by Jerome Eddy on this farm. Our opinion is that you will be astonished when you come to look the matter up closely to find that there is only one-eighth Volunteer blood in our colts—enough to make them game, good race horses. The balance of the blood in nearly all cases is the very earliest speed-producing blood."

The Henry Clay and Alexander's Abdallah blood in Jerome Eddy helped the progeny of that stallion to arrive at early speed. In 1891 the post office

address of Jewett Farm was Jewettville, N. Y. Although Village Farm was a very close neighbor, C. J. Hamlin's letters were addressed to East Aurora. The rivalry was so sharp that one post office would not meet the requirements of both establishments. Mr. Jewett tried to avoid friction, but the clashing grew with the passing years. It was in June, 1884, that Mr. Jewett wrote me requesting a suppression of the Bradburn challenge:

"Somebody reported some stuff as coming from our barn which was a lie. Bradburn, the Superintendent of Hamlin's farm, got mad and then challenged. We don't do business that way, and don't want any such unpleasantness. The end would be bad feeling."

It was not until the stud at Jewett Farm had been disbanded that the relations between Mr. Jewett and Mr. Hamlin became even half-way pleasant. It was in September, 1886, that I received from Rochester, N. Y., a letter from Randolph Huntington, who was at the birth of Jewett Farm, containing these pathetic words:

"The ship is sinking, but the colors shall fly to the last. Which is the hardest way to die I can't tell, for I have thus far tried only the mental."

The breeding business, like other business, has its little tragedies.

CHAPTER XXXIV

SOME OLD ORANGE COUNTY BREEDERS

THE Waldberg stud at Haverstraw, N. Y., was a hobby of A. B. Conger, who was a theoretical, rather than a practical, horseman. Nothing great ever came from it. Adam Lilburn, the neighbor of Mr. Conger, was the owner of Edward Everett (formerly Major Winfield), and his band of brood mares was small. In one of my notebooks I find a brief record of a conversation with Lilburn, March 11, 1884:

"Charley Kent, a butcher who drove the dam of Rysdyk's Hambletonian in the streets of New York, was a drinker, and he kept the mare at work on the stones until he lamed her, then he sent her to Abdallah."

The result of this mating was the great progenitor of trotters. Here is another extract from the notes:

"American Star (Seely's) was a light chestnut of about 15 hands. He was long and low, and looked like a thoroughbred. I saw him driven double with his daughter at Goshen, when he was twenty years old, in three minutes. He had hard usage, and was often trotted on the ice of Orange Lake, back of Newburgh."

Jonathan Hawkins was a modest breeder in Orange County. Dexter and Dictator were bred by

him. I retain the notes of an interview with Mr. Hawkins years ago. The McKinstry mare was a brown with four white feet, 15.3 hands, strong and robust, and died at the age of thirty. In 1853 she was sent to Rysdyk's Hambletonian, whose fee then was $25.00, and the outcome was the bay gelding Shark (1854), who trotted under saddle at Fashion Course, L. I., July 13, 1866, in 2.27¾. He also trotted on Union Course, L. I., in 1866, two miles under saddle in 5.00½. In 1847 the McKinstry mare was bred to Seely's American Star, and the result was the black mare Clara (1848), who ran in the fields until she was four years old. She was then broken, and driven by young Hawkins to school at Montgomery. She had a hip down, caused by falling over a bar when two years old, but it did not keep her from showing speed and gameness on the road and track. In 1857, when the fee of Hambletonian was $35.00, Clara was bred to the Rysdyk stallion, and the result was Dexter, foaled in 1858. When she was carrying Dexter, Mr. Hawkins drove the mare around the Stony Ford track in 2.58, and thinks that he could have put a record on her of 2.25. At one time he drove her double with her half-brother, Shark, and she held him level. Shark, by the way, was used at one period of his life in hauling shingles over the mountain. Mr. Hawkins thinks that with proper usage he would have trotted a mile in 2.20. After Dexter was born Hawkins strained Clara by rushing her through the mud from Stony

Ford to Goshen. She was then bred back to Hambletonian, and Lady Dexter was foaled in 1862. Dictator came in 1863, and was sold for $1000. The price received for Dexter was $400. Dictator, when following his dam, showed a splendid trotting gait, and his breeder thought him superior to Dexter, who won the crown of the trotting turf. Dexter did not show much trot until one year old, and it was in snow which was thinly crusted. Clara had fourteen foals, four of which died young, and all the others became distinguished. Her three foals by Volunteer, Kearsarge, Hyacinth, and Corrinne, were speed producers, and her sons and daughters by Hambletonian have won the highest honors on the track and in the stud. Her career was romantic, and a writer who evolves a story from a single fact could fill several books with her and her descendants. At the age of twenty-seven Clara died, and she was buried on the sunny side of a hill on the farm where she was born.

D. B. Irwin, who bred Middletown; John Minchin, who owned Young Wofel and Tom Moore; Harrison Mills, owner of Sweepstakes; J. C. Howland, owner of Polonius; James M. Mills, owner of Chosroes, and Guy Miller, Thomas Morton, Amyr Van Buren, and Joseph Gavin were other Orange County breeders of the old school, and it was my privilege to spend pleasant days with all of them. I hope that recollections of these days will be revived when we meet in the Beyond.

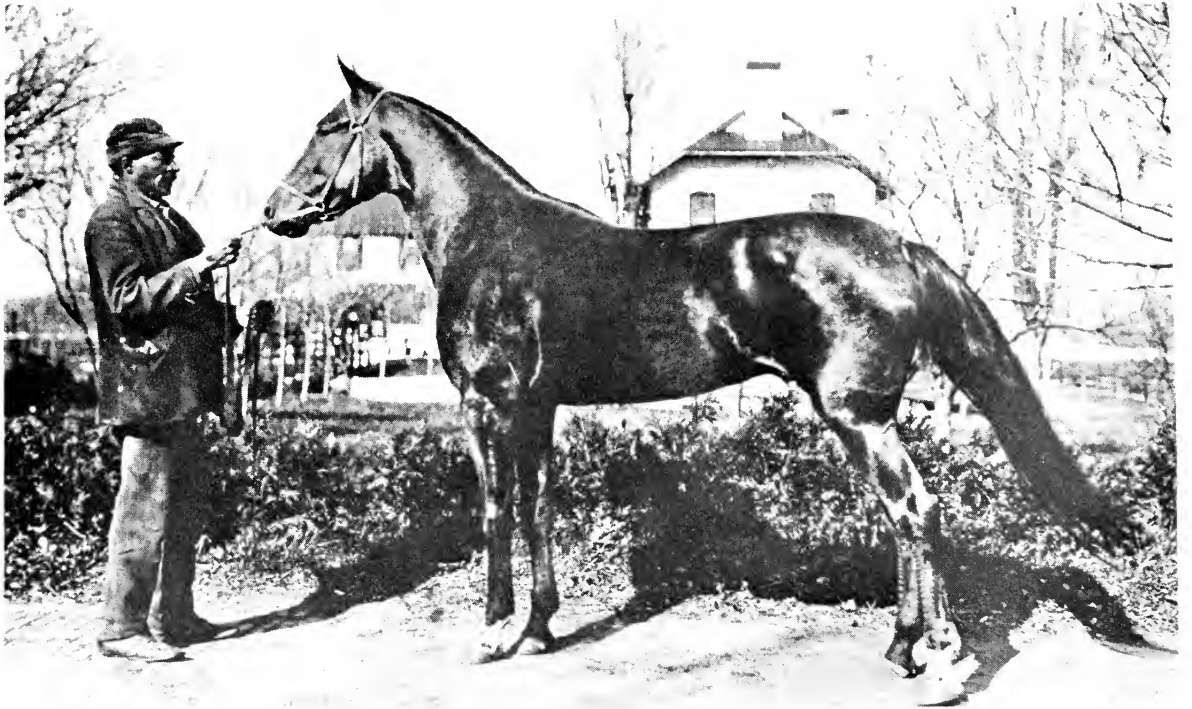
CHAPTER XXXV

STOUT, WILLIAMS, CATON

At the Glenview dispersal sale the second highest price, $22,000, was paid for Nutwood, son of Belmont and Miss Russell. He was a chestnut of striking appearance, born in 1870, and had a trotting record of 2.18¾. He had shown his ability to sire speed, and his purchase by H. L. and F. D. Stout of Dubuque, Iowa, was exceedingly fortunate. He was able to command a large stud fee, and the annual income from him was nearly equal to the purchase price. Just previous to his death he outranked all living stallions. He is the head of a great family and we count his descendants that have taken records by the thousand. The chief fault found with him was a tendency to beget pacers, as well as trotters. The Stouts surrounded Nutwood with brood mares of positive merit, and in its heyday the eyes of the world were fixed upon the breeding farm at Dubuque. It passed, as all earthly things pass, and only the memory of it survives.

Mambrino Boy was a black horse foaled in 1868 by Mambrino Patchen, dam Roving Nelly by Strader's Cassius M. Clay Jr.; second dam by thoroughbred Berthune, and third dam by Rattler, son of Sir Archy, and in 1876 he trotted to a record of

2.26½. These blood lines were attractive, and two of the daughters of Mambrino Boy found, for a while, a place in the Stout brood-mare band. One was Gussie Wilkes, dam Nora Wilkes by George Wilkes; second dam by imp. Consternation, and third dam Helen Mar by Downing's Bay Messenger. The other was Lou, dam Bird Mitchell by Mambrino Royal. The Stouts so underrated the ability of these daughters of Mambrino Boy that they sold them for a song to a young telegraph operator, C. W. Williams. Gussie Wilkes was sent to Kentucky and bred to Jay Bird (son of George Wilkes and Lady Frank by Mambrino Star), and Lou, who accompanied her, was bred to William L. (brother of Guy Wilkes), son of George Wilkes and Lady Bunker by Mambrino Patchen. In both cases kindred strains were reinforced, and the results were astonishing. Lou produced Axtell, who as a three-year-old in October, 1889, trotted to a record of 2.12, and was sold to a syndicate, of which W. P. Ijams was a prominent member, for $105,000. Axtell is the sire of 113 with records, and prominent among his trotters are Ozanam, 2.07; Elloree, 2.08½, and Praytell, 2.09½. Thus far his best speed-producing son is Axworthy. Gussie Wilkes produced Allerton, who, as a five-year-old in 1891, trotted to a high-wheel record of 2.09¼, and who is a remarkable sire. Fast pacers, as well as fast trotters, have come from him, and each season adds to his roll of honor. Mr. Williams proved a good trainer and driver, and for



SILIKO (2.11¼), WINNER OF KENTUCKY FUTURITY (3), 1906
OWNED BY JOHN E. MADDEN

a time favors were showered on him. After selling Axtell he spent money lavishly at Independence, Ia., seeking to rival Lexington as a breeding and training center, but the world would not go to what some of the wits called a tank station on a railroad, and he was forced to abandon the scheme. His breeding and training farm is now at Galesburg, Ill., and to all appearances fickle fortune is again on his side. The career of C. W. Williams illustrates the romantic side of the breeding and development industry. If I were writing a sensational novel, I should make Williams my leading character.

Axtell, until his death in 1906, was located at Warren Park, the breeding farm of W. P. Ijams, President of the American Trotting Association. His star steadily grows in luster, and his line thrills with life. Terre Haute was, a few years ago, quite a breeding center, but Warren Park is its chief attraction now. Mr. Ijams has made a careful study of the principles of breeding, and he is reaping in this special field the benefits of knowledge.

Arthur J. Caton was a young man highly charged with enthusiasm when he started to found Caton Stock Farm at Joliet, Ill. His first stallion was Don Cossack, purchased at Glenview, and by August Belmont, out of Laytham Lass by Alexander's Abdallah, she out of a daughter of Mambrino Chief. Don Cossack was a large horse, and not smoothly gaited, but Mr. Caton always praised him to the skies, especially when he was having him put in

condition for horse-show competition. He had friction with Major McDowell at St. Louis over the horse, and with C. J. Hamlin in Madison Square Garden. The latter, when the stallion died, sent Mr. Caton a telegram of congratulation. It was a delicate way of saying that the horse was better out of the world than in it, and yet a daughter of Don Cossack produced Caid, 2.07¼. But the sire of Caid was Highwood, 2.21½, by Nutwood, dam Dalphine by Harold; second dam Dahlia by Pilot Jr.; and, as Highwood sired speed out of other mares, the critics were inclined to give him the largest share of credit for Caid. The third stallion purchased for Caton Stock Farm was Red Heart by Red Wilkes, dam Sweetheart, 2.22½, by Sultan; second dam Minnehaha. The sale was made by Edward S. Stokes, and, when the authority of Stokes to sell was disputed by Mr. John W. Mackay, Mr. Caton came to me for advice. I suggested that he call upon Mr. Mackay and frankly explain how he came to deal with Stokes. He did so, and Mr. Mackay was so pleased that he told Mr. Caton to keep the horse, which he did. Chain Shot, 2.06½, is the fastest of the trotters by Red Heart. Caton Stock Farm was closed out in 1902, its proprietor having developed a fondness for the heavy-harness horse. Arthur J. Caton grew old before the usual time, and when I saw him last his halting step was in sharp contrast with that which characterized his movements when in competition with McDowell and Hamlin. He died suddenly at

the Waldorf-Astoria during the National Horse Show of 1904.

The view from the residence of Mt. Kisco Farm in Westchester County, New York, is far-reaching, and when friends call on J. W. Daly there is no absence of good cheer. Delmarch, who once was timidly backed to beat Allerton at Lexington, was the premier stallion until Oro Wilkes nosed him from the place. Delmarch trotted to a high-wheel record of 2.11½, and his sire Hambrino, son of Edward Everett, had a record of 2.21¼. Ella G., his dam, was a producing daughter of George Wilkes and Widow Rantoul by Ulverston, son of Lexington. The lines of Delmarch are speed-producing and speed-supporting, and he is a sire of trotters and pacers of resolute hearts. He has fifty-four in the list, thirty of which are trotters. Oro Wilkes by Sable Wilkes, 2.18, out of Ellen Mayhew by Director, 2.17, was a big money winner for William Corbitt, and he trotted to a two-year-old record of 2.21½, to a three-year-old record of 2.15, and to a four-year-old record of 2.11. Mr. Daly showed good judgment when he mated the best mares at Mt. Kisco with Oro Wilkes. In his brood-mare band were Belle Archer, 2.12¾; Minnie Wilkes, 2.17; Annie Stevens, 2.18¼, and Oro Fino, 2.18. If Oro Wilkes had remained at Mt. Kisco Farm, he would have continued to find mates worthy of his breeding and achievements, but Mr. Daly contracted the selling fever in the autumn of 1903, and closed out his stud under the hammer.

Mr. Daly, like Mr. Shults, was a good buyer in the dark days of the industry, and those who had horses catalogued to be sold always were glad to see him by the ring side.

When a trotting meeting is within reasonable distance of his home, W. G. Bennett lays aside his judicial robes and hunts for a good seat in the grand stand. His Riverside Stock Farm is at Weston, W. Va., and one of his stallions is Matagorda by Mazatlan (son of Electioneer and Rosemont), dam Aida de Clare by Lord Russell; second dam Aida by Hambletonian, and third dam Clara by Seely's American Star. The wide distribution of this blood combination should improve the type of horses in West Virginia.

At Berlin, Wis., is a successful breeding establishment, Riverside Park Farm, the home of Baronmore, 2.14¼, a brown stallion by Baron Wilkes, out of May Wagner by Strathmore, she out of Mary S., daughter of Alcantara and Lady Carr by American Clay. These are fashionable blood lines, and the rank of Baronmore as a sire of speed increases from year to year. His two fastest trotters are Barongale, 2.11¼, and Peter Stirling, who won the Kentucky Futurity in 1901, taking a three-year-old record of 2.11½. The colt was then purchased by the evergreen Frank Work, and is still a prominent member of his stable.

Glen Moore Farm, E. S. Wells, is one of the prominent breeding establishments of New Jersey,

and its premier stallion is Baron Dillon, 2.12, by Baron Wilkes, 2.18, dam Mattie Nutwood by Nutwood, 2.18¾; second dam Mattie Graham, 2.21¼, by Harold. Here we have a chain of developed individuals, and the result is a fast trotter, and the sire of fast trotters, one of which is Baron Rogers, 2.07¼.

CHAPTER XXXVI

EAST VIEW AND OTHER FARMS

ONE morning in a drive from Tarrytown to Bonner Farm, I noticed a large force of men at work on the hill, digging and carting away the rock and dirt, and the explanation was given me that the farm had been purchased by James Butler, and that the natural obstruction was being removed to improve the view. It was a costly piece of work, but it gave Mr. Butler an opportunity to name the place East View Farm, and since then this name has become famous. The premier stallion was Direct, 2.18¼, at four years old at the trot, and 2.05½ at the pace. The powerfully built black of 15.1½ was bred at Pleasanton, Cal., by Monroe Salisbury, who campaigned him, and was by Director, 2.17, out of Echora, 2.23½. Although trotting bred, his fastest record is at the pace, and his two fastest performers are pacers—Directly, 2.03¼, and Direct Hal, 2.04¼. Direct is also a sire of fast trotters, and his sons and daughters are good race horses. Directum Kelly, who as a four-year-old was unbeaten, and who trotted to a race record of 2.08¼, is by Direct, out of Rosa Ludwig by Anteeo, 2.16½, son of Electioneer and Columbine, and he is attracting attention as a sire. His daughter, Princess Athel, trotted in 1904 to a three-year-old record of

A GROUP AT EAST VIEW FARM

F. A. HAMMOND JOHN H. SHULTS JAMES BUTLER
W. M. FLIESS DAVID BONNER HAMILTON BUSBEY

2.14. Mr. Butler is choice as to brood mares, and success has come and will continue to come to him by adhering to this policy. The owner of East View Farm usually has two campaign stables out each summer, and he contributes to the general entertainment, even when he does not win a majority of the purses.

Long before Robert Bonner had thought of owning a champion trotter out of Miss Russell, his brother David was driving Cora Belmont by Belmont, out of Miss Russell, on the road, and preparing her for what he hoped would be a great career. But Cora Belmont was injured in being frightened by a passing street car, and then an offer was made for her by William Simpson, which was accepted, and the sister of Nutwood earned a place in the table of Great Brood Mares. Mr. Simpson was a very modest buyer of trotters up to that time. At Cuba, N. Y., he founded Empire City Stud, and the pedigrees to which he drew public attention were gilt-edged. Outside of Governor Stanford, he was the only breeder who could point to a stallion by Electioneer, out of a daughter of George Wilkes. Hummer was bred at Palo Alto, and his sire, Electioneer, was the rival of George Wilkes, from whose loins came Edith, dam of Hummer. The best trotter sired by Hummer was Bouncer, a mare campaigned by Mr. Simpson, and who trotted to a record of 2.09. Edith, bred to Mendocino, son of Electioneer, produced Idolita, who trotted to a record of 2.12 at

three years old, and who at six years old reduced this record to 2.09¼. Idolita was at the head of John J. Scannel's The Abbot Farm, at Fishkill Landing, until he was sold in November, 1904. Mr. Simpson bought John R. Gentry for the campaign stable of W. J. Andrews, and later sold the handsome pacer at a big profit. Many changes have taken place at Empire City Stud, but the most important move was made by Mr. Simpson during the 1904, October, meeting at Lexington, when he purchased from H. B. Gentry of Gentry Stock Farm, Bloomington, Ind., the great stallion McKinney, 2.11¼, by Alcyone, out of Rosa Sprague by Governor Sprague, for $50,000. Mr. Simpson witnessed the fierce duel for Transylvania honors at Lexington between Tiverton and Sweet Marie, and, when the latter won and reduced her record to 2.04¾, he could not resist the impulse to buy her sire, McKinney. In December, 1906, Axworthy, the great sire of young trotters, was purchased for $21,000.

Chas. Whittemore, who established Lookout Farm at South Natick, Mass., was fortunate in securing for his leading stallion May King, 2.20, by Electioneer, out of May Queen, 2.20, by Alexander's Norman, she out of Jenny by Crockett's Arabian. Bingen, 2.06¼, who was the choice of Forbes Farm stallions until after the death of Mr. Forbes, when he was sold to Mr. A. H. Parker for $32,000, is the best son of May King. When I first knew May Queen she was a green mare at the place of Colonel

J. M. JOHNSON

Richard West, Georgetown, Ky., and was called Bourbon Girl. She was sold to Ewing & Williams of Tennessee, who changed her name to Nashville Girl, and campaigned her. Next she became a member of the stable of Joseph Harker of New York, who changed her name to May Queen, and, at Utica, N. Y., in 1875, he put a record of 2.20 on her. Mr. Harker thought a great deal of May Queen, but, when he got into deep water, was glad to sell her to Governor Stanford, who took her to Palo Alto and bred her to Electioneer, and thus produced the sire of Bingen.

Calais Stock Farm at Calais, Maine, is owned by Hon. J. M. Johnson, a member of the Board of Appeals of the National Trotting Association, and he sent Fanella, by Arion, 2.07¾, to Bingen, and produced Todd, 2.14¾. As a brood mare Fanella trotted to a record of 2.13, and she is the dam of Sadie Mac, who trotted to a three-year-old record of 2.11½. Sadie Mac is by Peter the Great, 2.07¼, and she has a matinée record of 2.08½ at three years old. At the closing-out sale of Forbes Farm Mr. Johnson bought Nancy Hanks, 2.04, and the ex-queen of the trotting turf lends luster to his establishment.

CHAPTER XXXVII

A COSTLY DINNER IN A STABLE

THE elevation of Theodore Roosevelt to the Governor's chair of the State of New York, 1899-1900, decided a wager of $5000 a side, made in the heat of the campaign, against Colonel William L. Brown, and in favor of William H. Clark. The latter, like his opponent, was a member of Tammany Hall, and the wager caused no little talk. Mr. Clark, who had bred, owned, driven, and raced trotters, suddenly changed platforms, and his career on the running turf was spectacular. In the spring of 1899 he won the Brooklyn Handicap with Banistar in record-breaking time, 2.06¼, and the same season his costly venture, Empire City Park, was opened with a trotting meeting. The glitter was not the glitter of gold. The shadows rapidly gathered which finally put Mr. Clark in total eclipse, but appearances were kept up to the end. The major portion of the check for $5000 which Colonel Brown handed to the winner was expended on a dinner, which excited curiosity and became the talk of the country. The invitations to this dinner, held in Mr. Clark's private stable, in the upper part of the West Side, were carefully guarded, and the guests included ex-Mayor Thomas F. Gilroy and prominent members of the Stock Ex-

change, and of the Merchants' Club and the Colonial Club. The stable was one of the best appointed in the City of New York, and the horses which Mr. Clark drove in single and double harness and four-in-hand occupied roomy and well-ventilated stalls in the rear part of the building. The big carriage room in front was converted into a dining hall. So scrupulously neat was everything that the most delicate nose was not offended by stable odor, and the coats of the carefully groomed horses were suggestive of the sparkle of diamonds.

The table was in the form of a big horseshoe, and among the favors were golden horseshoes with bands of satin to tie around the neck. The dinner was the best that Delmonico could provide, and the wines were of the choicest vintage. As Colonel Brown was really paying for the entertainment, he sat at the head of the table and acted as toastmaster. The fun began with the speech-making. Every orator was interrupted, and with mock gravity deputy sheriffs were ordered to remove noisy objectors from the banquet table. A vaudeville followed, and the crowning act was leading a string of high-spirited horses around and up to the head of the table, and offering them champagne in a big silver bowl. At this stage of the proceedings, E. R. Bowne, a stock broker, leaped to the back of a fiery bay horse, and he cut quite a figure as he sat erect in full dress. Cheers greeted the bold adventure, and the horse was so excited that he came very near wrecking the table. Ex-Mayor

Gilroy withdrew with me into a corner and waited for the storm to subside. The most jaded appetite in the gilded rounds of New York was whetted by the novel scene. It was three o'clock in the morning when guests said good-night to the host, and then a new problem had to be solved. A bitter snowstorm had raged during the hours of festivity, and the streets were almost impassable. Some of the guests were forced to seek shelter in nearby hotels. It was not long after this that William H. Clark was decided a bankrupt, and the terrible reversal of form broke his heart and sent him to an early grave. Colonel Wm. L. Brown was with us up to December, 1906, but the sensational dinner in which he played a prominent part was seldom mentioned by him.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE EDUCATION OF THE YOUNG

J. H. YOUNG, the able trainer at Allen Farm, whose experience is not confined to one section of the country, at my urgent request prepared the following for this volume:

" In regard to describing my system of training colts, I am afraid that it will be a hard thing to do. If you were here I could tell it to you much better, but will try, and will begin with yearlings. After they are broken so that you can drive them all right (and there is no trouble at Allen Farm in that respect, as they are all well and carefully broken as weanlings), we take them up in the fall, after a run on grass, shoe them as light as possible, and have them go good-gaited. I would prefer a six-ounce shoe and three-ounce weight to a nine-ounce shoe. Always boot them well from the first, for if a colt at the start brushes or hits himself, he will become afraid and break and get unsteady, if ever so slight, and it is very hard to get them steady if they once form the habit of jumping, and they will form that habit in two work-outs. Another thing that I am particular about is that the bit is an easy one and fits the mouth well. I jog but very little on a half-mile track. I jog once around, step them lightly through the last eighth, pull up, jog slowly around to the same eighth, step them a little faster, pull up and jog slowly again around to the same eighth, and step them as fast as

they can go, and go good-gaited; always drive them with a light hand, and repeat the same work daily for ten days or two weeks. At the end of that time you will be surprised at the way they have improved. One thing you want to have is your track in as good shape as it can be put. In regard to the footing, do not think that colts will do well or improve fast where the footing is cuppy, or breaks out under them. At the end of their ten days' work, we give them a trial of a quarter, and sometimes a half. Last fall I worked twenty yearlings for two weeks as above. Out of the twenty, twelve of them stepped eighths in 20 seconds or better, one an eighth in $17\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, a quarter in 37 seconds, a half in 1.19, and six of them stepped eighths from 18 to 19 seconds, and quarters from 39 to 43 seconds. All work was to a light cart. I prefer a light cart to a sulky. At the end of two weeks' work let up on them. But, if you have time, after a run on grass of two weeks, take them up and give them the same kind of work as you did in the first two weeks. They will improve very much faster after taking up the second time. As a rule the second or third time you step them they will show as much speed as they did at the end of the last work-out; and from that time on, if all goes right, will make speed through the second two weeks' work, and will stand stepping one or two fast eighths every day and improve. Then let up on them; and the ones that you think are good enough to go on with, and work as two-year-olds, keep up through the winter, and jog both single and double, but not far at a time. I never jog a yearling further than three miles, and most of the time only two miles in the winter or summer. I think that one of the worst things that you can do for a yearling

that you want to make speed with is long jogging, either on the track or road. They get lazy and careless, hit their ankles, and get fussy with the check and bit, and lose speed. I never want to get a yearling tired or leg weary; give him just work enough to take the edge off. When they are two-year-olds, if they have been jogged all winter, which they should be, and are in good condition, I begin by giving them a little faster work, jogging them along a little faster, and at the end of the second or third mile letting them move along for a short distance, an eighth mile, somewhere around a three-minute gait, but am careful not to let them step anywhere up to their speed, for some time, say ten days or two weeks. After they have had that kind of work, I begin to give them slow repeats twice a week, each repeat of two heats each, and I govern myself by the amount of speed they could show the fall before as yearlings, of which I keep a record, and I find it a great help to me. If a colt could show, as a yearling, an eighth in 20 seconds, after the above work, I would work him a mile in 3.15 or 3.20, evenly rated. The second mile in 3.10, stepping the last eighth in 21 or 22 seconds, and every week drop him a second or two until he can step a mile in 2.45 or 2.40, with the last eighth around 18 seconds. I am speaking, now, of working over a good track, where the footing is kept in good shape. When he shows me a mile in 2.40, with the last eighth as good as 18 seconds, I begin a little different work. I give him two slow miles, say on Tuesday in 2.50 and 2.45, evenly rated; on Friday one in 2.50, evenly rated, the second in 2.40, with the last quarter in 37 seconds. If he will do it in good shape, and I think he will, the next week, if all goes right, would

work him in 2.45 and 2.40, evenly rated, and on Friday would work him the first mile in 2.45. The second mile I would try and step him each quarter in 40 seconds to the three-quarter pole, and then I would drive him from there as fast as he could go to the wire, and I think you will find that you have stepped the last quarter of a mile in 36 or 35 seconds. Keep on with the same kind of work for several more work-outs, dropping your miles down a very little faster each week, until your colt can trot a mile in 2.35, with the last quarter in 35 seconds. I would then begin to step him away from the wire, if I intended to start him in his two-year-old form. You will find at the start that he will not get away very fast, and will have to be careful. But, by not rushing him too fast the first time or two, he will learn very fast. In his repeat the first part of the week, say in 2.45 or 2.40, I would try and step the first quarter of the second mile in 38 seconds, then take him back and finish the mile around 2.40. His second work in the week I would give him an evenly rated mile around 2.40, and the second mile I would step him the first quarter as fast as he could go, and go good-gaited. If he goes well, should step the quarter in 36 or 37 seconds. Then take him back to a 2.40 gait to the seven-eighths pole and step him from there home as fast as he can go. Work him along in the same way until he can step a quarter away from the wire in 35 seconds. When he can do that, I would begin to give him three repeats once a week, and an easy repeat of two heats in the forepart of the week, and the latter part of the week, if he comes along all right, and is staying in good shape, would work him in 2.50, and the last heat would drive him the first quarter in 36 seconds; take him

back to a 2.40 gait and drive him home from the three-quarter pole as fast as he can trot, which ought to be in 34 or 35 seconds, and the mile close to 2.30. Keep on with him, giving him slow heats the first part of the week, and better than 2.40, and the latter part of the week step him a fast quarter away and one home, but be careful not to rush him too fast. If you do, you are apt to get him to taking hold too strong and going bad-gaited. After this kind of work for a few weeks he should be able to trot the first quarter in 35 seconds, and, with the middle half easy, should trot the last quarter in $33\frac{1}{2}$ or 34 seconds. Now with a very few rated miles from 2.30 to 2.28, with an occasional fast eighth or quarter at the end of the mile, I think your colt is ready to trot a mile in 2.20, or better, the first time you ask him to step a full mile. After that it is simply a matter of judgment, going on with him and getting him to the races. Anyone who has trained one until he can trot a mile from 2.25 to 2.20 ought to be capable of going on and making a good showing with him, if he does not have too much bad luck. Now, at any time through his work, if he should act as though he were getting tired of it, or stale, let up on him at once. Do not put a harness on him for ten days, but let the man who takes care of him lead him out with a halter early in the morning and again at evening, from a half hour to an hour; let him pick grass, nose around, eat dirt, roll, and do about as he pleases. At the end of his ten days' let-up jog him for two or three days, then give him a couple of slow repeats. By that time you will find out that he can show as much speed as he could before his let-up, and you will be surprised to see how fast he will come. While let up, get all the chafes

and cracks in heels cured up, if any; watch his mouth closely. I think a colt's mouth wants a great deal more attention than an old horse's, and I never could get one to do well if his mouth bothered him the least bit. Have him well booted with boots that fit, and will not chafe every time that you start him up, and about the best help that you can have is a good prompter, one that you can place where you want him, and every time that you start him up for an eighth or a quarter of a mile, have him go with you, sometimes behind him, sometimes in front, and other times at his side. It will encourage him and get him used to company and noise. Running in front of him will get him used to having dirt kicked in his face. I prefer, if I have good capable men to take care of them, to let them give the colts their slow work, jogging and walking, as I like to have them know that when I get up behind them it is their day to step, and they soon learn it. I have had colts that would jog along with the man that took care of them quite easy, as though they did not care for a thing in the world. Pull up and I would get in behind them, turn the right way of the track, and they would brighten up and want to step right away for your life. They knew that there was a change, and that it was their day to step, and they liked to do it. In regard to three-year-olds, I have not much to say, as I would work them very much the same as two-year-olds, with more heats per week, from three to four heats in each work-out, with fast quarters at the start and finish of the heats, as I thought best, which would be judged by the colt. .If a colt with a lot of speed, he will not want many fast quarters, but more rated miles with only a fast quarter or half once in a while. If he is lazy in disposition, then he

will require more fast work and more brushing. It is pretty hard work to strike the happy medium in working a three-year-old, and give him just the right kind of work, neither too much nor too little. If you are getting him ready to start in big stakes, he will have to have a lot of both slow and fast heats, or heats with fast work part of the mile. A three-year-old colt that has been worked as a two-year-old, that has been wintered well and is sound, and has speed, will stand almost as much work as an aged horse, and rest out of his work much sooner. One thing I will say in regard to keeping them sound—shoe as light as possible; if you have to have any weight, use it in the shape of a toe-weight, then your colt will not have to carry it in his slow work. Also teach your colt to trot with as short a toe as you can. Once in a while you will find one that will have to have a fairly good length of toe, and cannot go without it. The same in regard to weight, but as a rule, if you begin with them at the start, you will not have much trouble in teaching them to go light and with a short toe.

"Training under the above system, I have given more than one hundred horses and colts records."

CHAPTER XXXIX

FIRST AID IN DISEASE AND LAMENESS

In all the varied walks of life it has been thoroughly demonstrated that it requires neither a stretching of the imagination, nor logical reasoning, to establish the fact that the best results can only be obtained by employing the best available means, and it is but natural that those equipped by education and experience should in a broad sense constitute that means. If there is anything that demands the best care and treatment from us, it is the horse, and upon this care much of his usefulness depends. Therefore, it would seem the proper thing to select for a care taker the most experienced and humanely disposed person it is possible to secure, and to employ the skill of the veterinarian for his ailments, but there are times and circumstances when the veterinarian is not available, and to meet this phase of the subject is the object of this short sketch. With the veterinarian miles away, and the case demanding immediate attention, those owning, as well as being entrusted with the care of, the animals should be provided with a few rules to be observed in emergencies.

Perhaps the most common trouble with the horse is spasmodic colic, and this is so common that nearly all horsemen will detect it at a glance, the symptoms being very similar in all cases—*i. e.,* lying down and rolling from side to side, and showing a strong inclination to lie on the back, with feet elevated and

the head turned to one side; and when upon the feet the nose is either touching or pointing to the flank. There will also be noticed intervals of relief between the spasms. This trouble is seldom serious, and will in nearly all cases yield to two ounces each of sulphurous ether and laudanum in a pint of warm water, the dose to be repeated in an hour, if necessary. The attack, however, may assume the tympanetic form (swelling), and the case become serious. This may call for the introduction of the trocar, a pointed instrument enclosed in a sheath or tube, and introduced into the right flank. This in many cases affords almost instant relief, and may be employed by anyone, as there is no risk in its use. When this treatment is not available, one ounce of chloral hydrate in a pint of water, or the same quantity of salicylate of soda, will often prove beneficial. In either case, if a drugstore is not accessible, one pint of whisky and an ounce each of ground ginger root and black pepper in a pint of water will often prove effective.

Another very common ailment, and one which the horse-owner should be prepared to meet, is a high febrile condition, an acute influenza—better known as "pink eye." It usually follows the moving of horses from one to another part of the country. This seems to be the result of exposure, change of climate, water, feeding, care, etc. The first symptoms of this malady are loss of appetite, high fever, eyes much swollen, partly closed, and a generally distressed appearance; and, inasmuch as there is a strong tendency to pneumonia, the febrile condition should be reduced as quickly as possible. Some practitioners favor a cathartic, but when we take into consideration the debilitating character of the attack

it becomes a question if this is good practice. We believe it is better and safer to reduce the fever with the aid of febrifuges, and there is no better than equal parts of tincture of aconite root and veratrum veridi mixed; give in one-drachm doses, hourly, until five or six doses have been given. This should be diluted in a little water, as it is of a slightly irritating nature, and in some cases liable to irritate the mucous membranes of the mouth and throat. After two days of this treatment the fever will usually show a tendency to subside, when the dose should be changed to three ounces of alcohol and one drachm of sulphate of quinine, three times a day. This treatment is usually sufficient. The case usually runs its course in from five to seven days, but, to meet any complication that may follow the attack, it is perhaps best to consult a veterinarian.

It often occurs, and especially during the changing of the seasons, that the horse gradually loses his appetite, shows a drawn appearance about the flanks, the skin becomes tight, coat stares, habit sluggish, fæces hard and scanty, loses flesh rapidly, or the appetite may even continue unimpaired. This condition may, in nearly all instances, be traced to indigestion, and will readily yield to a drastic cathartic, about one ounce of Barbadoes aloes for the average-sized driving horse. This, however, should be preceded by one day's dieting on sloppy feed, or bran mash; such cases treated early may ward off, sometimes, rather serious complications.

We have often been amused at the distress shown by some horsemen of experience at the loss of a shoe during a drive, and we recall one instance where the laprobe was taken from the wagon and wrapped around the foot to save it from injury, and the

drive spoiled, all from the mistaken idea that something serious was about to happen the animal, when the fact is, the average horse will travel miles on any kind of road or pavement without sustaining any injury to the foot that cannot be repaired by two or three hours' soaking in a tub of warm water, or a flaxseed meal poultice. The wear, or breakage, is seldom more than the smith will remove in the average foot.

We have often removed the shoes during the winter season, and used the animal daily over both country roads and city streets for a week, or even a fortnight, without sustaining any injury to the feet. Of course the amount of wear depends much upon the character of the foot. We believe much benefit may be obtained by this method, incipient disease of the parts arrested, and in some cases a cure effected, especially in a case of incipient navicular disease. One of the banes of the horse owner's life is in the frequency of injury that horses receive from puncture wounds of the feet, and from nails, and other pointed instruments, along the route of the drive; such cases demand immediate attention. Many a valuable animal has been sacrificed to a neglect to apply early treatment. The shoe should be removed at the earliest possible moment, the parts liberally pared around the point of injury, and a bold incision made of such magnitude as to allow a free escape of pus, which is almost sure to follow. If this is not sufficient, the swelling is almost sure to close the orifice, causing a retention of the pus, and often seriously complicating the case. We maintain that with a sufficient opening lock-jaw need not be feared. A liberal flow of blood often proves the means of forcing extraneous matter from the wound, and thus becomes a cleansing

medium. When the opening has been made, and the blood ceases to flow, a little of the oil of turpentine should be introduced, and a poultice of flaxseed meal applied when the case may be considered in a condition to await the veterinarian's coming.

There is perhaps no ailment that gives rise to more apprehension and causes more excitement than an attack of blind-staggers, sometimes called "megrims," and there is no ailment where a remedy is more eagerly sought after, when, in fact, none is required. A favorite, but useless, practice is to plunge a knife blade into the hard palate of the mouth, with a recklessness that often causes serious hemorrhage, and especially so when the palatal artery has been severed. That this procedure is unnecessary is shown by the fact that the violence of the attack has begun to subside before the victim can be gotten quiet enough to permit the treatment. When the attack is first observed coming on, if there is sufficient time allowed, the animal should be taken from the wagon, the harness removed and then kept in as quiet a position as possible. No horse ever died from this trouble. It is always well to have a veterinarian see a horse that has passed through one of these ordeals, and he may be able to detect and remove the cause. When the attack is of such a character that the victim merely trembles, partially loses consciousness, falls and quickly regains its feet, and then passes off in a few moments, such a case in itself need not be viewed seriously, but one can never tell when it may assume a more violent form and the animal start to run. Such an animal cannot be controlled, and is almost sure, sooner or later, to get itself, or the owner, into trouble, and the proper procedure is to dispose of the horse at once.

During the warm months many horses suddenly contract laminitis ("founder"), and there is no condition that calls for immediate treatment more than this one, and unless relief is quickly afforded the soles of the feet will in many cases drop, and the animal become a permanent cripple. It does not follow that a patient should have drunk a large quantity of water, had a heavy feed, or stood in a draught to contract this complaint, since concussion to the feet from a long drive over hard and dry roads will often prove to be quite as prolific a source in bringing on the attack. When a horse is taken from the stable the following morning, or even a few hours, after a hard drive, and moves with great reluctance, advancing the front feet well forward, resting most of the weight upon the heel, and bringing the hind ones well forward, throwing the body backward in order to place as much of the weight upon the hind extremities as possible, and thus assuming a position that is often mistaken for some injury to the back, we may reasonably conclude laminitis is present, and at once proceed to apply our treatment, which should consist in removing the shoes, placing the front feet in a tub of water, and giving two ounces of nitrate of potash and two drachms of tartar emetic in one dose, and followed by half the quantity on alternate hours, until five or six doses have been given. The soaking should be kept up for three hours, then a few minutes of walking followed by more soaking. It is also well, on the following day, to have applied a pair of plain shoes, lower at the heels than the toes, and chambered at the extreme end of the heels. This affords an opportunity for the animal to throw the weight well back on the heels, and thus relieve the front part of the foot, the principal seat of the

trouble. When it is practicable, it is always well in a case of laminitis to extract four or five quarts of blood, either from the jugular or plate veins. With but few exceptions a case thus treated usually returns to usefulness in from three to five days.

Many people often become greatly alarmed over an animal becoming suddenly choked from inability to swallow insufficiently masticated food, and which is manifested by throwing the head upward, the crown of the head backward, dropping of the crest, and apparently making a violent effort to expel the lodged bolus. In a practice of over thirty years we have never met a serious case of this kind; the patient always gains relief in a short time, and interference does not seem to be absolutely necessary. The subject may, however, be relieved by forcing the mouth open. This may be accomplished with the aid of a small horseshoe placed crosswise in the mouth. This will allow the hand to be pushed well backward, when in some cases the bolus will be felt, and with the aid of the fingers separated so that the horse will readily throw it out. When this cannot be done the head may be elevated and a little water or oil administered; this will usually give relief.

When there is imminent danger of suffocation from swollen glands, temporary paralysis of the muscles, etc., relief may be gained, and a valuable life saved, by making a bold incision into and along the course of the trachea, about halfway between the throat and chest. An ordinary pocket knife can be used for the purpose. This may look like a formidable operation for unskilled hands to perform, but, as there is no serious risk attached to it, there is no excuse for hesitating.

Glanders.—Owing to the insidious character and

devastating influence of this malady, every horse owner should always be on the alert and know enough of the symptoms of the disease to, at least, have his suspicions aroused upon its first appearance. There is perhaps no time when there is not more or less of this disease lurking around, and if those purchasing or handling horses would take the trouble to acquaint themselves with its symptoms its spread might in numerous cases be averted, and many a valuable animal be saved to usefulness. If a horse shows a lack of thrift, skin tight, coat staring, is easily exhausted, has labored breathing, discharges from one or both of the nostrils, with a tendency to cling around the wings of the nostrils, tumified submaxillary glands (space between the jaws), has swelling of one or more of the legs, with little ulcers or pustules on the body; appetite good, but losing flesh, such an animal should be isolated, and the services of the veterinarian secured as soon as possible.

There is no time when a horse is not more or less subject to injury, and here is where first aid will be in most demand. Nature seems to have provided means in many instances for taking care of simple abrasions and contusions, but may be aided to some extent, and suffering minimised by immediate administering of soothing anodyne solutions, and either warm or cold applications as the case or injured part may require.

Fractures.—When a complete fracture of any of the long bones, *i. e.,* of the legs, occurs, there is but one remedy, and that is to destroy the animal, since it is almost impossible to secure the patient in a way that will admit of a reuniting of the fractured ends of the bones. We often hear of a complete union of the parts through the aid of splints and

casts, but it is more likely there was a mistake in diagnosis than that a cure was actually obtained.

Cysts.—When an injury has been sustained and swelling follows, which continues to increase for three or even four days, we may reasonably conclude there is a cyst present which should be opened, and at its most pendent part, as there is always in such cases some risk of blood poisoning.

Major Injury.—There is no time when a horse in use is not more or less liable to deep cuts or tears, followed by hemorrhage, either extreme or mild in character, and there is nothing that will so quickly cause a person to lose his presence of mind as the sight of a little blood.

It should be borne in mind, however, that a horse in good condition can lose a large quantity of blood without suffering any serious inconvenience, and in most cases ample time will be afforded for the driver to take a look around, get his wits together, and apply the proper means to arrest the flow. If the wound should prove to be a gaping one, and about the legs, all extraneous matter should be removed, the opening cleansed, the cut or torn edges of the skin brought evenly together, the part covered with a thick pad of oakum, cotton, or wool; or when these are not readily obtainable several folds of some thin material, a handkerchief for instance, will do, and then a bandage applied around the parts and drawn just tight enough to arrest the hemorrhage, but not the circulation. This bandage in nearly all cases can be removed in twenty-four hours, as the blood clots, and will by this time have assumed sufficient density to prevent further trouble. The wound should then be cleansed and sutures applied in such a way as to hold the severed edges together. The layman as a

rule is not provided with the needles and thread suited to this kind of work; a fairly good substitute, however, is always in reach, and this consists in passing one or more, as the case may require, small galvanized wire nails through the skin close to the cut edges and tying a thin wrapping cord or twine between the nail and skin.

When a wound occurs, with excessive hemorrhage, in the thick and soft muscles, and where it is not possible to utilize a bandage, the opening or cavity may be firmly packed with some such substance as oakum, cotton, wool, or in fact any soft or pliable material made into a wad and pressed firmly into its deepest recesses until it has been packed full; then draw the skin well outward and use the nails or thin pegs of hard wood as already described; then wash the parts with some disinfectant, a three per cent. solution of carbolic acid, creoline, or sulphate of zinc. This will be found nearly always in reach, is simple and cheap, and answers the purpose.

This may look like crude surgery, but we must bear in mind it is intended only as a temporary bridging process and to hold the case until a better surgeon can be reached.

Corns.—There are instances when a horse, while in action, will suddenly and from no apparent cause go lame. Why this should be so is something of a mystery. The limping is very pronounced, but, when in a standing position, the animal shows no evidences of pain. When watching the case closely, there will be observed a quick and spasmodic effort just at the time the foot is being raised from the ground, and if the foot is taken up, clasped firmly by both hands, placed between the knees, and firm pressure applied the animal will evince more or less pain. This is

sufficient to warrant the belief that a corn is present. The shoe should be removed, and the quarter, with some of the bar, pared out, the foot placed in a tub of warm water for four or five hours, and thence to a poultice, and alternated for two days, when the parts should again undergo a liberal and judicious paring, there being little danger of carrying this too far. If the corn proves to be of a suppurative character, with pus flowing from the opening, it will be well to introduce a little of the tincture of muriate of iron for one or two applications; then continue to treat with twenty parts of tincture of myrrh and one of creoline, until the sore has thoroughly healed. It is not always necessary to keep the animal out of use, but when the soreness has nearly or quite subsided, a bar shoe may be applied, the bar being much thicker than the shoe, welded on and broad enough to cover a large part of the frog, the object being to secure a resting place for the frog which should be made to take a part of the weight from the diseased quarter, which should be so relieved that it cannot rest on the shoe. When the animal is put to work, the cavity should be packed with pine tar and oakum. This should not be allowed to remain for more than two or three days at the most without renewal, as it will become hard enough to irritate the parts, and prolong the trouble. A horse subject to corns will be greatly benefited by wearing rubber pads.

Interfering.—We doubt if there is anything more irritating or annoying to the lover of a horse than the pernicious habit of interfering, and, notwithstanding there has been no end of rules laid down explaining how an animal should be shod to overcome the practice, it seems to be the rule to fail, and the exception to succeed. There is one rule, however, simple

in character which seems to have been overlooked, and which we will supply, and that one is to place the shoe where the foot should be, bearing in mind that when the legs and feet are normal and symmetrical a horse never interferes. A little thought along this line will accomplish more than a volume of explanation.

J. C. CORLIES, D. V. S.

CHAPTER XL

FOUNDATION SIRES

MESSENGER, gray horse, bred in England by John Pratt; born in 1780; imported into America in 1788. Died at Oyster Bay, Long Island, N. Y., January 28, 1808. Was a thoroughbred, who ran in races; by Mambrino, by Engineer, by Sampson; first dam by Turf, second dam sister to Figurante, by Regulus, by Godolphin Arabian.

MAMBRINO, bay horse of 16 hands, born in 1806; by imp. Messenger; dam by imp. Sourcrout, a thoroughbred. Was a natural trotter, and the sire of Betsey Baker, the fastest trotting mare of her day.

ABDALLAH, bay horse of 15.3 hands, bred by John Tredwell of Salisbury Place, Long Island; born in 1823; died in November, 1854. By Mambrino, by imp. Messenger; dam Amazonia, a chestnut mare of 15.3 hands, showing quality, but of untraced blood.

HAMBLETONIAN (Rysdyk's), bay horse of 15.2 hands, bred by Jonas Seely of Sugar Loaf, Orange County, N. Y.; born May 5, 1849; sold as a suckling to William M. Rysdyk of Chester, Orange County, N. Y.; died March 27, 1876. By Abdallah, first dam the Charles Kent mare, a bay of 15.3 hands, by imp. Bellfounder, a Norfolk trotter of 15 hands;

second dam One Eye, by Bishop's Hambletonian, by imp. Messenger; third dam Silvertail, by imp. Messenger.

MAMBRINO CHIEF, brown horse of 16 hands, bred by Richard Eldridge of Dutchess County, N. Y.; born in 1844; taken to Lexington, Ky., in 1854; died in March, 1862. By Mambrino Paymaster, by Mambrino, by imp. Messenger; dam a big and angular mare of untraced blood.

JUSTIN MORGAN, a bay horse of 14 hands, 950 pounds, bred by Justin Morgan; born in 1789 at West Springfield, Mass.; taken as a weanling to Randolph, Orange County, Vermont; died in 1821. By true Briton, by Lloyd's Traveller, who was out of Betty Leeds by Babraham, by Godolphin Arabian; dam by Diamond, by Church's Wildair, by imp. Wildair, by Cade by Godolphin Arabian. [This tracing was made by Joseph Battell and it is not free from conjecture.]

The interweaving of the strains descended from Justin Morgan and Messenger is largely responsible for the form, action, and temperament of the light-harness horse of America. The most potent of the descendants of Messenger were Hambletonian and Mambrino Chief.

BREEDING STATISTICS.

There is no place in the world where records are more carefully kept than at Allen Farm. The breeding statistics for fifteen years, 1889-1904, are instructive:

Total number of mares bred	1489
Total number of foals produced	1071
Percentage of mares with foal to those bred	71.22
Highest percentage of mares with foal any one year	90.38
Lowest " " " "	58.1
Maximum period of gestation (days)	373
Minimum " " "	319
Average " " "	340.2
Maximum weight of colts at birth (lbs.)	152
Minimum " " " "	66
Average " " " "	110½
Maximum weight of fillies at birth "	144
Minimum " " " "	74
Average " " " "	100.2
Average growth of foals at birth	100.73
During first year (lbs.)	534
" second year "	264
" third year "	118
" fourth year "	76
Total at end of fourth full year (lbs.)	1101.73

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